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COSMOPOLITAN

VOLLXIII

SEPTEMBER, 1917

NO 4

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\$1.50 A YEAR

CANADIAN POSTAGE, 50 CENTS EXTRA; FOR OTHER COUNTRIES, \$1.00 EXTRA

20 CENTS A COPY

Published monthly by International Magazine Company. Entered at the Post-Office of New York as second-class mail-matter.

We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed, we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. If you wish to renew your subscription to begin any number of months in advance, state the month. The expiration date of current subscriptions is always shown on the wrapper.

Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York

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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXIII

SEPTEMBER, 1917

NO. 4

Our Cause

By Herbert Kaufman

***W**E are not fighting a war, but War itself.
We have no quarrel with kings and empires, but are
extirpating the cause of every quarrel between all
sovereigns and sovereignties.*

*This, the supreme conflict of the ages, is Democracy's first
concerted attack upon satrapy and hereditary privilege—by God's
will and the strength of just arms it shall be the last.*

*We, the allied armies of the Free, are storming the "Castle on
the Hill," which alone holds the highroad against thoroughfare.*

*No race shall henceforth exact toll from Civilization to profit
its own despotic ambitions.*

*No little state shall again tremble in the shadow of political
ogres.*

No sea shall ever be vassal water to a bully-flag.

*No coming generation shall raise stalwarts for cannon-fodder
and drain its stores of wealth for Gargantuan armaments.*

*No Power shall blackmail Peace with the bayonet and defy
world-will from behind a hedge of steel.*

*The ghosts of Alexander and Attila must be laid—never to
stalk another century, never to lead another people to vandalism.*

*These things we have resolved—so that reason alone may
rule the universe, that women may breed worthy sons and de-
serving daughters in undreading wombs, that opportunity may
be weighed upon uncheating scales, that thought and mercy may
control the hemispheres, and persecution and barbarity be banished.*

This is our Cause: who serves it serves Humanity.

THE MESSAGE

By
Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by W. J. Benda

I HAVE not the gift of vision,
I have not the psychic ear,
And the realms that are called Elysian
I neither see nor hear;
Yet oft when the shadows darken
And the daylight hides its face,
The soul of me seems to hearken
For the truths that speak through space.

They speak to me not through reason,
They speak to me not by word;
Yet my soul would be guilty of treason
If it did not say it had heard.
For Space has a message compelling
To give to the ear of Earth;
And the things which the Silence is telling
In the bosom of God have birth.

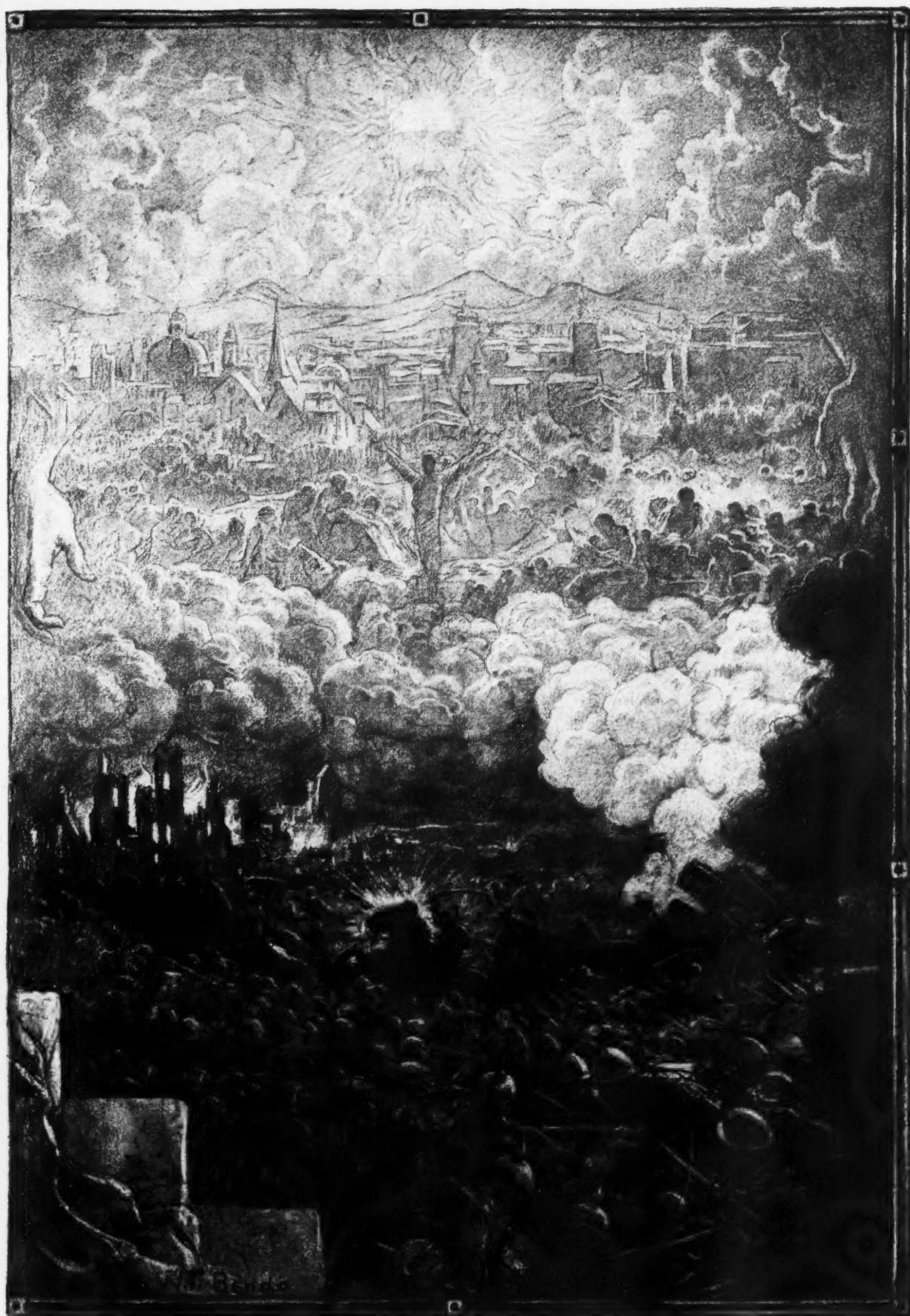
Now this is the Truth as I hear it:
That ever through good or ill,
The will of the Ruling Spirit
Is moving and ruling still.
In the clutch of the blood-red terror
That holds the world in its might,
The Race is learning its error
And will find its way to the light.

And this is the Truth as I see it:
Whoever cries out for peace,
Must think it, and live it, and *be it*,
And the wars of the world will cease.
Men fight that man may awaken,
And no longer want to kill;
Wars rage, and the heavens are shaken
That man may learn how to be still.

Oh, slow are God's mills in the grinding,
But they grind exceedingly small;
And slow is man's soul in the finding
That he is a part of the All.
Through eons and eons his story
Is bloody and blackened with crime;
But he will come out into glory
And stand on the summits sublime.

This is the Truth as I hear it:
The clouds are rolling away,
And Spirit will talk with Spirit
In the swift-approaching day.
War from the world shall be driven,
From evil shall come forth good;
And men shall make ready for heaven
Through living in brotherhood.







The Purple

By Gouverneur

Illustrated by

"yes; if, when it is over, Anton is able to come back to us."

"There will be no confusion," said Mikoloff. "He will get away very easily."

Anton Webber scowled, not because he was angry but because he suffered from conjunctivitis, and said:

"Comrades, I am glad that I have been chosen. If there is danger, it is for the other, not for me. I am not afraid. I shall come back."

"What are you going to do with yourself between now and one o'clock to-morrow?" asked Mikoloff.

"I don't know," said Webber. "It is the waiting that's hard. But now that Minna has spoken, there is so much, so much for us to say to each other."

"We understand perfectly," said Mikoloff. "You wish to be alone with Minna. Very well. So be it."

And again he shook hands with Webber and wished him luck. And so did Rodovitch.

"I wish I had been chosen," said this one. "But since I wasn't—well, good luck to you. Good luck to you both."

The very hairy man who, until this moment, had kept silent, now came forward.

"It wouldn't have been my first experience," he said, "but still I am glad that I was not chosen. When a man marries and has children, he becomes less of a force for good or evil. At least, that has been my experience. Sometimes I think that I have lost my nerve."

"While I," said Webber, "feel sure that, when I am married to Minna, I shall have more nerve instead of less."

"It isn't the wife so much," said the very hairy man; "it's the children. I don't know how it is. It's as if they wound themselves round your arms and legs and held on tight. Well, two is company."

Mikoloff followed him to the door and out without another word, but at the threshold young Rodovitch turned and gazed at Minna Bernstein for quite a long time. Then he said, "May you be happy," and went, carefully shutting the door behind him.

She said, so that the others could hear, "When it is over, I will marry you, Anton"

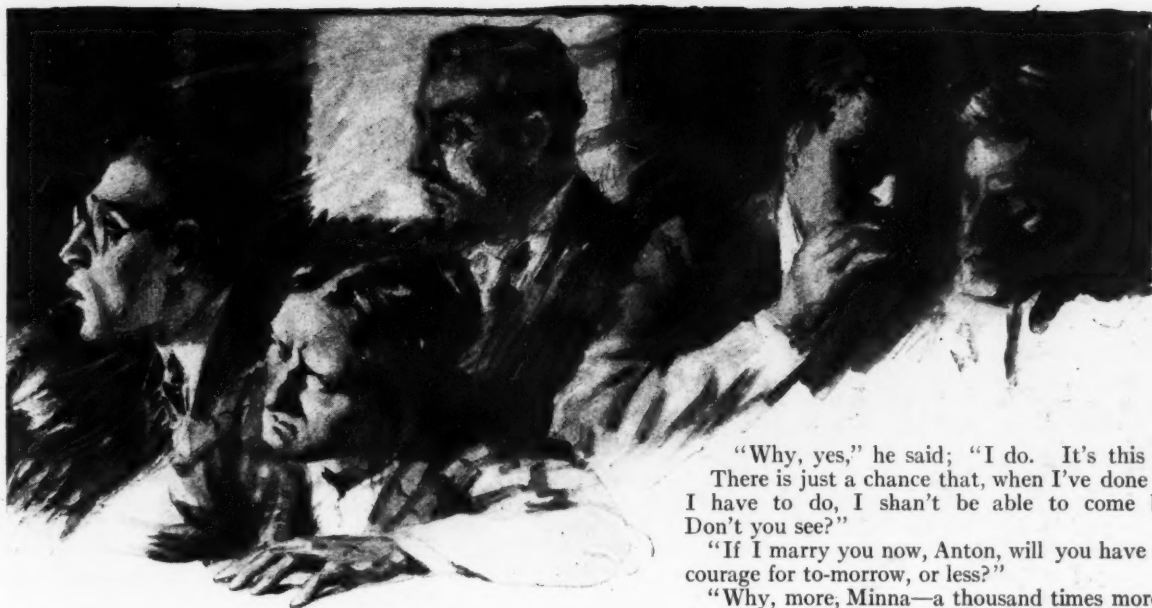
ONE by one they shook hands with him and wished him luck. They made him feel that they were more than friends to him—brothers and sisters. Minna Bernstein, her short-cropped red hair flaming in the dusk, kissed him on the forehead. And she said, so that the others could hear,

"When it is over, I will marry you, Anton."

Then they kissed each other on the mouth with a loud, smacking sound, and young Rodovitch turned his head away and swallowed hard. But Peter Mikoloff, the dreamer, beamed and said,

"That will be a marriage made in heaven."

"Yes," said Rodovitch, who had mastered his emotion,



"I am sorry for that young fellow," said Minna Bernstein, "but it is I that he loves, and not my soul."

"Well, Minna," said Anton Webber, "it isn't *only* your soul that I love."

From his left inside pocket he drew, very carefully, a flask-shaped pint-bottle of heavy dark-purple glass. The stopper appeared to be a complicated arrangement of copper and aluminum.

Flask

Morris

T. D. Skidmore

"I'll just get rid of this," he said. And he looked round for something soft to lay the bottle on. Not finding anything, he laid it very gingerly on the deal table in the center of the room. "Now then!" he said, and, so

saying, opened his arms wide.

She came into his arms slowly, but with neither hesitation nor reluctance. And she pushed the flaming red hair back from her forehead. He kissed that broad, low white forehead, then the lids, and the long black lashes that covered her dark-blue eyes. Then the strong, sweet mouth. Then he took her face between his hands and looked at her for a long time, saying:

"After all these years! Mine! Mine at last! After all these years! Mine! Mine!"

Then, suddenly, he turned away from her, and walked to the dingy window and looked out. It was almost as if he had suddenly lost interest in her. But she knew that this was not so. She knew because of the motions that his shoulders made—suppressed, jerking motions—that he was trying not to sob. After a time, he mastered himself.

"I suppose," he said, "it's the way a sailor feels when, after years at sea and in foreign places, he comes at last to his home port, and sees shining on the pier the face of his dear one. I have never showed you this."

"What is it, Anton?"

He smiled shyly, and at the same time scowled, because of his inflamed eyelids.

"It's a license for us to be married," he said.

"Did you feel so sure of me?"

"No. But once—you remember—that time when you were so discouraged—you would have married me if it could have been arranged. But by the time I could get a license, the moment had passed. Since then, well, sometimes, Minna, I haven't even hoped."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked. "Do you want me to marry you now, instead of when it's over?"

"Why, yes," he said; "I do. It's this way: There is just a chance that, when I've done what I have to do, I shan't be able to come back. Don't you see?"

"If I marry you now, Anton, will you have more courage for to-morrow, or less?"

"Why, more, Minna—a thousand times more!"

"All right," she said. "And, anyway, I'd rather."

II

THE first light of day began to steal in through the one narrow window of his hall bedroom. The noises of the city, never wholly absent, were beginning to increase.

Moving on tiptoe, Anton Webber had almost finished dressing. He hoped to steal away without waking Minna. He did not feel as if he could bear the agony of spoken farewells. When he had been chosen, life had seemed a small thing to him. But now it seemed a very wonderful thing, to be cherished and clung to and fought for. He had told her that he would have more courage—a thousand times more. But now he looked at that sardonic pint-flask of dark-purple glass and shuddered. He was not to go out into the new day with a thousand times more courage, but without any courage at all. Life, which had meant nothing, now meant everything, and each thing dear.

Her face was toward the wall. He could see of her only the short-cropped red hair and a part of one shoulder, superbly modeled. There was a catch in his throat. "Kings," he thought, "and the great ones of the earth, might well envy. And yet, perhaps, I shall never see her again."

"What time is it, Anton?"

Her face, dewy with sleep, untroubled, like the face of a child, was now turned toward him. And, even as she spoke, she yawned and shut her eyes hard, and then opened them wide.

"There's no hurry," he said. "I don't have to be at the restaurant till six o'clock. I'll get a cup of coffee on the way. After I've gone, you must close those dear, beautiful eyes again and have a long sleep."

"Why didn't you wake me?"

"I was trying to get away without waking you. But since it couldn't be, I am glad."

"Tell me just what you are going to do, Anton."

"Well, Minna, he comes at one o'clock sharp—every Friday. He is always alone. He always has the same table. It is a table for two. It is the corner table, and although he sits in the corner seat with his back and side to the wall, the table-cloth is sufficiently long to cover the seat of the chair opposite. At five minutes to one, I shall give the stopper of my flask a twist to the left, set the mechanism going, and lay it on the seat of the chair opposite. The table-cloth will cover it."

"How long will you have to wait?"

"Twenty minutes—till one-fifteen. Of course, if I can manage it, I shall be out of the room at one-fifteen. Life has become very dear to me since yesterday. But on no



"I've been watching for you for a long time," he said

account must I do anything which will rouse suspicion, and it may be that, at one-fifteen sharp, I shall have to be serving him with his broiled shad-roe and bacon."

"Yesterday," said Minna, "it all seemed so right—so right!"

"But to-day?" There was a certain eagerness in his voice.

"If we could be sure that only the wicked man would suffer! But at one-fifteen that restaurant will be crowded. Anton, come here." He leaned over her and she reached up her splendid white arms and locked them about him.

"Anton!" she said. "Anton!"

"I know," he said; "I know. We thought it would be easier. But it isn't. It is harder, far harder. You see, we had nothing, and now we have so much—so much!"

"Yesterday," she said, "I was merciless and strong and hard as flint."

"We had never lived," said Anton.

"We hated evil-doers. We are going to make the world a fit place for people to live in."

"We were," smiled Anton; "we, who had never lived."

"It is wonderful!" she said. "You know what I am going to say, and say it for me."

"But it is you who do that, Minna!"

"Yesterday it was not so with us."

"But we hated evil-doers, not for the evil they did but because, by evil-doing, they had riches and palaces and cleanliness, to which we thought we had as much right as they."

"We did not hate them because we were good. We hated them because we were envious. I'm smothering you."

"No."

But her arms dropped from about him.

"But I was!"

"To-day, Minna," he said, "I envy no man."

"I envy no woman. And yet——"

"I know what you are going to say."

"Then you say it."

"I envy no man. And yet I wish that I was setting out to do a commonplace piece of work in the lap of the Lord, instead——"

On the little table at the head of the bed was a cracked white water-pitcher and a common tumbler. Near these lay the purple flask. Anton had made a cushion for it with his soft-felt hat. By a common impulse, their eyes turned to the flask.

"If you dropped it, Anton, or some man ran into you?"

"Why, it might, and it might not. I shall be very careful. I shall not drop it. I shall not be run into, and I shall walk very slowly if the streets are greasy. But tell me—if Rodovitch had been chosen?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so," she said. "To give him courage. Anything for the cause!"

Anton's face darkened.

"Does it matter, dear? The moment I had made up my mind to marry you, I began to love you. It is like that with some women. And now—now——"

"It would have been the same with Rodovitch."

"No! No! No! I could never have loved him!"

He gazed into her eyes with an immense gratitude, and then once more his face darkened, but not so deeply this time.

"Just suppose, Minna dear, that I don't come back."

She sat up in the bed as if moved by a strong spring.

"Anton, I ask you not to go! The world is for lovers, not for haters. What if you succeed? What is one wicked man more or less? Yesterday I thought what you had been chosen to do was noble—and Spartan. But it isn't; it isn't even grown-up."

"Child's play, Minna. Well, it's risky, and that is something."

"Listen: I will dress at once. We will go to the river and drop that thing into the water. Then we will go West. We will change our names to keep our new hearts and minds company."

"You think Mikoloff, Rodovitch, and the little hairy brother wouldn't find us, Minna? You don't know them. You, of all people!"

"If we change our names and go far—far?"

"How about the oath? Just because a man changes his mind is no reason why he should break his word. We can't all be statesmen, Minna."

He laughed at his little joke. It was the first time that laughter had sounded in the room. The laughter came quickly to an end. He drew a long, slow breath, rose to his feet, and straightened his back and broad shoulders.

"I must get the doctor to touch my eyelids with his blue pencil," he said. "A greater inflammation to cure a less."

"I love your eyes, Anton!"

He looked at his watch. And then reached quickly for his coat.

"After to-day," he said, "I shall have done my share, and they will let me off."

"Do you have to go now?"

"To-day," he said, "I don't want to arouse suspicion in any way, either by arriving noticeably early or noticeably late."

"Couldn't you stay a little longer?"

He shook his head, and she sighed.

"Will you promise me to stay in bed and try to sleep?"

"Yes, Anton."



DRAWN BY T. D. REIDMORE

She sat up in bed as if moved by a strong spring. "Anton, I ask you not to go! The world is for lovers, not for haters.
What if you succeed? What is one wicked man more or less?"

The Purple Flask

He had asked, and she had promised an impossibility.

"Is it true, Anton, that your father was a prince?"

"Why, yes; he was."

"It seems funny your pretending to be a waiter."

"My father was a bad prince," said Anton, "and I am a good waiter."

"Is your name really Webber?"

"Good Lord, no!"

She laughed.

"Any more than mine used to be Bernstein."

He held out his big, square hand.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Minna dear, I'm going with only just enough courage and sense of obligation to carry me through. I don't dare kiss you."

She smiled proudly. But when he was closing the door behind him, she called to him. In answer to his inquiry, she simply pointed to the little table at the head of the bed.

"Well, I *am* in a state," said Anton, "to forget not only that accursed machine but my hat, too."

He slipped the purple flask delicately into his pocket, and clapped the soft-felt hat on his head. Then he hurried away. His wife jumped out of bed and began to dress herself with more haste than speed.

III

ANTON WEBBER descended the two flights of stairs to the hall door, with sure-footed deliberation and one hand on the stair rail. Such great changes had taken place in his mental processes that the familiar aspect of the street, lit with pale sunshine, came as a sort of shock

to him. Since, to his inner eye, all things had changed, he was surprised that physical things should look the same.

It was an old, dingy street of low stoops and brick fronts. The fashion of an occasional doorway spoke of the old days when gentility had occupied the street, and was altogether charming. The door of Anton's favorite doorway was ajar. He wondered why. Always before, that door had been closed. He would have liked to peer through the crack, to see if the old stair and the trim of the hall bore out the promise of the doorway. But there was no time to indulge his taste for architecture.

On the stoop of the house three doors beyond, a young mechanic was kissing his wife and child good-by. The sight depressed Anton.

"He is not going into danger," he thought, "whereas I may be passing through this street for the last time."

His conscience, too long familiar with violence, was not yet troubled by thoughts of what he intended to do. The existence of the man who had lived too long no longer baited him; it now meant nothing to him, one way or another. His own personal safety was what mattered now.

"For Minna," he thought, "I am still envious. I want money for her, luxuries, everything. But, for myself, I want nothing but Minna. It was all like coming home after eternal wanderings, coming home to rest."

A little shiver went through him from head to foot.

"Instead of what I am carrying," he thought, "I wish I was carrying an honest dinner-pail to an honest day's work, sure that, when the six-o'clock whistle blew, I should return to Minna, to my wife. It is silly to say that it is

the rich who keep the poor down. It is the poor who keep themselves poor.

In this country, any man may rise to any height if he will preserve his intelligence by sobriety and

spend a little less than he earns. It is curious that today we both think like this, whereas yesterday we held that only by destruction could the world be regenerated. Construction is what the world needs. Love is what the world needs. Love is construction. Love has not pulled me down; it has made a new man of me."

He turned the corner and passed presently under an elevated railroad. The avenue, destroyed by the railroad, had not been cleaned for a long time. The pavement was greasy and treacherous. Anton crossed from curb to curb with short, careful steps. He would never again be careless about anything which concerned his own personal safety. He turned another corner and found himself face to face with Rodovitch.

The young man was unshaven and did not look as if he had slept for a week. He turned on his heel and walked along at Webber's side, shuffling and

skipping until he succeeded in getting into step with him.

"I've been watching for you for a long time," he said.

They had reached the end of the block before Anton answered.

"You feared that I might now value my life so highly that I would be willing to (Continued on page 129)



But Anton Webber, bending over and feeling for the stopper of the purple flask, had seen

Married

Probably the most difficult of the necessary readjustments of life is that which must be made when one partner in marriage enters a totally strange environment, and in the vast majority of instances it is the woman who is confronted with this trying task. The experience of Marjorie Wilde, so comprehensively described in Mr. Dreiser's fine realistic manner, is one which we believe every *Cosmopolitan* reader will appreciate with sympathetic understanding.

By Theodore Dreiser

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

IN connection with their social adjustment, one to the other, during the few months they had been together, there had occurred a number of things which made much clearer to Duer and to Marjorie the problematic relationship which existed between them, though it must be confessed it was clearer chiefly to him. The one thing which had been troubling Duer was how Marjorie would fit herself into his social life. Of all his former friends, he could think of only a few who would be interested in Marjorie, or she in them. She cared nothing for the studio life except as it concerned him, and he knew no other.

Because of his volatile, enthusiastic temperament, it was easy to see, now that she was with him constantly, that he could easily be led into one relationship and another which concerned her not at all. He was for running here, there, and everywhere, just as he had been before marriage, and it was very hard for him to see that Marjorie should always be with him. As a matter of fact, it occurred to him as strange that she should want to be. She would not be interested in all the people he knew, he thought. Now that he was observing her more closely, he was quite sure that most of the people he had known in the past, even in an indifferent way, would not appeal to her at all.

Take Cassandra Draper, for instance, or Neva Badger, or Edna Bainbridge, with her budding theatrical talent, or Coraline Skiff, or Volida Blackstone—any of these women of the art-studio world with their radical ideas, their indifference to appearances, their semisecret immorality. And yet any of these women would be glad to see him socially, unaccompanied by his wife, and he would be glad to see them. He liked them. Most of them had not seen Marjorie, but, if they had, he fancied they would feel about her much as he did—that is, that she did not like them, really did not fit into their world. She could not understand their point of view—he saw that. She was for one life, one love. All this excitement about entertainment, their gathering in this studio and that, this meeting of radicals and models and budding theatrical stars which she heard him and others talking about—she suspected it of no good results. It was too feverish, too far removed from the commonplace of living. She had been raised on a farm where, if she was not actually a farmer's daughter, she had witnessed what an actual struggle for existence meant.

Out in Iowa, in the neighborhood of Avondale, there were no artists, no models, no budding actresses, no incipient playwrights such as Marjorie found here about her. There, people worked, and worked hard. Her father was engaged at this minute in breaking the soil of his fields for



Marjorie stood leaning against him. She loved this tall, distinguished-looking man, and she wanted to take care of him

the spring planting—an old man with a white beard, an honest, kindly eye, a broad, kindly charity, a sense of duty. Her mother was bending daily over a cook-stove, preparing meals, washing dishes, sewing clothes, mending socks, doing the thousand and one chores which fall to the lot of every good housewife and mother. Her sister Cecily, for all her gaiety and beauty, was helping her mother, teaching school, going to church, and taking the commonplace facts of mid-Western life in a simple, good-natured, unambitious way. And there was none of that toplofty sense of superiority which marked the manner of these Eastern upstarts.

Duer suggested that they give a tea, and decided that

they should invite Charlotte Russell and Mildred Ayres, who were both still conventionally moral in their liberalism; Francis Hatton, a young sculptor, and Miss Otilie Stearns, the latter because she had a charming contralto voice and could help them entertain. Marjorie was willing to invite both Miss Russell and Miss Ayres, not because she really wanted to know either of them but because she did not wish to appear arbitrary and especially contrary. In her estimation, Duer liked these people too much. They were friends of too long standing. She reluctantly wrote them to come, and because they liked Duer and because they wished to see the kind of wife he had, they came.

There was no real friendship to be established between Marjorie and Miss Ayres, however, for their outlook on life was radically different, though Miss Ayres was as conservative as Marjorie in her attitude and as set in her convictions. But she had decided, partly because Duer had neglected her, partly because Marjorie was the victor in this contest, that he had made a mistake; she was convinced that Marjorie had not sufficient artistic apprehension, sufficient breadth of outlook, to make a good wife for him. She was charming enough to look at, of course; but there was really not enough in her socially; she was not sufficiently trained in the ways of the world, not sufficiently wise and interesting to make him an ideal companion. She insisted on thinking this vigorously and, smile as she might and be as gracious as she might, it showed in her manner. Marjorie noticed it. Duer did, too. He did not dare intimate to either what he thought, but he felt that there would be no peace. It worried him, for he liked Mildred very much; but, alas! Marjorie had no good to say of her.

As for Charlotte Russell, he was grateful to her for the pleasant manner in which she steered between Scylla and Charybdis. She saw at once what Marjorie's trouble was, and did her best to allay suspicions by treating Duer quite formally in her presence. It was "Mr. Wilde" here and "Mr. Wilde" there, with most of her remarks addressed to Marjorie; but she did not find it easy sailing after all. Marjorie was suspicious. There was none of the old freedom which had existed between Charlotte and Duer any more. He saw, by Marjorie's manner, the moment he became the least exuberant and free that it would not do. That evening, he said, forgetting himself:

"Hey, Charlotte, you skate; come over here! I want to show you something."

He forgot all about it afterward, but Marjorie reminded him.

"Honey," she began, when she was in his arms before the fire and he was least expecting it, "what makes you be so free with people when they call here? You're not the kind of man that can really afford to be free with anyone. Don't you know you can't? You're too big; you're too great. You just belittle yourself when you do it, and it makes them think that they are your equal, when they are not."

"Who has been acting free now?" he asked sourly on the instant, and yet with a certain make-believe of manner,

dreading the storm of feeling, the atmosphere of censure and control which this remark foreboded.

"Why, you have!" she persisted correctively, and yet apparently mildly and innocently. "You always do. You don't exercise enough dignity, dearie. It isn't that you haven't it naturally—you just don't exercise it. I know how it is—you forget."

Duer stirred with opposition at this, for she was striking him on his tenderest spot—his pride. It was true that he did lack dignity at times. He knew it. Because of his affection for beautiful or interesting things—women, men, dramatic situations, songs, anything—he sometimes became



very gay and free, talking loudly, using slang expressions, laughing boisterously. It was a failing with him, he knew. He carried it to excess at times. In his own heart, he regretted these things afterward, but he couldn't help them, apparently. He liked excitement, freedom, gaiety—naturalness, as he called it—but it hurt him tremendously if he thought that anyone else noticed it as out of the ordinary. He was exceedingly sensitive, and this developing line of Marjorie's criticism was something new to him. He had never noticed anything of that in her before marriage.

Up to the time of the ceremony, and for a little while afterward, it appeared to him as if he were lord and master. She was dependent on him, so anxious that he should take her. Why, her very life had been in his hands! And now—

he tried to think back over the evening and see what it was he had done or said, but he couldn't remember anything. Everything seemed innocent enough. He couldn't recall a single thing, and yet—

"I don't know what you're talking about," he replied sourly, withdrawing into himself. "I haven't noticed that I lack dignity so much. I have a right to be cheerful, haven't I? You seem to be finding a lot that's wrong with me."



affection and punishment at the same time. Duer felt nothing but wrath, resentment, discouragement, failure.

"No, I don't," he replied crossly. "What did I do? I don't recall doing anything that was so very much out of the way."

"It wasn't that it was so very much, honey; it was just the way you did it. You forget, I know. But it doesn't look right. It belittles you."

"What did I do?" he insisted impatiently.

"Why, it wasn't anything so very much. It was just when you had the pictures of those new sculptures which Mr. Hatton lent you, and you were showing them to Miss Russell. Don't you remember what you said—how you called her over?"

"No," he answered. He was thinking that accidentally he might have slipped his arm about Charlotte, or that he might have said something out of the way jestingly about the pictures; but Marjorie could not have heard. He was so careful these days, anyway.

"Why, you said: 'Hey, Charlotte, you skate; come over here!' Now, what a thing that is to say to a girl! Don't you see how ugly it sounds, how vulgar? She can't enjoy that sort of remark, particularly in my presence, do you think? She must know that I can't like it, that I'd rather you wouldn't talk that way, particularly here. And if she were the right sort of girl, she wouldn't want you to talk to her at all that way. Don't you know she wouldn't? She couldn't. Now, really, no good woman would."

Duer flushed angrily. This catechising, so new to his life, so different from anything he had ever endured in his

youth or since, irritated him greatly. It cut him to the core. He got up, putting Marjorie away from him, for they were sitting in a big chair before the fire, and walked to the window.

"I don't see that at all," he said stubbornly.

"I don't see anything in that remark to raise a row about. Why, for goodness' sake! I have known Charlotte Russell—for years and years, it seems, although it has only been a little while at that.

She's like a sister to me. I like her. She doesn't mind what I say. I'd stake my life she never thought anything about it. No one would who likes me as well as she does. Why do you pitch on that to make a fuss about, for heaven's sake?"

"Please don't swear, Duer!" exclaimed Marjorie anxiously, using this expression for criticising him further. "It isn't nice in you, and it doesn't sound right toward me. I'm your wife. It doesn't make any difference how long you've known her; I don't think it's nice to talk to her in that way, particularly in my presence. You say you've known her so well and you like her so much. Don't you think you ought to consider me a little, now that I'm your wife? Don't you think that you oughtn't to want to do

"Now, please don't get angry, Duer," she persisted, anxious to apply the corrective measure of her criticism, but willing, at the same time, to use the quickness of his sympathy for her obvious weakness and apparent helplessness to shield herself from him. "I can't ever tell you anything if you're going to be angry. You don't lack dignity generally, honey-bun. You only forget at times. Don't you know how it is?"

She was cuddling up to him, her voice quavering, her hand stroking his cheek in a curious effort to combine

anything like that any more, even if you have known her so well—don't you think? You're married now, and it doesn't look right to others, whatever you think of me. It can't look right to her, if she's as nice as you say she is."

Duer listened to this semipleading, semichastising harangue with disturbed, opposed, and irritated ears. Certainly, there was some truth in what she said; but wasn't it an awfully small thing to raise a row about? Why should she quarrel with him for that? Couldn't he ever be lightsome in his form of address any more? It was true that it did sound a little rough, now that he thought of it. Perhaps it wasn't exactly the thing to say in her presence, but Charlotte didn't care. She hadn't noticed it one way or the other; and here was Marjorie, charging him with being vulgar and inconsiderate, and Charlotte with being not the right sort of girl, and practically vulgar, also, on account of it. It was too much. It was too narrow, too conventional. He wasn't going to tolerate anything like that permanently.

He was about to say something mean in reply, make some cutting commentary, when Marjorie came over to him. She saw that she had lashed him and Charlotte and his generally easy attitude pretty thoroughly, and that he was becoming angry. Perhaps, because of his sensitiveness, he would avoid this sort of thing in the future. Anyhow, now that she had lived with him four months, she was beginning to understand him better, to see the quality of his moods, the strength of his passions, the nature of his weaknesses, how quickly he responded to the blandishments of sorrow, joy, pretended affection, or distress. She thought she could reform him at her leisure. She saw that he looked upon her, in his superior way, as a little girl—largely because of the size of her body. He seemed to think that, because she was little, she must be weak. Hence, any appeal to his sympathies, his strength, almost invariably produced a reaction from any antagonistic mood in which she might have placed him. She saw him now as a mother might see a great, overgrown, sulking boy, needing only to be coaxed to be brought out of a very unsatisfactory condition, and she decided to bring him out of it. She had taught children in school for some years, and knew the incipient moods of the race very well.

"Now, Duer," she coaxed, "you're not really going to be angry with me, are you? You're not going to be 'mad to me'" (imitating childish language).

"Oh, don't bother, Marjorie!" he replied distantly. "It's all right. No; I'm not angry. Only, let's not talk about it any more."

"You are angry, though, Duer," she wheedled, slipping her arm round him. "Please don't be mad at me. I'm sorry now. I talk too much. I get mad. Please don't be mad at me, honey-bun. I'll get over this after a while. I'll do better. Please don't—will you?"

He could not stand this coaxing very long. He looked upon her just as she had thought he would, as a child, and this pathetic baby-talk was irresistible. He smiled grimly after a while. She was so little. He ought to endure her idiosyncrasies of temperament. Besides, he had never treated her right. He had not been faithful to his engagement-vows. If she only knew how bad he really was!

Marjorie stood leaning against him. She loved this tall, distinguished-looking man, and she wanted to take care of him. She thought that she was doing this now, when she called attention to his faults. Some day, by her persistent efforts maybe, he would overcome these silly, disagreeable, offensive traits. He would overcome being indignant; he

would see that he needed to show her more consideration than he now seemed to think he did. He would become a quiet, reserved, forceful man, weary of the silly women who were buzzing round him solely because he was an artist and talented and good-looking, and then he would be truly great. She knew what they wanted, these nasty women—they would like to have him for themselves. Well, they wouldn't get him. And they needn't think they would. She had him. He had married her. And she was going to keep him. They could just buzz all they pleased, but they wouldn't get him. So there!

There had been other spats which followed this and the one relating to Duer not having told his friends of his marriage, for Marjorie, having come to this estate by means of such a hardly won victory, was anxious lest any germ of inattentiveness, lack of consideration, alien interest, or affection flourish and become a raging disease which would



imperil or destroy the conditions on which her happiness was based. After every encounter with Miss Ayres, there were fresh charges to be made. She didn't invite Marjorie to sit down sufficiently quickly when she called at her studio, was one complaint; she didn't offer her a cup of tea at the hour she called another afternoon, though it was quite time for it. She didn't invite her to sing or play on another occasion, though there were others there who were invited.

"I gave her one good shot, though," said Marjorie, one day, to Duer, in narrating her troubles. "She's always talking about her artistic friends. I as good as asked her why she didn't marry, if she is so much sought after."

Duer did not understand the mental sword-thrusts involved in these feminine bickerings. He was likely to be deceived by the airy geniality which sometimes accompanied the bitterest feeling. He could stand by, listening to a conversation between Marjorie and Miss Ayres or Marjorie and anyone else whom she did not like, and miss all the subtle stabs and cutting insinuations which were exchanged, and of which Marjorie was so thoroughly capable. He did not blame her for fighting for herself if she thought she was being injured, but he did object to her creating fresh occasions, and this, he saw, she was quite capable of doing. She was constantly looking for new opportunities to fight with Mildred Ayres and Charlotte Russell. Duer thought that Mildred might also be better engaged than in creating fresh difficulties. Truly, he had thought better of her. It seemed a sad commentary on the nature of friendship, and he was sorry.

But, nevertheless, Marjorie found a few people whom she felt to be of her own kind. M. Bland, who had sponsored an exhibition of Duer's paintings a few months before, invited Duer and Marjorie to a—for them—quite sumptuous dinner at the Plaza, where they met Sydney Borg, the art editor of an evening paper; Melville Ogden Morris, curator of the Museum of Fine Arts, and his wife;

Joseph Newcorn, one of the wealthy collectors of modern paintings, and Mrs. Newcorn. Neither Duer nor Marjorie had ever seen a private dining-room set in so scintillating a manner. It fairly glittered with Sèvres and Venetian tinted glass. The wine-goblets were seven in number, set in an ascending row. The order of food was complete from Russian caviar to dessert, black coffee, nuts, liqueurs, and cigars.

The conversation wandered its intense intellectual way from American art, European painters, discoveries of ancient pottery in the isles of the Aegean, to the manufacture of fine glass on Long Island, the character of certain collectors and collections in America, and the present state of the Fine Arts Museum. Duer listened eagerly, for, as yet, he was a little uncertain of himself. He did not know how to take these fine and able personages who seemed so powerful in the world's affairs. Joseph Newcorn, M. Bland calmly indicated to him, must be worth in the neighborhood of fifteen million dollars. He thought nothing of paying ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty thousand dollars for a picture if it suited him. Mr. Morris was a graduate of Harvard, formerly curator of a Western museum, the leader of one of the excavating expeditions to Melos, in the Grecian

Archipelago. Sydney Borg was a student of art history, who appeared to have a wide knowledge of art tendencies here and abroad, but who, nevertheless, wrote art criticisms for a living. He was a little man of Norse extraction on his father's side, but, as he laughingly admitted, born and raised in McKeesport, Pennsylvania. He liked Duer for his simple acknowledgment of the fact that he came from a small town in the Middle West and a printing business out in Illinois.

"It's curious how our nation brings able men from the ranks," he said to Duer. "It's one of the great, joyous, hopeful facts about this country."

"Yes," said Duer; "that's why I like it so much."

Duer thought, as he dined here, how strange America was, with its mixture of races, its unexpected sources of talent, its tremendous wealth and confidence. Mr. Newcorn and his wife were such solid, unemotional, practical-looking people, and yet he could see that this

• solid-looking man, whom some artists might possibly have sneered at for his self-complacency and curiously accented English, was as wise and sane and keen and kindly as anyone present, perhaps more so. The only difference between him and the average American was that he was exceptionally practical and not given to nervous enthusiasm. Marjorie liked him, too.

It was at (Continued on page 112)



She threw herself disconsolately into Duer's arms and exclaimed: "What's the matter with me, Duer? Why am I so dull—so uninteresting—so worthless?"

JOHN CLELAND, a wealthy New Yorker, a widower with an only son at boarding-school, in his loneliness takes into his home eleven-year-old Stephanie Quest, to whose case his attention is called by a published appeal for aid. Stephanie has a winning personality, but is often wilful and unruly. Although she has been brought up in comparative squalor by some kind-hearted Germans who took her in after the sudden death of her worthless parents, who had treated her most cruelly, the child is well connected. Her mother's uncle is Chiltern Grismer, a mean and hypocritical man, who is paid a large salary for directing a charity organization, and is keeping his disinherited sister's share of the family estate, despite his knowledge of Stephanie's existence. Her father's aunt, Miss Rosalinda Quest, had not believed that her dead nephew ever had a daughter, and has devoted her fortune and her life to running a home for defective children. Cleland arranges with these relatives to educate and provide for Stephanie. Miss Quest, however, will not relinquish all claim to the child. She comes to see her once in a while, and tells Cleland that the little girl is better off in his care than she would be in hers.

Stephanie, in her new environment, develops into an ardent, affectionate girl, of a very sensitive nature. Cleland notes that she possesses several contradictory traits, and believes she has some great latent talent, possibly histrionic. She and young Jim Cleland become fast friends, and when the latter goes to Harvard, Stephanie visits him several times with Cleland senior. At the boy's graduation, she meets Chiltern Grismer's son Oswald, one of Jim's classmates, and is attracted to him. Oswald wishes to become a sculptor; Jim Cleland, a novelist.

STEPHANIE QUEST was introduced to society when she was eighteen, and was not a success. She had every chance at her debut to prove herself popular, but she remained passive, charmingly indifferent to social success, not inclined to step upon the treadmill, unwilling to endure the exactions, formalities, sacrifices, and stupid routine which alone make social position possible. There was too much chaff for the few grains of wheat to interest her. She wanted a career, and she wanted to waste no time about it, and she was delightfully certain that the path to it lay through some dramatic or art school to the stage or studio.

Jim laughed at her and teased her; but his father worried a great deal, and when Stephanie realized that he was worrying, she became reasonable about the matter and said that the next best thing would be college.

"Dad," she said, "I adore dancing and gay dinner-parties, but there is nothing else to them but mere dancing and eating. The trouble seems to be with the people—nice people, of course—but—"

"Brainless," remarked Jim, looking over his evening paper.

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The young fellow rose, smiling, and bowed gaily to Stephanie. "Welcome home," he said. "dearest of sisters and most engaging insurgent of the restless sex"

The Restless

A Chronicle of

"No; but they all think and do the same things. They all have the same opinions, the same outlook. They all read the same books when they read at all, go to see the same plays, visit the same people. It's jolly to do it two or three times; but, after a little while, you realize that all these people are restless and don't know what to do with themselves, and it makes me restless—not for that reason—but because I *do* know what to do with myself—only you, darling"—slipping one arm round John Cleland's neck—"don't approve."

"Yours is a restless sex, Steve," remarked Jim, still studying the evening paper. "You've all got the fidgets."

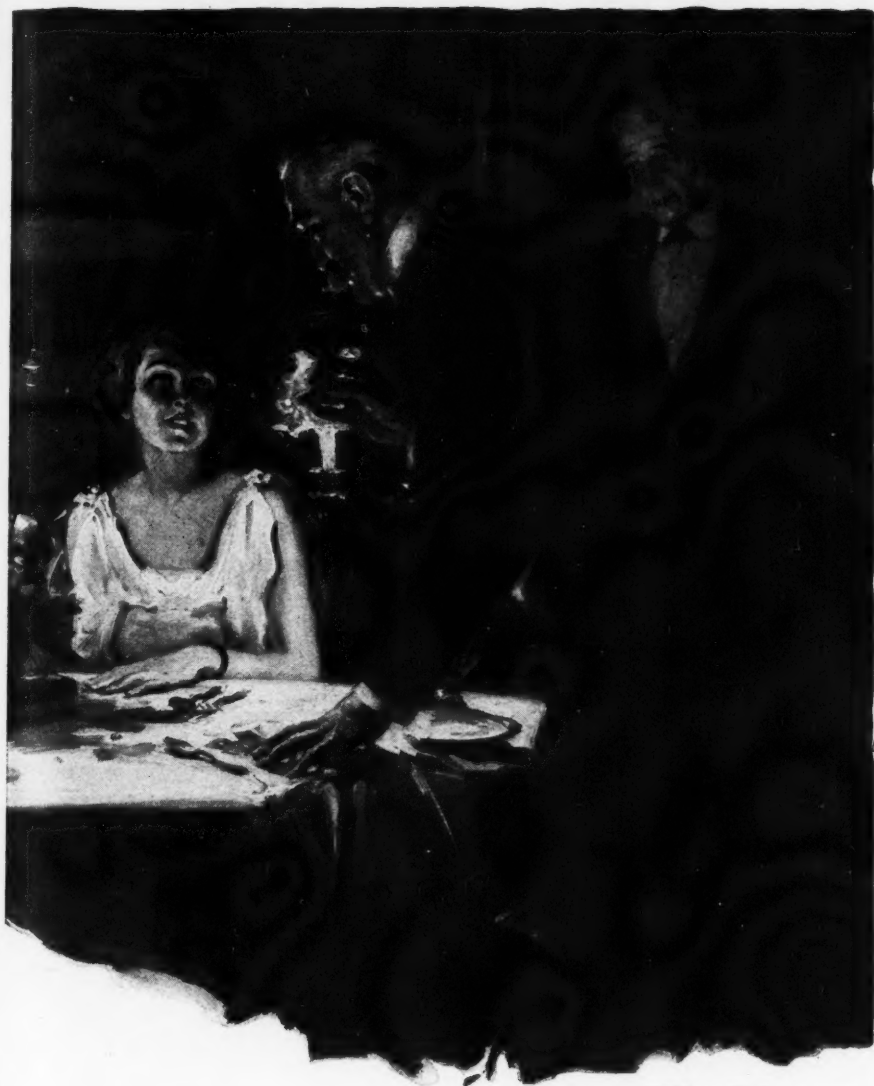
"A libel, my patronizing friend! Or, rather, a tribute," she added gaily, "because only a restless mind matures and accomplishes."

"Accomplishes what? Suffrage? Sex-equality? You'll all perish with boredom when you get it, because there'll be nothing more to fidget about."

"He's just a bumptious boy yet—isn't he, dad?"

Jim laughed and laid aside his paper:

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Sex

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

Insurgent Youth

"You're a sweet, pretty girl, Steve——"

"I'll slay you if you call me that!"

"Why not be what you look? Why not have a good time, marry when you wish, and become a perfectly——"

"Oh, Jim, you *are* annoying! Dad, is there anything more irritating than a freshly hatched college graduate? Or more maddeningly complacent? Look at your self-satisfied son! There he sits, after having spent the entire day in enjoyment of his profession, and argues that I ought to be satisfied with an idle day in which I have accomplished absolutely nothing. I'm afraid your son is a pig."

Jim laughed lazily.

"The restless sex is setting the world by the ears," he said tormentingly. "All this feminist business, this intrusion into man's affairs, this fidgety dissatisfaction with a perfectly good civilization is spoiling you all."

"Is that the sort of thing you're putting into your wonderful novel?" she inquired.

"No; it's too unimportant——"

"Dad, let's ignore him! Now, dear, if you feel as you do

about a career for me at present, I really think I had better go to college. I do love pleasure; but, somehow, the sort of pleasure I'm supposed to enjoy doesn't last, and it's the people, I think, that tire one very quickly. It *does* make a difference in dancing—doesn't it?—not to hear an idea uttered during an entire evening."

"Oh, Steve," laughed Jim, "you're not expected to have ideas at your age! All that society expects of you is that you chatter incessantly during dinner and the opera, and do your thinking in a ballroom with your feet."

She was laughing, but an unwonted color brightened her cheeks as she turned on him.

"If I really thought you meant that, Jim, I'd spend the remainder of my life in proving to you that I have a brain."

"Never mind him, Steve," said John Cleland. "If you wish to go to college, you shall."

"How about looking after us?" inquired Jim, alarmed.

"Dad, if my being here is going to make *you* more comfortable," she said, "I'll remain. Really, I am serious. Don't you want me to go?"

"Are you really so restless, Steve?"

"Mentally," she replied, with a defiant glance at Jim.

"This will be a gay place to live in if *you* go off for four years," remarked that young man.

"You don't mean that *you'd* miss me!" she exclaimed mockingly.

"Of course I'd miss you."

"Miss the mental stimulus I give you?"—sweetly persuasive.

"Not at all. I'd miss the mental relaxation you afford my tired brain."

"You beast! Dad, I'm *going*! And, some day, your son will find out that it's an *idle* mind that makes a girl restless, not a restless mind that makes her idle."

"I was just teasing, Steve."

"I know it." She smiled at the young fellow, but her gray eyes were brilliant. Then she turned and nestled against John Cleland. "I have made up my mind, darling, and I have decided to go to Vassar."

Home, to John Cleland and his son, had come to mean Stephanie as much as everything else under the common roof-tree.

For the background of familiar things framed her so naturally and so convincingly, and seemed so obviously devised for her in this mellow old household, where everything had its particular place in an orderly ensemble, that when she actually departed for college, the routine became dislocated, jarring everything above and below stairs, and leaving two dismayed and extremely restless men.

"Steve's going off like this has put the whole house on the blink," protested Jim, intensely surprised to discover the fact.

In the library together, after dinner, father and son discussed the void which her absence had created.

"She'll get enough of it and come back," suggested Jim, but without conviction. "It's beastly not having her about."

"Perhaps you have a faint idea how it was for me when you were away," observed his father.

"I know. I *had* to go though, hadn't I?"

"Of course. But—with your mother gone—it was—lonely. Do you understand, now, why I took Steve?"

The young fellow nodded, looking at his father.

"Of course I understand. But I don't see why Steve had to go. She has everything here to amuse her—everything a girl could desire. Why the deuce should she get restless and go flying about after knowledge?"

"Possibly," said John Cleland, "the child has a mind."

"A feminine one. Yes, of course. I tell you, father, it's all part and parcel of this world-wide restlessness which has set women fidgeting the whole world over. What is it they want? Because they themselves can't tell you. Do you know?"

"I think I do. They desire to exercise the liberty of choice."

"They have it now, haven't they?"

"Virtually. They're getting the rest. If Steve goes through college, she will emerge to find all paths open to women. It worries me a little."

Jim shrugged.

"What is it she calls it—I mean her attitude about choosing a career?"

"She refers to it, I believe, as 'the necessity for self-expression.'"

"Fiddle! The trouble with Steve is that she's afflicted with extreme youth."

"I don't know, Jim. She *has* a mind."

"It's a purely imitative one. People she has read about draw, write, compose music. Steve is sensitive to impression, high-strung, with a very receptive mind, and the idea attracts her. She sees me, for example, scribbling away every day. She knows I'm writing a novel. It makes an impression on her, and she takes to scribbling, too."

"Oswald Grismer drops in and talks studio and atmosphere and Rodin and Maniship. That stirs her up. What occurs within twenty-four hours? Steve orders a box of colors and a modeling-table, and she smears her pretty boudoir furniture with oil-paint and plasticine. And that's all it amounts to, father—just the caprice of a very young girl who thinks creative art a romantic cinch, and takes a shy at it."

His father, not smiling, said:

"Possibly. But the mere fact that she *does* take a shy

at these things—spends her leisure in trying to paint, model, and write, when other girls of her age *don't*, worries me a little. I do not want her to become interested in any profession of an irregular nature. I want Steve to keep away from the unconventional. I'm afraid of it for her."

"Why?"

"Because all intelligence is restless—and Steve is very intelligent. All creative minds desire to find some medium for self-expression. And I'm wondering whether Steve's mind *is* creative or merely imitative, whether she is actually but blindly searching for an outlet for self-expression, or whether it's merely the healthy mental energy of a healthy body requiring its share of exercise, too."

Jim laughed.



"You make me simply furious, Jim!" she retorted impatiently. "for one thing. I've learned that a girl has exactly as much

"It's in the air, father, this mania for 'doing things.' It's the ridiculous renaissance of the commonplace, long submerged. Every college youth, every schoolgirl writes a novel; every janitor, every office-boy a scenario. Printers' devils and ex-draysmen fill the papers with their draftsman'ship; head waiters write the scores for musical productions. Art is in the air. So why shouldn't Steve believe herself capable of creating a few things? She'll get over it."

"I hope she will."

"She will. Steve is a reasonable child."

"Steve is a sweet, intelligent, and reasonable girl—very impressionable—and sensitive. I hope," Cleland added irrelevantly, "that I shall live a few years more."

"You hadn't contemplated anything to the contrary, had you?" inquired Jim.

They both smiled. Then Cleland senior said in his pleasant, even way:

"One can never tell. And in case you and Steve have to plod along without me some day before either of you are really wise enough to dispense with my invaluable advice, try to understand her, Jim. Try always; try patiently—because I made myself responsible. And, for all her honesty and sweetness and her obedience, Jim, there is—perhaps—restless blood in Steve. There may even be the creative

tenderness between men. For the memory that these two shared in common made them doubly sensitive to the lightest hint that everything was not entirely right with either. "Do you feel perfectly well?" repeated the son, looking at his father with smiling intentness.

"Perfectly," replied Cleland senior, lying.

He had another chat with Doctor Wilmer the following afternoon. It had been an odd affair, and both physician and patient seemed to prefer to speculate about it rather than to come to any conclusion.

It was this: A week or two before, lying awake in bed after retiring for the night, Cleland seemed to lose consciousness for an interval—probably a very brief interval, and

revived presently, to find himself upright on the floor beside his bed, holding to one of the carved posts and unable to articulate. He made no effort to rouse anybody; after a while—but how long he seemed unable to remember clearly—he returned to bed and fell into a heavy sleep. And in the morning when he awoke, the power of speech had returned to him. But he felt irritable, depressed, and tired. That was his story. And the question he had asked Doctor Wilmer was a simple one.

But the physician either could not or would not be definite in his answer. His reply was in the nature of a grave surmise. But the treatment ordered struck Cleland as ominously significant.

XII

To any young man, his first flirtation with Literature is a heart-rending affair, although the jade takes it lightly enough. But the muse is a frivolous youngster, and plagues her young lovers to the verge of distraction.

And no matter how serious a new aspirant may be or how determined to remain free from self-consciousness, refrain from traditional mental attitudes, and censor every impulse toward "fine writing," his frivolous muse beguiles him and flatters him, and leads him on until he has succumbed to every deadly scribbler's sin in his riotous progress of a literary rake. The only hope for him is that his muse may some day take enough interest in him to mangle his feelings and exterminate his adjectives.

Every morning, Jim remained for hours hunched up at his table, fondling his first-born novel. The period of weaning was harrowing. Joy, confidence, pride, excitement, moments of mental intoxication were succeeded by every



"These few months at college have taught me something. And, right as a man to live her own life in her own way"

instinct in her also. She's very young to develop it yet—to show whether it really is there and amounts to anything. I should like to live long enough to see—to guide her for the next few years—"

"Of course you are going to live to see Steve's kiddies!" cried the young fellow, in cordially scornful protest. "You know perfectly well, father, that you don't look your age."

"Don't I?" said Cleland senior, with a faint smile.

"And you feel all right, don't you, father?" insisted the boy, in that rather loud, careless voice which often chokes

species of self-distrust, alarm, funk, slump, and most horrid depression.

It was to his own credit that he finally discovered that inspiration comes with preparedness, that the proper place for creative inspiration was a seat at his desk with pencil and pad before him, that the pleasure of self-expression must become a habit as well as a pleasure and not an occasional caprice to be casually gratified, and that technical excellence is acquired at the daily work-bench alone, and not among the talkers of talk.

So the boy began to form his habits of work, discovered that, sooner or later, a receptive mind resulted, and realizing that inspiration came when preparations for its reception had been made, gradually got over his earlier beliefs in the nonsense talked about genius and the commercializing of the same. And so he ceased getting out of bed to record a precious thought, and refrained from sitting up until two in the morning to scribble. He plugged ahead as long as he could stand it, and late in the afternoon he went out to hunt for relaxation, which, except for the creative, is the only other known species of true pleasure.

In his club, Cleland senior sat now, very often, instead of pursuing his daily course among print-shops, auction-rooms, and private collections of those beautiful or rare or merely curious and interesting objects which, for many years, it had been his pleasure to nose out and sometimes acquire.

For now that his son was busy writing for the greater portion of the day, and Stephanie had gone away to college, Cleland senior gradually became conscious of a subtle change which was beginning within himself—a tendency to relax mentally and physically—a vague realization that his work in life had been pretty nearly accomplished and that it was nearly time to rest.

With this conviction came a tendency to depression, inclination for silence and retrospection, not entirely free from melancholy—not unnoticed by his physician, either, who had arrived at his own conclusions. The medical treatment, however, continued on the same lines sketched out by the first prescriptions, except that all narcotics and stimulants were forbidden. He never spoke to his son about the medicine he was taking regularly, or of that odd experience when he had found himself standing dazed and speechless by his own bed in the silence and darkness of early morning.

Stephanie came back at Christmas—a lovely surprise—a supple, gray-eyed young thing, grown an inch and a half taller, flower-fresh, instinct with the intoxicating vigor and delight of mere living, and tremulous with unuttered and very youthful ideas about everything on earth.

She kissed Cleland senior, clung to him, caressed him. But, for the first time, her demonstration ended there. She offered her hand to Jim in flushed and slightly confused silence.

"What's the matter with you, Steve?" demanded the youth, half laughing, half annoyed. "You think you're too big to kiss me? By Jove, you *shall* kiss me!" And he summarily saluted her.

She got away from him immediately with an odd little laugh, and held tightly to Cleland senior again.

"Dad darling, darling," she murmured, "I'm glad I'm back! Are *you*? Do you really *want* me? And I'm going to tell you right now I don't wish to have you arrange parties and dinners and dances and things for me. All I want is to be with you and go to the theater every night—"

"Good Lord, Steve! That's no program for a pretty little girl!"

"I'm *not*! Don't call me *that*! I've got a *mind*! But I *have* got such lots to learn—so many, many things to learn! And only one life to learn them in."

"Fiddle!" remarked Jim.

"It really isn't 'fiddle,' Jim! I'm just crazy to learn things, and I'm not one bit interested in frivolity and ordinary things and people—"

"You liked people once; you liked to dance—"

"When I was a child, yes," she retorted scornfully. "But I realize now how short life is."

"Fiddle," repeated Jim. "That fool college is spoiling you for fair!"

"Dad! He's a brute! *You* understand me, darling, don't you? Don't let him plague me."

His arm round her slender shoulder tightened; all three were laughing.

"You don't *have* to dance, Steve, if you don't want to," he said.

She nestled close to him as they went out to dinner, all three very gay and loquacious, and the two men keenly conscious of the girl's rapid development, of the serious change in her, the scarcely suppressed exuberance, the sparkling and splendid bodily vitality.

As they entered the dining-room,

"Oh, Meacham, I'm glad to see you!" she cried impulsively, taking the little withered man's hand into both of hers. There was no reply, only in the burnt-out eyes a sudden mist—the first since his mistress had passed away.

"Dad, do you mind if I run down a moment to see Lizzie and Janet and Amanda? Dear, I'll be right back—" She was gone, light-footed, eager, down the service-stairs—a child again in the twinkling of an eye. The two men, vaguely smiling, remained standing.

When she returned, Meacham seated her. She picked up the blossom beside her plate, saw the other at the unoccupied place opposite, and her eyes suddenly filled.

There was a few moments' silence; then she kissed the petals and placed the flower in her hair.

"My idea," she began cheerfully, "is to waste no time in life. So I think I'd like to go to the theater all the time—" The men's laughter checked her, and she joined in. "You *do* understand, both of you!" she insisted. "You're tormenting me and you know it! I don't go to the theater to amuse myself. I go to inform myself—to learn, study, improve myself in the art of self-expression— Jim, you *are* a beast to grin at me!"

"Steve, for heaven's sake, be a human girl for a few moments, and have a good time!"

"That's my way of having a good time. I wish to go to studios and see painters and sculptors at work. I wish to go to plays and concerts—"

"How about seeing a real author at work, Steve?"

"You?" she divined, with a dainty sniff.

"Certainly. Come up any morning and watch genius work a lead-pencil. That ought to educate you and leave an evening or two for dancing—"

"Jim, I positively do *not* care for parties. I don't ever desire to waste one minute of my life. Ordinary people bore me, I tell you."

"Do I?"

"Sometimes," she retorted, with delighted malice. And, turning swiftly to Cleland senior, "As for you, darling, I could spend every minute of my whole existence with you and not be bored for one second."

The claret in John Cleland's glass—claret forbidden under Doctor Wilmer's régime—glowed like a ruby. But he could not permit Stephanie to return without that old-fashioned formality. So John Cleland rose, glass in hand, his hair and mustache very white against the ruddy skin.

"Steve dear, you and Jim have never brought me anything but happiness—anything but honor to my name and to my roof. We welcome you home, dear, to your own place among your own people. Jim—we have the honor—our little Stephanie! Welcome home!"

The young fellow rose, smiling, and bowed gaily to Stephanie.

"Welcome home," he said, "dearest of sisters and most engaging insurgent of your restless sex!"

That night, Stephanie seemed possessed of a gay demon of demonstrative mischief. She conversed with Jim so



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

She nodded listlessly, kneeling there beside his chair, her cheek resting on her clasped hands,
her gray eyes fixed on the dying coals

The Restless Sex

seriously about his authorship that, at first, he did not realize that he was an object of sarcastic and delighted malice. When he did comprehend that she was secretly laughing at him, he turned so red with surprise and indignation that his father and Stephanie gave way to helpless laughter. Seated there on the sofa across the room, tense, smiling, triumphantly and delightfully dangerous, she blew an airy kiss at Jim.

"That will teach you to poke fun at me," she said. "You're no longer an object of fear and veneration just because you're writing a book."

The young fellow laughed.

"I am easy," he admitted. "All authors are without honor in their own families. But wouldn't it surprise you, Steve, if the world took my book respectfully?"

"Not at all. That's one of the reasons I don't. The opinion of ordinary people does not concern me," she said, with gay impudence, "and if your book is a best-seller, it ought to worry you, Jim."

"You don't think," he demanded sadly, "that there's anything in me?"

"Oh, Jim"—swiftly remorseful—"I was joking, of course!" And, seeing by his grin that he was, too, turned up her nose, regretting too late her hasty and warm-hearted remorse.

"How common, this fishing for praise and sympathy!" she remarked disdainfully. "Dad, does he bother you to death trying to read his immortal lines to you at inopportune moments?"

Cleland senior, in his armchair, white-haired, deeply ruddy, had been laughing during the bantering passage at arms between the two he loved best on earth.

"Dad," exclaimed the girl, impulsively, "you certainly are the best-looking thing in all New York! I don't think I shall permit you to go walking alone all by yourself any more. Do you hear me?"

She sprang up lightly, went over, and seated herself on the arm of his chair, murmuring close to his face gay little jests, odd, quaint endearments, all sorts of nonsense while she smoothed his hair to her satisfaction, retied his evening tie, patted his lapels, and finally kissed him lightly between his eyebrows, continuing her murmured nonsense all the while.

"I won't have other women looking sideways at you—the hussies! I'm jealous. I shall hereafter walk out with you. Do you hear what I threaten—you very flighty

and deceitful man? Steve is going to chaperon you everywhere you go."

John Cleland's smile altered subtly.

"Not everywhere, Steve."

"Indeed, I shall—every step you take!"

"No, dear."

"Why not?"

"Because—there is one rather necessary trip I shall have to make—some day—"

A moment's silence—then, her arms round his neck,

"Dad!" she whispered, in breathless remonstrance.

"Yes, dear?"

"Don't you—feel well?"

"Perfectly."

"Then"—fiercely—"don't dare hint such things!"

"About the—journey I spoke of?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes. Don't say such a thing! You are not going—until I go, too!"

"If I could postpone the trip on your account—"

"Dad! Do you want to break my heart and kill me by such jokes?"

"There, Steve; I was merely teasing. Men of my age have a poor way of joking sometimes. I mean to postpone that trip—indeed I do, Steve. You're a



"No; you don't understand, Mr. Grismer. And that's another thing for you to worry over. You don't know what I am going to do or whether I am going to do anything at all"

handful, and I've got to keep hold of you for a long while yet."

Jim overheard that much.

"A handful? Rubbish!" he remarked. "Send her to bed at nine for the next few years, and be careful about her diet and censor her reading-matter. That's all Steve needs to become a real grown-up some day."

Stephanie had risen to face the shafts of good-natured sarcasm.

"Suppose," she said, "that I told you I had sent a poem to a certain magazine and that it had been accepted?"

"I'd say very amiably that you are precocious," he replied tormentingly.

"Brute! I *did*! I sent it!"

"They accepted it?"

"I don't know," she admitted, pink with annoyance; "but it wouldn't surprise me very much if they accept it. Really, Jim, do you think nobody else can write anything worth considering? Do you really believe that you embody all the talent in New York? Do you?" And, to Cleland senior: "Oh, dad, isn't he the horrid personification of everything irritatingly masculine? And I'll bet his old novel is perfectly commonplace. I think I'll go up to his room and take a critical glance at it—"

"Hold on, Steve!" Jim exclaimed—for she was already going. She glanced over her shoulder with a defiant smile, and he sprang up to follow and overtake her.

But Stephanie's legs were long and her feet light and swift, and she was up-stairs and inside his

room before he caught her, reaching for the sacred manuscript.

"Oh, Jim," she coaxed, beguilingly, "do let me have one little peep at it—there's a dear fellow! Just one little—"

"Not yet, Steve. Wait till it's typed."

"Please, Jim! I'm simply half dead with curiosity," she admitted. "Be an angel brother and let me sit here and hear you read the first chapter—only one little chapter. Won't you?" she pleaded with melting sweetness.

"I—I'd be—embarrassed—"

"What! To have your own sister hear what you've written?"

There was a short silence. The word "sister" was meant to be reassuring to both. To use it came instinctively to her as an inspiration, partly because she had vaguely felt that some confirmation of such matter-of-fact relationship would put them a little more perfectly at their ease with each other. For they had not been entirely at their ease. Both were subtly aware of that. She had first betrayed it by her offered hand instead of the friendly and sisterly kiss which had been a matter of course until now.

"Come," she said gaily; "be a good child and read the pretty story to little sister."

She sat down on the edge of his bed; he, already seated at his desk, frowned at the pile of manuscript before him.

"I'd rather talk," he said.

"About what?"

"Anything. Honestly, Steve, I'll let you see it when it's typed. But I rather hate to show anything until it's done. I don't like to have people see the raw edges and the machinery."

"I'm not 'people.' How horrid! Also, it makes a difference when a girl is not only your sister but also somebody who intends to devote her life to artistic self-expression. You can read your story to that kind of girl, I should hope!"

"Haven't you given that up?"

"Given up what?"

"That mania for 'self-expression,' as you call it."

"Of course not!"

"What do you think you want to do?" he asked uneasily.

"Jim, you are entirely too patronizing. I don't *think* I want to do anything; but I *know* I desire to find some medium for self-expression and embrace it as a profession."

That rather crushed him for a moment. Then,

"There'll be time enough to start that question when you graduate."

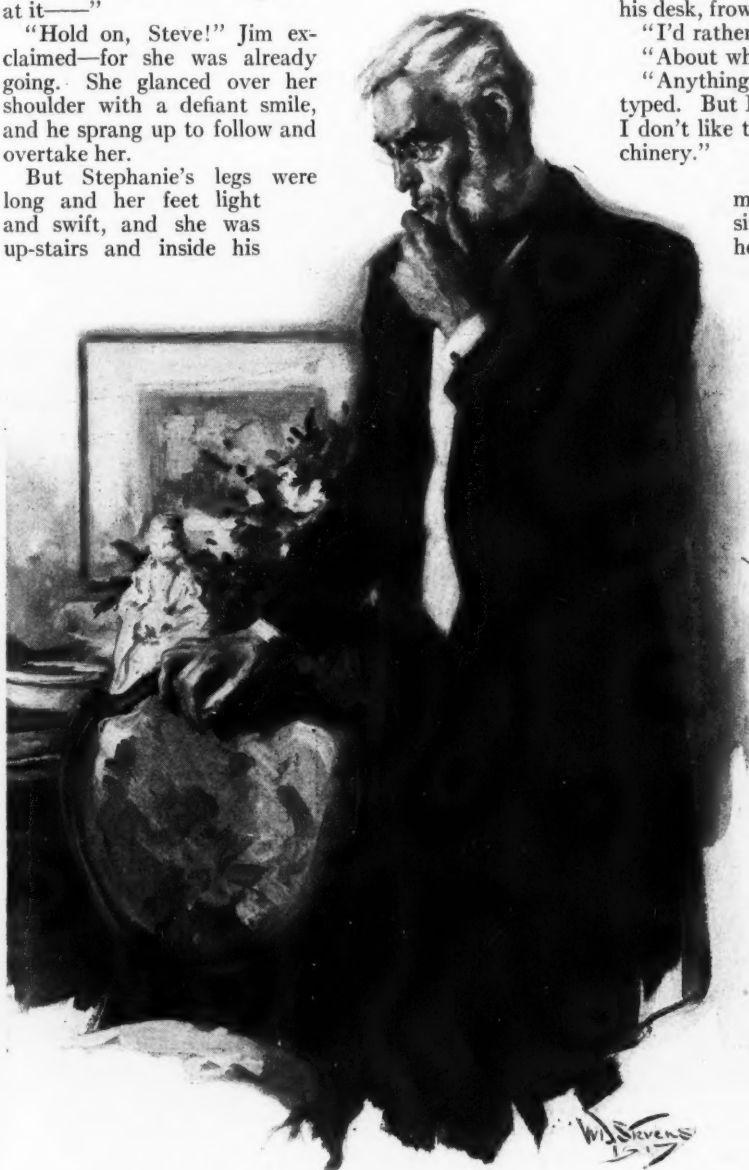
"It is *not* a question. I intend to express myself some day. And you might as well reconcile yourself to that idea."

"Suppose you haven't anything worth expressing—"

"Are you teasing?" She had flushed slightly.

"Oh, yes; I suppose I am teasing you. But, Steve, neither father nor I want to see you enter any unconventional profession. It's no good for a girl unless she is destined for it by a talent that amounts to genius. If you have that, it ought to show by the time you graduate—"

"You make me simply furious, Jim!" she retorted impatiently. "These few months at college have taught me *something*. And, for one thing, I've learned that a girl has exactly as much right as a man to live her own life in her own way, unfettered by worn-out conventions (Continued on page 106)



A Pack-Train *in the* Cascades

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Mrs. Rinehart here describes an adventurous trip made last summer with her family and a party on horseback across the Cascade Mountains by a route that had never been attempted before. They outfitted at the head of Lake Chelan and traveled into a practically unknown region back of the lake, toward Cloudy Pass.



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I THINK I have said that one of the purposes of our expedition was to hunt. We were to spend a day or two at Lyman Lake, and the sportsmen were busy by the camp-fire that evening, getting rifles and shotguns in order and preparing fishing-tackle.

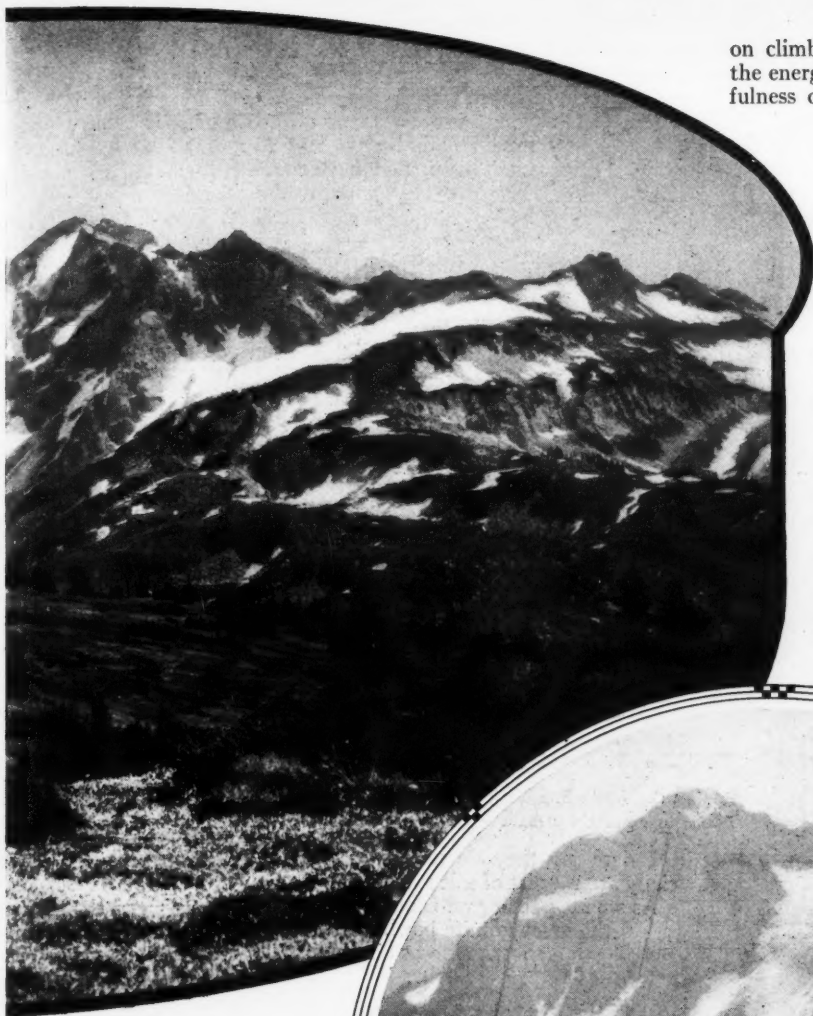
At dawn the next morning, which was at four o'clock, one of the packers roused the Big Boy with the information that there were wild ducks on the lake.

He was wakened with extreme difficulty, put on his bedroom slippers, picked up his shotgun, and, still in his sleeping-garments, walked some ten feet from the mouth of his tent. There he yawned, discharged both barrels of his gun in the general direction of the ducks, yawned again, and went back to bed.

I myself went on a hunting-excursion on the second day at Lyman Lake. Now, theoretically, I am a mighty hunter. I have always expected to shoot something worth while and be photographed with my foot on it, and a "bearer"—whatever that may be—holding my gun in the background. So when Mr. Fred proposed an

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAYES

Mrs. Rinehart is devoted to the art of angling



Looking southeast from
Cloudy Pass

early start and a search along the side of Chiwawa Mountain for anything from sheep to goats, including a grizzly if possible, my imagination was roused. So jealous were we that the first game should be ours that the party was kept a profound secret. Mr. Fred and Mrs. Fred, the Head and I planned it ourselves.

We would rise early, and, armed to the teeth, would stalk the skulking bear to his den.

Rising early is also a theory of mine. I approve of it. But I do not consider it rising early to get up at three o'clock in the morning. Three o'clock in the morning is late at night. The moon was still up. It was frightfully cold. My shoes were damp and refused to go on. I could not find any hairpins. And I recalled a number of stories of the extreme disagreeableness of bears when not shot in a vital spot.

With all our hurry, it was four o'clock when we were ready to start. No sun was in sight, but already a faint rose-colored tint was on the tops of the mountains. Whiskers raised a sleepy head and looked at us from Dan's bed. We tiptoed through the camp and started.

We climbed. Then we climbed some more. Then we kept

on climbing. Mr. Fred led the way. He had the energy of a high-powered car and the hopefulness of a pacifist. From ledge to ledge he scrambled, turning now and then to wave an encouraging hand. It was not long before I ceased to have strength to wave back. Hours went on. Five hundred feet, one thousand feet, fifteen hundred feet above the lake. I confided to the Head, between gasps, that I was dying. We had seen no living thing; we continued to see no living thing.

Two thousand feet, twenty-five hundred feet. There was not enough air in the world to fill my collapsed lungs.

Once Mr. Fred found a track, and scurried off in a new direction. Still no result. The sun was up by that time, and I judged that it was about noon. It was only six-thirty.

A sort of desperation took possession of us all. We would keep up with Mr. Fred or die trying. And then, suddenly, we were on the very roof of the world, on the top of Cloudy Pass. All the kingdoms of the earth lay stretched out



Cascade Pass



White-tailed ptarmigan

around us, and all the kingdoms of the earth were empty.

Now, the usual way to climb Cloudy Pass is to take a good businesslike horse and sit on his back. Then, by devious and

PHOTOGRAPH BY
L. D. LINDSEY

A Pack-Train in the Cascades

circuitous routes, with frequent rests, the horse takes you up. When there is a place the horse cannot manage, you get off and hold his tail, and he pulls you. Even at that, it is a long business and a painful one. But it is better—oh, far, far better!—than the way we had taken.

Have you ever reached a point where you fix your starting eyes on a shrub or a rock ten feet ahead and struggle for it? And, having achieved it, fix on another five feet further on, and almost fail to get it? Because, if you have not, you know nothing of this agony of tearing lungs and hammer-

ing heart and throbbing muscles that is the mountain-climber's price for achievement.

And then, after all, while resting on the top of the world with our feet hanging over, discussing dilated hearts, because I knew mine would never go back to normal, to see a ptarmigan, and have Mr. Fred miss it because he wanted to shoot its head neatly off!

Strange birds, those ptarmigan. Quite fearless of man, because they know him not or his evil works, on a larm they have the faculty of almost instantly obliterating themselves. I have seen a mother bird and her babies, on an alarm, so hide themselves on a bare mountainside that not so much as a bit of feather could be seen. But unless frightened, they will wander almost under the hunter's feet.

I dare say they do not know how very delicious they are, especially after a diet of salt meat.

As we sat panting on Cloudy Pass, the sun rose over the cliff of the great granite bowl. The peaks turned from red to yellow. It was absolutely silent. No trees rustled in the morning air. There were no trees. Only, here and there, a few stunted evergreens, two or three feet high, had rooted on the rock and clung there, gnarled and twisted from their winter

struggles.

Ears that had grown tired of the noises of cities grew rested. But our ears were more rested than our bodies.



PHOTOGRAPH BY
L. D. LINDLEY

Roping the Little Boy
across a mountain stream

A light
luncheon



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. D. LINDLEY

"Silent Lawrie" riding Peanuts on Cascade Pass



PHOTOGRAPH BY
L. D. LINDLEY

Some of the party,
including Dan Devore's
dog, Whiskers

I have always believed that it is easier to go down hill than to go up. This is not true. I say it with the deepest earnestness. After the first five hundred feet of descent, progress down became agonizing. The something that had gone wrong with my knees became terribly wrong; they showed a tendency to bend backward; they shook and quivered.

The last mile of that four-mile descent was one of the most dreadful experiences of my life. A broken thing, I crept into camp and begged mute apologies of Budweiser, my horse, called familiarly "Buddy." (Although he was not the sort of horse one really became familiar with.)

The remainder of that day, Mrs. Fred and I lay under a mosquito-canopy, played solitaire, and rested our aching bodies. The forest supervisor climbed Lyman Glacier. The Head and the Little Boy made the circuit of the lake, and had to be roped across the rushing river which is its outlet. And the horses rested for the real hardship of the trip, which was about to commence.

One thing should be a part of the equipment of everyone who intends to camp in the mountains near the snow-fields. This is a mosquito-tent. Ours was brought by that experienced woodsman and mountaineer, Mr. Hilligoss, and was made with a light-muslin top three feet long by the width of double-width muslin. To this was sewed sides of cheese-cloth, with double seams and reenforced corners. At the bottom it

had an extra piece of netting two feet wide, to prevent the insects from crawling under.

Erecting such a shelter is very simple. Four stakes, five feet high, were driven into the ground and the mosquito-canopy simply hung over them.

We had no face-masks, except the red netting, but, for such a trip, a mask is simple to make and occasionally

most acceptable. The best one I know, and it, too, is the Woodsman's invention, consists of a four-inch band of wire netting; above it, whipped on, a foot of light muslin to be tied round the hat, and, below, a border of cheese-cloth two feet deep,



The Big and the Middle Boy

with a rubber band. Such a mask does not stick to the face. Through the wire netting, it is possible to shoot with accuracy. The rubber band round the neck allows it to be lifted with ease.

I do not wish to give the impression that there were mosquitoes everywhere. But when there were

mosquitoes, there was nothing clandestine about it.

The next day, we crossed Cloudy Pass and started down the Agnes Creek valley. It was to be a forced march of twenty-five miles over a trail which no one was sure existed. There had, at one time, been a trail, but avalanches have a way, in these mountain valleys, of destroying all landmarks, and rock slides come down from the great cliffs, fill



Silvertip grizzly bear

A Pack-Train in the Cascades

creek-beds, and form swamps. Whether we could get down at all or not was a question. To the eternal credit of our guides, we made it. For the upper five miles below Cloudy Pass, it was touch and go. Even with the sharp hatchet of the Woodsman ahead, with his blazes on the trees where the trail had been obliterated, it was the hardest kind of going.

Here were ditches that the horses leaped; here were rushing streams where they could hardly keep their footing. Again, a long mile or two of swamp



Harebell—a mountain flower



Joe, the moving-picture man, and Spot, his horse, on Cloudy Pass



Hard on the horses' feet

A high

and almost impenetrable jungle, where only the Woodsman's ax-marks gave us courage to go on. We were mired at times, and again there were long stretches over rock slides, where the horses scrambled like cats.

But with every mile there came a sense of exhilaration. We were making progress.

There was little or no life to be seen. The Woodsman, going ahead of us, encountered a brown bear reaching up for a cluster of salmon-berries. He ambled away, quite unconcerned, and happily ignorant of that desperate trio of junior Rineharts, bearing down on him with almost the entire contents of the best gun shop in Spokane.

It should have been a great place for bears, that Agnes Creek valley. There were ripe huckleberries, service-berries, salmon- and manzanita-berries.

There were plenty of places where, if I had been a bear, I should have been entirely happy—caves and great rocks, and good, cold water. And I believe they were there. But thirty-one horses and a sort of family tendency to see if there is an echo anywhere about, and such loud inquiries as, "Are you all right, mother?" and "Who

the dickens has any matches?"—these things are fatal to seeing wild life.

Indeed, the next time I am overcome by one of my mad desires to see a bear, I shall go to the zoo.

It was fifteen years, I believe, since Dan Devore had seen the Agnes Creek valley. From the condition of the trail, I am inclined to think that Dan was the last man who had ever



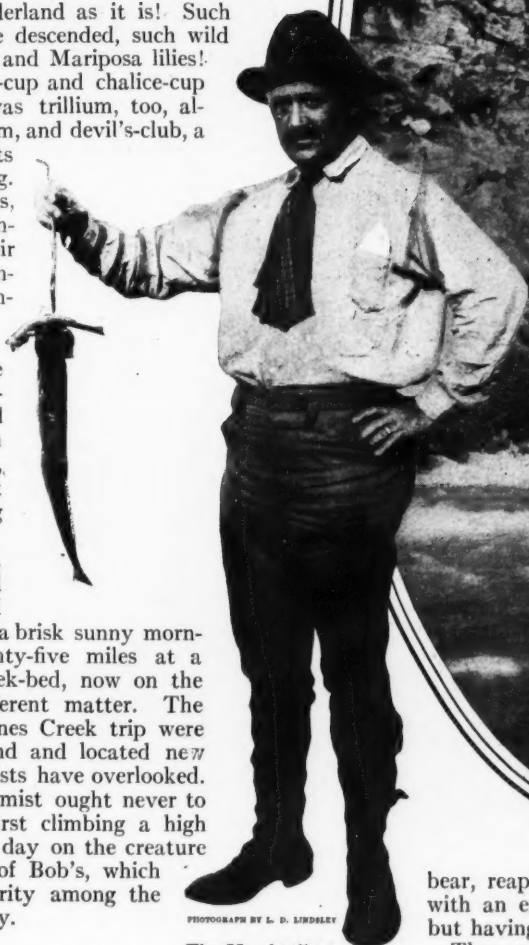
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mountain meadow

used it. And such a wonderland as it is! Such marvels of flowers as we descended, such wild tiger-lilies and columbines and Mariposa lilies! What berries and queen's-cup and chalice-cup and bird's-bill! There was trillium, too, although it was not in bloom, and devil's-club, a plant which stings and sets up a painful swelling. There were yew trees, those trees which the Indians use for making their bows, wild white rhododendron and spirea, cottonwood, white pine, hemlock, Douglas spruce, and white fir. Everywhere there was mountain-ash, the berries beloved of bears. And high up on the mountain there was always heather, beautiful to look at but slippery, uncertain footing for horse and man.

Twenty-five miles, broken with canter and trot, is not more than I have frequently taken on a brisk sunny morning at home. But twenty-five miles at a slow walk, now in a creek-bed, now on the edge of a cliff, is a different matter. The last five miles of the Agnes Creek trip were a long despair. We found and located new muscles that the anatomists have overlooked. A really first-class anatomist ought never to make a chart without first climbing a high mountain and riding all day on the creature alluded to in this song of Bob's, which gained a certain popularity among the male members of the party.

A sailor's life is bold and free.
He lives upon the bright blue sea.
He has to work like h—, of course,
But he doesn't have to ride on a darned old horse.



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. D. LINDSEY

The Head tells a fish-story



Mrs. Rinehart fishing in Bridge Creek

It was dark when we reached our camp ground at the foot of the valley. A hundred feet below, in a gorge, ran the Stehekin River, a noisy and turbulent stream full of trout. We groped through the darkness for our tents that night and fell into bed more dead than alive. But at three o'clock the next morning, the junior Rineharts, following Mr. Fred, were off for

bear, reappearing at ten, after breakfast was over, with an excited story of having seen one very close but having unaccountably missed it.

There was no water for the horses at camp that night, and none for them in the morning. There was no way to get them down to (Continued on page 116)



CHRISTINE CHAINE, an English girl, after an unhappy romance, has come to South Africa and obtained the post of governess at Blue Aloes, a large farm on the Karoo. There she finds, among others, Bernard van Cannan, the owner, an austere, religious man of Dutch extraction; his wife, Isabel, a large, blond woman, indolent and self-indulgent, and evidently fond of masculine society; his three children; Roddy, nine years old, a lovable boy, and two younger girls, Coral and Rita; his manager, Saxby, a large, burly man, whose wife, Christine hears, terribly disfigured in a fire, stays in his bungalow and sees no one but her husband and Mrs. van Cannan; McNeil, a Scotch colonial, and Richard Saltire, a government land expert, who is ridding the farm of a pest of prickly-pears by inoculation. Christine is strangely attracted to him. The children's old Basuto nurse, Sophy, has been dead some months—so Christine has been told. Each night of the three she has been there, Christine hears a voice at her window, saying: "Take care of the children. Mind the boy—take care of the boy." But she can see no one and is conscious only of a foul odor.

Van Cannan, suffering from neuritis, starts for East London for medical treatment, committing the children especially to Christine's care. Roddy has a habit of running away, usually to a dam, where his brother Carol, a year older, had been drowned. This causes Christine much anxiety. He takes her to a neglected graveyard, where there are stones over two brothers, and an unmarked grave. The place seems to fascinate the boy, and she promises him to bring flowers there and beautify the spot. The night of van Cannan's departure, Christine again hears the warning voice and goes to the front door to find it unbarred. She hears footsteps in the porch and retreats to her room.

PART II

THERE followed some tranquil days of which nothing broke the peaceful monotony. The children were extraordinarily tractable, perhaps because Mrs. van Cannan seemed too pre-occupied to lay any injunctions upon them. True, Roddy made one of his mysterious disappearances, but it was not long before Christine, hard on his heels, discovered him emerging from an outhouse, where she later assured herself that he could have come to no great harm, for it was merely a big barn stacked with grain and forage and a number of old packing-cases. Nothing there to account for the expression he wore—that same suggestion of tears fiercely

Every day, in the cool of the early morning, while the others were still sleeping, he and she visited the

Aloes

of a Karoo Farm

Stockley

and "The Leopard"

G. Patrick Nelson

Every day, in the cool of the early morning, while the others were still sleeping, he and she visited the graveyard, starting the good work of making it blossom like the rose, as Christine had promised. They planted lilies and geraniums over the little brothers, and edged the lonely, unmarked grave with a species of curly-leaved box common to that part of the country and which grew rapidly. It was Roddy's fancy, too, to cover this grave with portulaca—a little plant bearing starry flowers of vivid hues that live for a day only. He chose plants that bore only scarlet and golden blossoms.

"She liked those two colors," he told Christine, smiling. "She said that when we were babies we were all like that—very red, with yellowy golden hair."

Christine, looking at the bright head and the fresh cheeks so rare in a South African child, readily understood. But she could not help wondering, as before, at the loyal little heart that remembered so well the words and fancies of a dead woman—when all others forgot!

Nearly always on returning from these morning excursions, they met Saltire, rapidly wreaking destruction upon the district. Already, scores of the prickly-pears through which they must wend their way were assuming the staggering attitude characteristic of them as the sap dried and they died of their wounds. Sometimes, one side of a bush would shrivel first, causing it to double up like a creature agonizing. Some crouched like strange beasts watching to spring. Others thrust themselves ominously forward with projected arms, as if ready to grapple. Some brandished their flat leaves as the painter Wiertz, in his famous picture of "Napoleon in Hell," made wives and mothers brandish their menacing fists at the man who had robbed them of their loved ones. All wore a look that suggested both agony and revenge. Christine understood, at last, why the Kafirs hated to go about the land after dark, averring that the afflicted bushes threatened and chased them. She began herself to experience an inexplicable feeling of relief, as though at the overcoming of an enemy, when a great spire of smoke betokened the final uprooting and burning of a clump of bush. For fire was the ultimate element used to transform the pest from a malignant into a beneficent factor, and, as aromatic ash, it became of service to the land it had ruined so long. Almost, the process seemed an exposition of Job's words: "When thou hast tried me with fire, I shall come forth as gold."

It was a curious thing how the "personality" of the bushes appeared to affect them all. Saltire at his work gave the impression of a fighter concentrating on the defeat of an enemy. Roddy would dance for joy before each staggering bush. The impassivity of the natives departed from them when they stood about the funeral pyres, and clapping of hands and warlike chanting went

heavenward with the smoke. Christine and Roddy often lingered to watch these rejoicings; indeed, it was impossible at any time to get the boy past Saltire and his gang without a halt. The English girl, while standing somewhat aloof, would nevertheless not conceal from herself the interest she felt in the forestry man's remarks, not only on the common enemy but his work in general.

"They have a great will to live Roddy—much stronger than you and I, because we dissipate our will in so many directions. I've met this determination before in growing things, though. There are plants in the African jungle that you have to track and trail like wild beasts and do murder upon before they will die. And this old prickly-pear is of the same family. If a bit of leaf can break off and fly past you, it hides itself behind a stone, hastily puts roots into the ground, and grows into a bush before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' Your farm will be a splendid place when we've got rid of all these and replaced them with the spineless plant. Prickly-pear without spines is a perfect food for cattle and ostriches in this climate."

Thus he talked to Roddy, as if the latter were already a man and in possession of his heritage—the wide lands of Blue Aloes; but always while he talked, he looked at and considered the girl who stood aloof, wearing her air of world-weariness like a veil over the youth and bloom of her.

And she, on her side, was considering and reading him, too. She liked him better, because, since that first night of Mr. van Cannan's departure, he had absented himself from the dinner-table. That showed some glimmer of grace in him. Still, there was far too much arrogance in his manner, she thought, and decided that he had probably been spoiled by too facile women. Nothing blunts the fine spiritual side of a man's character so rapidly as association with women of low ideals. The romance of her own life had been split upon that rock. She had known what it was to stand by and see the man she loved with all the pure idealism of youth wrecked by the cheap wiles of a high born woman with a second-rate soul. Perhaps her misfortune had sharpened her vision for this defect in men. Certainly, it had tainted her outlook with disdain. She sometimes felt, as Pater wrote of "Mona Lisa," that



graveyard, starting the good work of making it blossom like the rose, as Christine had promised

"she had looked upon all the world, and her eyelids were a little weary." At any rate, when she found Dick Saltire's blue eyes looking into hers so straightly and significantly that it almost seemed as if an arrow came glancing from him to her, she merely told herself, with an inward smiling bitterness, that no doubt the same phenomenon occurred when he spoke to Mrs. van Cannan.

Some days after the departure of the master of the farm for the coast, the post-bag arrived from Cradock, and, as Mrs. van Cannan was still sleeping, it fell to Christine, as it had sometimes done before, to distribute the mail. Among her own large batch of home letters it was so unusual to find a South African one that she opened it immediately, and was astonished to discover it to be from Bernard van Cannan. It had been written from Cradock on the evening of the day he left the farm.

DEAR MISS CHAINE:

I want once more to commend to you the very special care of my children while I am away. My wife, not being very strong, is unable to see as much of them as she would wish, and I do not like her to be worried. But there are many dangers on a farm, and I have already, by most unhappy chance, lost two young sons. Both deaths occurred during absences of mine, and were the result of accident, though, at the time, they were surrounded by every loving care and security. Perhaps, therefore, you will understand the kind of superstitious apprehension I feel about Roderick, who is the last and only one left to come after me in the old place. He has always needed special looking-after, being extremely curious and impulsive while, at the same time, nervous and reticent.

Perhaps it is only my illness that makes me full of fears, but *I can assure you that had it not been for the great confidence you have inspired in me from the first*, I should not have left the farm, so anxious do I continually feel about the welfare of my third and last son. However, I trust in God I shall be back soon, better in health, to find that all is well.

Do not worry my dear wife with this matter. She is of a disposition that cannot cope with sorrow and trouble, and I would not for the world cloud her happy outlook with my morbid fancies. Keep my confidence, and remember that I rely on you with all my heart to guard my little ones.

Sincerely yours,

BERNARD VAN CANNAN.

P.S.—I append my East London address, and if I am detained for any time, I shall be glad to hear from you.

A vision of the gloomy-eyed man, twitching with pain and nerves, rose up before her eyes as she folded the letter, and she resolved to write to him at once, allaying his fears as much as possible by an assurance of her devotion. She was sitting in the summer-house at the time, the children beside her, bent over their morning lessons. Through the creeper-framed doorway, she could see the walls and veranda of the old farm, glaring white in the fierce sunlight but with every line expressing such harmony as only the old Dutch architects seem to have had the secret of putting into the building of South African home-

steads. Before the front door stood three gnarled oaks, which yet bore the marks of chains used by the early van Cannans to fasten up the cattle at night, for fear of the hostile Kafirs who at set of sun came creeping over the kopjes. Scores of fierce, man-eating dogs were kept to deal with the marauders, and there were still loopholes



Thus he talked to Roddy, as if the latter of his heritage—the wide

in the white walls from which those within had watched and defended.

But those days were long past. Nothing now in the gracious building, with its shady stoeps and high, red roof, toned melodiously by age, to betoken battle, murder, and sudden death. It seemed strange that sinister forebodings should attach themselves in any mind to such harmony of

form and color. Yet Christine held in her hand the very proof of such thoughts, and, what was more, knew herself to be obsessed by them when darkness took the land. For a moment even now, looking out at the brilliant sunshine, she was conscious of a falter in her soul, a moment of horrible loneliness, a groping-out for some human being

"I wonder if Mrs. van Cannan is up yet," he said, in his full, rich voice. "There are one or two farm matters I want to consult her about."

Christine looked at the watch on her wrist and saw that it was past eleven.

"Oh, I should think so, Mr. Saxby. The closing of all the shutters is usually a sign that she is up and about."

It is, in fact, a practise in all Karoo houses to close every window and shutter at about ten o'clock each morning, not throwing them open again until sunset. This keeps the interiors extraordinarily cool, and, as the walls are usually whitewashed, there is plenty of light.

"I expect I shall find her in the drawing-room," Saxby remarked, and passed on. Christine saw him leave again about half an hour later. Then the sound of waltz-music within the closed house told that Mrs. van Cannan was beguiling away the rest of the long, hot morning in a favorite fashion. At noon, the heat, as usual, made the summer-house untenable, and its occupants were driven indoors.

Lunch introduced the only excitement the quiet monotony of the day ever offered, when the men came filing into the soft gloom of the dining-room, bringing with them a suggestion of a world of work that still went on its way, come rain, come shine. All of them took advantage of the custom of the climate to appear coatless. Indeed, the fashion of shirts was sometimes so *décolletée* as to be slightly embarrassing to English eyes. Only Saltire paid the company the compliment of unrolling his sleeves, buttoning the top button of his shirt, and assuming a tie for the occasion.

Everyone seemed of opinion that the summer rains were brewing and that was the reason of the insufferable heat.

"We'll have a couple of days of this," prophesied Andrew McNeil, "then down it will come with a vengeance."

"The land wants it, of course, but it will be a confounded nuisance to me," remarked the forestry expert.

"Oh, Mr. Saltire, you are insatiable in your work of murder," smiled his hostess. "Are you as merciless in all your dealings?" She looked at him with provoking

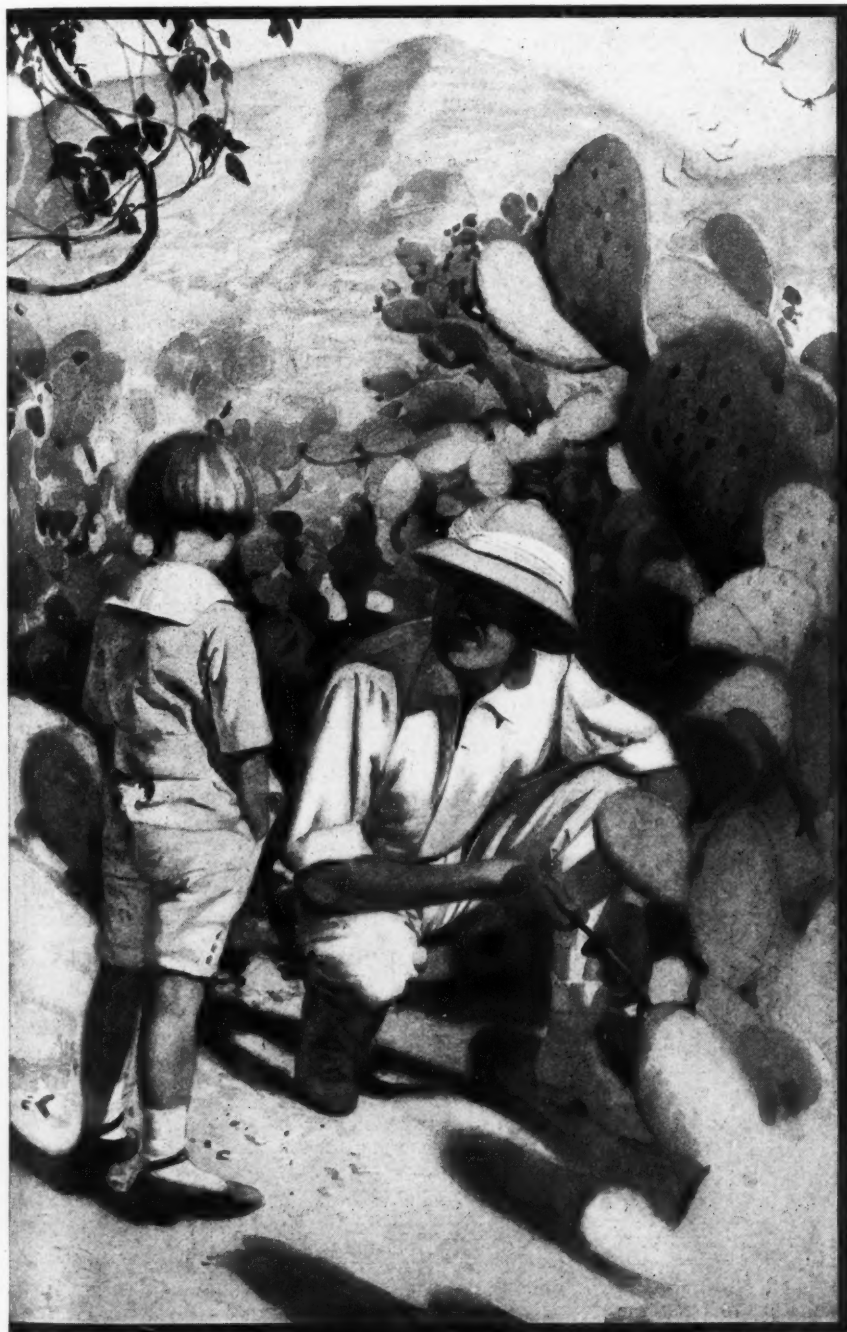
eyes. Christine hardened herself to hear an answer in the same vein, but was as agreeably relieved as surprised.

"I want to get the work done," said Saltire briefly.

"I never knew anyone so anxious to leave us before," grumbled Mrs. van Cannan prettily. "You must be terribly bored with us all."

"Never less in my life."

The answer was so impersonal as to be almost a sign of boredom in itself, and Mrs. van Cannan, little accustomed



were already a man and in possession
lands of Blue Aloes

stronger than herself of whom to take counsel. A thought of Saltire flashed across her. He looked strong and sane, kind and chivalrous. But could he be trusted? Had she not already learned in the bitter school of life that "Ye have no friend but resolution!"

A shadow fell across the doorway. It was Saxby, the manager. He gave her his pleasant, melancholy smile.



The girl looked down into the distended pupils gazing so wistfully at her

to have her charming advances met in such fashion, turned away with a pucker on her brow to a more grateful audience. At the same moment, an irresistible impulse drew Christine's glance to Saltire in time to receive one of those straight, significant looks that indescribably disturbed her. Nothing there of the impersonality his words had betrayed! It was a clear message from a man to a woman—one of those messages that only very strong-willed people who know what they want have the frankness, perhaps the boldness, to send. Even an indifferent woman would have been stirred to a knowledge of dangerous sweetness, and she knew that she had never been quite indifferent to the personal magnetism of Dick Saltire. As it was, she was shaken to the very soul of her. For a moment, she had the curious illusion that she had never lived before, never had been happy or unhappy, was safe at last in some sure, lovely harbor from all the hurts of the world. It was strange in the midst of every-day happenings, with the talk and clatter of a meal going on, to be swept overwhelmingly away like that to a far place where only two people dwelt—she and the man who looked at her. And before the illusion was past, she had returned a message to him. She did not know what was in her look, but she knew what was in her heart.

Almost immediately it was time to take the children and go. Mrs. van Cannan delayed them for a moment, giving some directions for the afternoon. If Christine could have seen herself with the children clinging to her, she would have been surprised that she could appear so beautiful. Her grace of carriage and well-bred face had always been remarkable, but gone were disdain and weariness from her. She passed out of the room without looking again at Dick Saltire, though he rose, as always, to open the door for her.

An afternoon of such brazen heat followed that it was well to be within the shelter of the shuttered house. But outside, in the turmoil of dust and glare, the work of the farm went on as usual. Christine pictured Saltire at his implacable task, serene in spite of dust and blaze, with the quality of resolution in his every movement that characterized him, the quality he had power to put into his eyes and throw across a room to her. The remembrance of his glance sent her pale, even now in the quiet house. Only a strong man, sure of himself and with the courage of his wishes,

would dare put such a message into his eyes, would dare call boldly and silently to a woman that *she* was his *raison d'être*, that, because of her, the dulness and monotony of life had never bored him less, that he had found her, that she must take of and give to him. She knew now that he had been telling her these things ever since they had met, but that she had turned from the knowledge,

until, at last, in an unguarded moment, it had reached and overwhelmed her, flooding her soul with passionate joy, yet filling her with a peace and security she had never known, either in the old farmhouse or since the long-ago day when all her brave castles of youth and love had crashed down into the dust. Gone now was unbelief, and disdain, and fear of

terror that stalked by night; a rock was at her back; there was a hand to hold in the blackest darkness. Never any more need she feel fear and spiritual loneliness. Withal, there was the passionate joy of adventure, of exploration in sweet, unknown lands of the heart, the launching of a boat upon a sea of dreams. Life sang to Christine Chaine like a nightingale under the stars.

How tenderly and patiently she beguiled the heat-weary children throughout that long afternoon! There was no feeling of haste upon her. She knew that sweetness was traveling her way, that "what is for thee, gravitates toward thee," and is vain to seek before the appointed hour. It might come as even-song to a seemingly endless day, or dawn following a fearsome night. But it was coming. That was all that mattered!

The directions Mrs. van Cannan had given, as they left the luncheon, were to the effect that, when the siesta-hour was over, the children were to have possession of the drawing-room until it was cool enough for them to go for their accustomed walk. This plan was to continue as long as the hot weather lasted.

"I think it is not very healthy for any of you," she said amiably, "to stick all day in a room you have to sleep in at night."

Christine could not help being surprised at her giving up the coolest and quietest room in the house, and one that had hitherto been forbidden ground to the children. However, here they were, installed among gaily cretonned furniture, the little girls dashing about like squirrels in a strange cage, Roddy, apparently more at home, prowling softly around, examining things with a reverent yet familiar air.

"I remember when we used to come here every day," said Rita suddenly, and stood stock-still with concentrated eyes, like one trying to catch the memory of a dream. "When was it, Roddy?"

He looked at her steadily.

"When our old nannie was here."

Rita fixed her blue eyes on his.

"There was some one else here, too," she insisted.

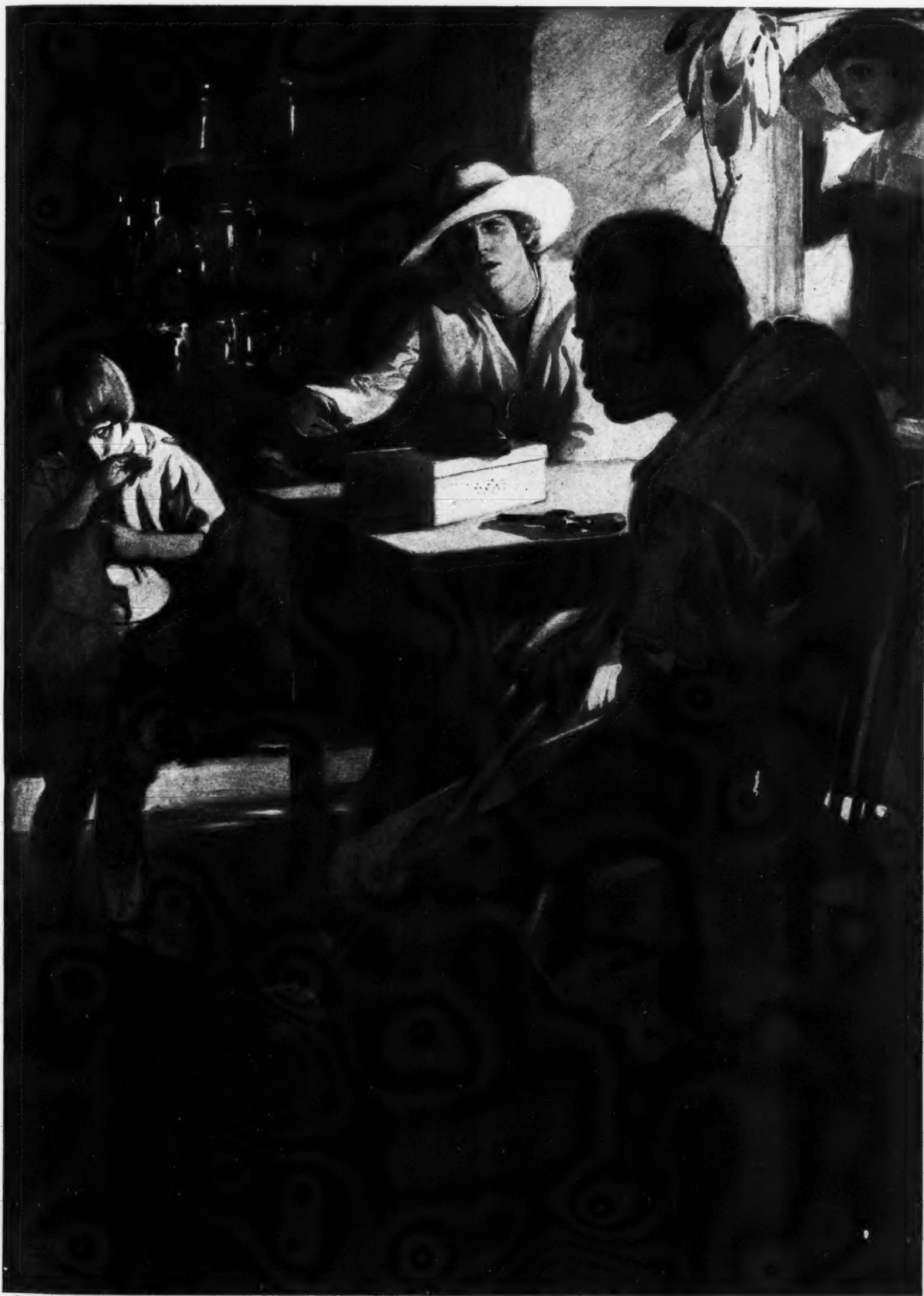
"Sophy always brought us here," he repeated mechanically.

"I remember old Sophy," murmured Rita thoughtfully. "She cried dreadfully when she went away. She was not allowed to kiss us because she had turned all silver color." She trilled into gay laughter. "Mamma told me that it might have turned us all silver, too."

"I kissed her before she went, anyway!" burst from Roddy fiercely. "And I would not have cared if it *had* turned me to silver."

Christine glanced wonderingly at him, astonished at this new theme of silver.

"But if she went away, how is it that she is buried here, Roddy?"



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK MELACH

She found herself standing there, the silent spectator of a scene in which all the actors were silent, too, amazed, or paralyzed by her unexpected appearance. The little tableau remained stationary just long enough for Christine to observe all details



It might have been an accident that she walked over some of the spilled roses as she left the room

"She isn't."

"But the grave we covered with portulaca—" She stopped abruptly, for the boy's face had assumed the look she could not bear—the look of enduring that only those hardened to life should know. "Come and listen to this story of a magic carpet on which two children were carried over strange lands and cities," she said gently, and drew them all round her, with an arm through Roddy's.

The windows and shutters were thrown open at sunset, and the children had their tea in the dining-room. Afterward, they went for a long walk across the sands toward the kopjes, which had receded into distance again and in the west were turning purple with mauve tops. But the rest of the sky was colored a threatening greenish bronze, with monstrous-shaped black clouds sprawled across it; and the air, though sunless, was still sand-laden and suffocating, with the promise of storm.

It would have been easy for Christine to take the children toward the vicinity in which Saltire was occupied and where he would now be putting up his instruments and dismissing his workers for the night, but some instinct half modest half self-sacrificing made her postpone the happiness of seeing him again, and guided her feet in an opposite direction. She was certain that, though he had refrained from dining at the farm except for the one night of Mr. van Cannan's departure, she would see him there that evening, and she dressed with special care and joy in the beauty of her hair, her tinted, curving face, and the subtle glamour that she knew she wore as the gift of happiness.

"How sweet it is to be young and desirable—and desired by the one man in the world!" was the half-formed thought in her mind as she combed her soft, cloudy black hair high above her face and fixed it with a tall amber comb. But she would not converse too clearly with her heart. Enough that she had heard it singing in her breast as she had never thought to hear it sing again. She was glad of the excuse of the heavy heat to discard her usual black gown and be seen in a color that she knew belonged to her by right of her black hair and violet eyes—a deep primrose-yellow of soft, transparent muslin.

Saltire was late for dinner, but he came, as she had known he would, taking his usual place next to Mrs. van Cannan and almost opposite Christine, who, for the evening meal, was always expected to sit at the main body of the table. She was busy at the moment hearing from Mr. McNeil all about the process of ostrich-feather plucking which was to begin next day, but she did not miss a word of the late comer's apologies or the merry raillery with which they were met by his hostess. The latter, as usual, gathered unto herself every remark uttered at the table, and the attentions of every man, though she never bothered much about old Andrew McNeil. But if she had the lip-service, Christine was very well aware to whom was accorded, that night, the service of the eyes.

Every man there had become aware of the youth and beauty which, till that day, she had worn as if veiled, and they were paying the tribute that men will proffer until the end of time to those two gifts of the gods. She knew it without vanity, but also without embarrassment, for she had tasted triumph before in a world more difficult to please than this, surrounded by opponents worthier of her steel than Isabel van Cannan. The little triumph only pleased her in that she could offer it as a gift to the man she loved. For here is another eternal truth, that all men are one in pride of possession of that which excites envy and admiration in other men. All women know this with a gladness that is salted by sorrow.

Saltire's eyes were the only ones she could not meet with serenity. She felt his glance on her (Continued on page 122)

Get Ready the Wreaths

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

WHERE St. Louis begins to peter out into brick- and limestone-kilns and great scars of unworked and overworked quarries, the first and more unpretentious of its suburbs take up—Benson, Maplehurst, and Ridgeway Heights intervening with one-story brick cottages and two-story packing-cases—between the smoke of the city and the carefully parked Queen Anne quietude of Glenwood and Croton Grove.

Over Benson hangs a white haze of limestone, gritty with train and foundry smoke. At night, the lime-kilns, spotted with white deposits, burn redly, showing through their open doors like great, inflamed diphtheretic throats, tongues of flame bursting and licking out.

Winchester Road, which runs out from the heart of the city to string these towns together, is paved with brick, and its traffic, for the most part, is the great tin-tired dump-carts of the quarries and steel interurban electric cars, which hum so heavily that even the windows of outlying cottages titillate.

For blocks, from Benson to Maplehurst and from Maplehurst to Ridgeway Heights, Winchester Road repeats itself in terms of the butcher, the baker, the corner saloon. A feed store. A monument- and stone-cutter. A confectioner. A general-merchandise store, with a glass case of men's collars outside the entrance. The butcher, the baker, the corner saloon.

At Benson, where this highway cuts through, the city, wreathed in smoke, and a great oceanic stretch of roofs are in easy view, and, at closer range, an outlying section of public asylums for the city's discard of its debility and its senility.

Putting a story above the one-storied march of Winchester Road, The Convenience Merchandise Corner, Benson, overlooks, from the southeast up-stairs window, a remote view of the City Hospital, the Ferris wheel of an amusement-park, and on clear days, the oceanic waves of roof. Below, within the store, that view is entirely obliterated by a brace of shelves built across the corresponding window and brilliantly stacked with ribbons of a score of colors and as many widths. A considerable flow of daylight thus diverted, The Convenience Merchandise Corner, even of early afternoon, fades out into half-discernible corners; a rear-wall display of overalls and striped denim coats crowded back into indefinitude, the haberdashery counter, with a giant gilt shirt-stud suspended above, hardly more outstanding.

Even the notions and dry-goods, flanking the right wall in stacks and bolts, merge into blur, the outline of a white-sateen and corseted woman's torso surmounting the top-most of the shelves with bold curvature.

With spring sunshine even hot against the steel rails of Winchester Road, and awnings drawn against its inroads



Mr. Bauer flung up a glance
from his order-pad

into the window display, Mrs. Shila Coblenz, routing gloom, reached up tiptoe across the haberdashery counter for the suspended chain of a cluster of bulbs, the red of exertion rising up the taut line of throat and lifted chin.

"A little light on the subject, Milt."

"Let me, Mrs. C."

Facing her from the outer side of the counter, Mr. Milton Bauer stretched also, his well-pressed, pin-checked coat crawling up.

All things swam out into the glow. The great suspended stud; the background of shelves and boxes; the scissors-like overalls against the wall; a clothes-line of children's factory-made print frocks; a center-bin of women's untrimmed hats; a headless dummy beside the door, enveloped in a long-sleeved gingham apron.

Beneath the dome of the wooden stud, Mrs. Shila Coblenz, of not too fulsome but the hour-glass proportions of two decades ago, smiled, her black eyes, ever so quick to dart, receding slightly as the cheeks lifted.

"Two twenty-five, Milt, for those ribbed assorted sizes and reenforced heels. Leave or take. Bergdorff & Sloan will quote me the whole mill at that price."

With his chest across the counter and legs out violently behind, Mr. Bauer flung up a glance from his order-pad.

"Have a heart, Mrs. C. I'm getting two forty for that stocking from every house in town. The factory can't turn out the orders fast enough at that price. An up-to-date woman like you musn't make a noise like before the war."

"Leave or take."

"You could shave an egg," he said.

"And rush up those printed lawns. There was two in this morning, sniffing around for spring dimities."

"Any cotton goods? Next month this time, you'll be paying an advance of four cents on percales."

"Stocked."

"Can't tempt you with them wash silks, Mrs. C.? Neatest little article on the market to-day."

Get Ready the Wreaths

"No demand. They finger it up, and then buy the cotton stuffs. Every time I forget my trade hacks-rock instead of clips bonds for its spending-money, I get stung."

"This here wash silk, Mrs. C., would——"

"Send me up a dress-pattern off this coral-pink sample for Selene."

"This here dark mulberry, Mrs. C., would suit you something immense."

"That'll be about all."

He flopped shut his book, snapping a rubber band about it and inserting it in an inner coat pocket.

"You ought to stick to them dark, winy shades, Mrs. C.

With your coloring and black hair and eyes, they bring you out like a Gipsy. Never seen you look better than at the Y. M. H. A. entertainment."

Quick! color flowed down her open throat and into her shirt-waist. It was as if the platitude merged with the very corpuscles of a blush that sank down into thirsty soil.

"You boys," she said, "come out here and throw in a jolly with every bill of goods. I'll take a good fat discount instead."

"Fact. Never seen you look better. When you got out on the floor in that stamp-your-foot kind of dance with old man Shulof, your hand on your hip and your head jerking it up, there wasn't a girl on the floor, your own daughter included, could touch you, and I'm giving it to you straight."

"That old thing! It's a Russian folk-dance my mother taught me the first year we were in this country. I was three years old then, and, when she got just crazy with homesickness, we used to dance it to each other evenings on the kitchen floor."

"Say, have you heard the news?"

"No."

"Guess."

"Can't."

"Hammerstein is bringing over the crowned heads of Europe for vaudeville."

Mrs. Coblenz moved back a step, her mouth falling open.

"Why—Milton Bauer—in the old country a man could be strung up for saying less than that!"

"That didn't get across. Try another. A Frenchman and his wife were traveling in Russia, and——"

"If—if you had an old mother like mine up-stairs, Milton,

eating out her heart and her days and her weeks and her months over a husband's grave somewhere in Siberia and a son's grave somewhere in Kishinef, you wouldn't see the joke, neither."

Mr. Bauer executed a self-administered pat sharply against the back of his hand.

"Keeper," he said, "put me in the brain-ward. I—I'm sorry, Mrs. C., so help me! Didn't mean to. How is your mother, Mrs. C.? Seems to me, at the dance the other night, Selene said she was fine and dandy."

"Selene ain't the best judge of her poor old grandmother. It's hard for a young girl to have patience for old age sitting



In the smallest possible compass, Miss Coblenz crouched now upon the floor.

and chewing all day over the past. It's right pitiful the way her grandmother knows it, too, and makes herself talk English all the time to please the child and tries to perk up for her. Selene, thank God, ain't suffered, and can't sympathize!"

"What's ailing her, Mrs. C.? I kinda miss seeing the old lady sitting down here in the store."

"It's the last year or so, Milt. Just like all of a sudden, a woman as active as mamma always was, her health and—her mind kind of went off with a pop."

"Thu! Thu!"

"Doctor says with care she can live for years, but—but it seems terrible the way her—poor mind keeps skipping back. Past all these thirty years in America to—even weeks before I was born. The night they—took my father off to Siberia, with his bare feet in the snow—for distributing papers they found on him—papers that used the word 'svoboda'—'freedom.' And the time, ten years later—they shot down my brother right in front of her for—the same reason. She keeps living it over—living it over till I—could die."

"Say, ain't that just a shame, though!"

"Living it, and living it, and living it! The night with me,



her curving back racked with rising sobs

a heavy three-year-old, in her arms that she got us to the border, dragging a pack of linens with her! The night my father's feet were bleeding in the snow, when they took him! How with me a kid in the crib, my—my brother's face was crushed in—with a heel and a spur—all night, sometimes, she cries in her sleep—begging to go back to find the graves. All day she sits making raffia wreaths to take back—making wreaths—making wreaths!"

"Say, ain't that tough!"

"It's a godsend she's got the eyes to do it. It's wonderful the way she reads—in English, too. There ain't a daily she misses. Without them and the wreaths—I dunno—I just dunno. Is—is it any wonder, Milt, I—I can't see the joke?"

"My God, no!"

"I'll get her back, though."

"Why, you—she can't get back there, Mrs. C."

"There's a way. Nobody can tell me there's not. Before the war—before she got like this, seven hundred dollars would have done it for both of us—and it will again, after the war. She's got the bank-book, and every week that I can squeeze out above expenses, she sees the entry for herself. I'll get her back. There's a way lying around somewhere. God knows why she should eat out her heart to go back—but she wants it. God, how she wants it!"

"Poor old dame!"

"You boys guy me with my close-fisted buying these last two years. It's up to me, Milt, to squeeze this old shebang dry. There's not much more than a living in it at best, and now with Selene grown up and naturally wanting to have it like other girls, it ain't always easy to see my way clear. But I'll do it, if I got to trust the store for a year to a child like Selene. I'll get her back."

"You can call on me, Mrs. C., to keep my eye on things while you're gone."

"You boys are one crowd of true blues, all right. There ain't a city salesman comes out here I wouldn't trust to the limit."

"You just try me out."

"Why, just to show you how a woman don't know how many real friends she has got, why—even Mark Haas, of the Mound City Silk Company, a firm I don't do two hundred dollars' worth of business with a year, I wish you could have heard him the other night at the Y. M. H. A., a man you know for yourself just comes here to be sociable with the trade."

"Fine fellow, Mark Haas!"

"When the time comes, Mrs. Coblenz,' he says, 'that you want to make that trip, just you let me know. Before the war there wasn't a year I didn't cross the water twice, maybe three times, for the firm. I don't know there's much I can do; it ain't so easy to arrange for Russia, but, just the same, you let me know when you're ready to make that trip.' Just like that he said it. That from Mark Haas!"

"And a man like Haas don't talk that way if he don't mean it."

"Mind you, not a hundred dollars a year business with him. I haven't got the demands for silks."

"That wash silk I'm telling you about though, Mrs. C., does up like a—"

"There's ma thumping with the poker on the upstairs floor. When it's closing-time, she begins to get restless. I—I wish Selene would come in. She went out with Lester Goldmark in his little flivver, and I get nervous about automobiles."

Mr. Bauer slid an open-face watch from his waistcoat.

"Good Lord, five-forty, and I've just got time to sell the Maplehurst Emporium a bill of goods!"

"Good-night, Milt; and mind you put up that order of assorted neckwear yourself. Greens in ready-ties are good sellers for this time of the year, and put in some reds and purples for the teamsters."

"No sooner said than done."

"And come out for supper some Sunday night, Milt. It does mamma good to have young people around."

"I'm yours."

"Good-night, Milt."

He reached across the counter, placing his hand over hers.



"Howdado, Mrs. Suss. . . . Thank
you. Thanks"

"Good-night, Mrs. C.," he said, a note lower in his throat; "and remember, that call-on-me stuff wasn't all conversation."

"Good-night, Milt," said Mrs. Coblenz, a coating of husk over her own voice and sliding her hand out from beneath, to top his. "You—you're all right!"

Up-stairs, in a too tufted and too crowded room directly over the frontal half of the store, the window overlooking the remote sea of city was turning taupe, the dusk of early spring, which is faintly tinged with violet, invading. Beside the stove, a base-burner with faint fire showing through its mica, the identity of her figure merged with the fat upholstery of the chair, except where the faint pink through the mica lighted up old flesh, Mrs. Miriam Horowitz, full of years and senile with them, wove with grasses, the *écru* of her own skin, wreaths that had mounted to a great stack in a bedroom cupboard.

A clock, with a little wheeze and burring attached to each chime, rang six, and upon it, Mrs. Coblenz, breathing from a climb, opened the door.

"Ma, why didn't you rap for Katie to come up and light the gas? You'll ruin your eyes, dearie."

She found out a match, immediately lighting two jets of a center-chandelier, turning them down from singing, drawing the shades of the two front and the southeast windows, stooping over the upholstered chair to imprint a light kiss.

"A fine day, mamma. There'll be an entry this week. Twenty dollars and thirteen cents and another call for garden implements. I think I'll lay in a hardware line after we—we get back. I can use the lower shelf of the china-table, eh ma?"

Mrs. Horowitz, whose face, the color of old linen in the yellowing, emerged rather startling from the still black hair strained back from it, lay back in her chair, turning her profile against the upholstered back, half a wreath and a trail of raffia sliding to the floor. It was as if age had sapped from beneath the skin, so that every curve had collapsed to bagginess, the cheeks and the underchin sagging with too much skin. Even the hands were crinkled like too large

gloves, a wide, curiously etched marriage band hanging loosely from the third finger.

Mrs. Coblenz stooped, recovering the wreath.

"Say, mamma, this one is a beauty! That's a new weave, ain't it? Here, work some more, dearie—till Selene comes with your evening papers."

With her profile still to the chair-back, a tear oozed down the corrugated surface of Mrs. Horowitz's cheek. Another.

"Now, mamma! Now, mamma!"

"I got a heaviness—here—inside. I got a heaviness—"

Mrs. Coblenz slid down to her knees beside the chair.

"Now, mamma; shame on my little mamma! Is that the way to act when Shila comes up after a good day? Ain't we got just lots to be thankful for, the business growing and the bank-book growing, and our Selene on top? Shame on mamma!"

"I got a heaviness—here—inside—here."

Mrs. Coblenz reached up for the old hand, patting it.

"It's nothing, mamma—a little nervousness."

"I'm an old woman. I—"

"And just think, Shila's mamma, Mark Haas is going to get us letters and passports and—"

"My son—my boy—his father before him—"

"Mamma—mamma, please don't let a spell come on! It's all right. Shila's going to fix it. Any day now, maybe—"

"You'm a good girl. You'm a good girl, Shila." Tears were coursing down to a mouth that was constantly wry with the taste of them.

"And you're a good mother, mamma. Nobody knows better than me how good."

"You'm a good girl, Shila."

"I was thinking last night, mamma, waiting up for Selene—just thinking how all the good you've done ought to keep your mind off the spells, dearie."

"My son—"

"Why, a woman with as much good to remember as you've got oughtn't to have time for spells. I got to thinking about Coblenz, mamma, how—you never did want him, and when I—I went and did it anyway, and made my mistake, you stood by me to—to the day he died. Never

throwing anything up to me! Never nothing but my good little mother, working her hands to the bone after he got us out here to help meet the debts he left us. Ain't that a satisfaction for you to be able to sit and think, mamma, how you helped——"

"His feet—blood from my heart in the snow—blood from my heart!"

"The past is gone, darling. What's the use tearing yourself to pieces with it? Them years in New York, when it was a fight even for bread, and them years here trying to raise Selene and get the business on a footing, you didn't have time to brood then, mamma. That's why, dearie, if only you'll keep yourself busy with something—the wreaths—the——"

"His feet—blood from my——"

"But I'm going to take you back, mamma. To papa's grave. To Aylorff's. But don't eat your heart out until it comes, darling. I'm going to take you back, mamma, with every wreath in the stack; only, you musn't eat out your heart in spells. You musn't, mamma; you musn't."

Sobs rumbled up through Mrs. Horowitz, which her hand to her mouth tried to constrict.

"For his people he died. The papers—I begged he should burn them—he couldn't—I begged he should keep in his hate—he couldn't—in the square he talked it—the soldiers—he died for his people—they got him—the soldiers—his feet in the snow when they took him—the blood in the snow—O my God—my—God!"

"Mamma, darling, please don't go over it all again. What's the use making yourself sick? Please!"

She was well forward in her chair now, winding her dry hands one over the other with a small rotary motion.

"I was rocking—Shila-baby in my lap—stirring on the fire black lentils for my boy—black lentils—he——"

"Mamma!"

"My boy. Like his father before him. My——"

"Mamma, please! Selene is coming any minute now. You know how she hates it. Don't let yourself think back, mamma. A little will-power, the doctor says, is all you need. Think of to-morrow, mamma; maybe, if you want, you can come down and sit in the store awhile and——"

"I was rocking. O my God, I was rocking, and——"

"Don't get to it—mamma, please! Don't rock yourself that way! You'll get yourself dizzy. Don't, ma; don't!"

"Outside—my boy—the holler—O God, in my ears all my life! My boy—the papers—the swords—Aylorff—Aylorff——"

"Shh-h-h—mamma——"

"It came through his heart out the back—a blade with two sides—out the back when I opened the door—the spur in his face when he fell—Shila—the spur in his face—the beautiful face of my boy—my Aylorff—my husband before him—that died to make free!" And fell back, bathed in the sweat of the terrific hiccouging of sobs.

"Mamma, mamma—my God! What shall we do? These spells! You'll kill yourself, darling. I'm going to take you back, dearie—ain't that enough? I promise. I promise. You musn't, mamma! These spells—they ain't good for a young girl like Selene to hear. Mamma, ain't you got your own Shila—your own Selene? Ain't that something? Ain't it? Ain't it?"

Large drops of sweat had come out and a state of exhaustion that swept completely over, prostrating the huddled form in the chair.

"Bed—my bed!"

With her arms twined about the immediately supporting form of her daughter, her entire weight relaxed, and footsteps that dragged without lift, one after the other, Mrs. Horowitz groped out, one hand feeling in advance, into the gloom of a room adjoining.

"Rest! O my God, rest!"

"Yes, yes, mamma; lean on me."

"My—bed."

"Yes, yes, darling."

"Bed."

Her voice had died now to a whimper that lay on the room after she had passed out of it.

When Selene Coblenz, with a gust that swept the room, sucking the lace curtains back against the panes, flung open the door upon that chromatic scene, the two jets of gas were singing softly into its silence, and, within the nickel-trimmed base-burner, the pink mica had cooled to gray. Sweeping open that door, she closed it softly, standing for the moment against it, her hand crossed in back and on the knob. It was as if standing there with her head cocked and beneath a shadowy blue sailor-hat, a smile coming out, something within her was playing, sweetly insistent to be heard. Philomela, at the first sound of her nightingale self, must have stood thus,



He pressed her down to the chair

Get Ready the Wreaths

trembling with melody. Opposite her, above the crowded mantelpiece and surmounted by a raffia wreath, the enlarged-crayon gaze of her deceased maternal grandparent, abetted by a horrible device of photography, followed her, his eyes focusing the entire room at a glance. Impervious to that scrutiny, Miss Coblenz moved a tiptoe step or two further into the room, lifting off her hat, staring and smiling through a three-shelved cabinet of knickknacks at what she saw far and beyond. Beneath the two jets, high lights in her hair came out, bronze showing through the brown waves and the patches of curls brought out over her cheeks.

In her dark-blue dress with the row of silver buttons down what was hip before the hipless age, the chest sufficiently concave and the silhouette a mere stroke of a hard pencil, Miss Selene Coblenz measured up and down to America's Venus de Milo, whose chief curvature is of the spine. Slim-etched, and that slimness enchained by a conscious kind of collapse beneath the blue-silk girdle that reached up half-way to her throat, hers were those proportions which strong women, eschewing the sweetmeat, would earn by the sweat of the Turkish bath.

When Miss Coblenz caught her eye in the square of mirror above the mantelpiece, her hands flew to her cheeks to feel of their redness. They were soft cheeks, smooth with the pollen of youth, and hands still casing them, she moved another step toward the portière door.

"Mamma!"

Mrs. Coblenz emerged immediately, finger up for silence, kissing her daughter on the little spray of cheek-curls.

"Shh-h-h! Gramaw just had a terrible spell."

She dropped down into the upholstered chair beside the base-burner, the pink and moisture of exertion out in her face, took to fanning herself with the end of a face-towel flung across her arm.

"Poor gramaw!" she said. "Poor gramaw!"

Miss Coblenz sat down on the edge of a slim, home-gilded chair, and took to gathering the blue-silk dress into little plaits at her knee.

"Of course—if you don't want to know where I've been—or anything—"

Mrs. Coblenz jerked herself to the moment.

"Did mamma's girl have a good time? Look at your dress all dusty! You oughtn't to wear your best in that little flivver."

Suddenly Miss Coblenz raised her eyes, her red mouth bunched, her eyes all iris.

"Of course—if you don't want to know—anything."

At that large, brilliant gaze, Mrs. Coblenz leaned forward; quickened.

"Why, Selene!"

"Well, why—why don't you ask me something?"

"Why I—I dunno, honey, did—did you and Lester have a nice ride?"

There hung a slight pause, and then a swift moving and crumpling-up of Miss Coblenz on the floor beside her mother's knee.

"You know—only, you won't ask."

With her hand light upon her daughter's hair, Mrs. Coblenz leaned forward, her bosom rising to faster breathing.

"Why—Selene—I—why—"

"We—we were speeding along and—all of a sudden—out of a clear sky—he—he popped. He wants it in June—so we can make it our honeymoon to his new territory out in Oklahoma. He knew he was going to pop, he said, ever since that first night he saw me at the Y. M. H. A. He says to his uncle Mark, the very next day in the store, he says to him, 'Uncle Mark,' he says, 'I've met the little girl.' He says he thinks more of my little finger than all of his regular crowd of girls in town put together. He wants to live in one of the built-in-bed flats on Wasserman Avenue, like all the swell young marrieds. He's making twenty-six hundred now, mamma, and if he makes good in the new Oklahoma territory, his uncle Mark is—is going to take

care of him better. Ain't it like a dream, mamma—your little Selene all of a sudden in with—the somebodies?"

Immediately tears were already finding staggering procession down Mrs. Coblenz' face, her hovering arms completely encircling the slight figure at her feet.

"My little girl! My little Selene! My all!"

"I'll be marrying into one of the best families in town, ma. A girl who marries a nephew of Mark Haas can hold up her head with the best of them. There's not a boy in town with a better future than Lester. Like Lester says, everything his uncle Mark touches turns to gold, and he's already touched Lester. One of the best known men on Washington Avenue for his blood-uncle, and on his poor dead father's side related to the Katz & Harberger Harbergers. Was I right, mamma, when I said if you'd only let me stop school, I'd show you? Was I right, mumsie?"

"My baby! It's like I can't realize it. So young!"

"He took the measure of my finger, mamma, with a piece of string. A diamond, he says, not too flashy, but neat."

"We have 'em, and we suffer for 'em, and we lose 'em."

"He's going to trade in the flivver for a chummy roadster, and—"

"Oh, darling, it's like I can't bear it!"

At that, Miss Coblenz sat back on her tall wooden heels, mauve spats crinkling.

"Well, you're a merry little future mother-in-law, mumsie."

"It ain't that, baby. I'm happy that my girl has got herself up in the world with a fine upright boy like Lester; only—you can't understand, babe, till you've got something of your own flesh and blood that belongs to you, that I—I couldn't feel anything except that a piece of my heart was going if—it was a king you was marrying."

"Now, mumsie, it's not like I was moving a thousand miles away. You can be glad I don't have to go far, to New York or to Cleveland, like Alma Yawitz."

"I am! I am!"

"Uncle—uncle Mark, I guess, will furnish us up like he did Leon and Irma—only, I don't want mahogany—I want Circassian walnut. He gave them their flat-silver, too, Puritan design, for an engagement present. Think of it, mamma, me having that stuck-up Irma Sinsheimer for a relation! It always made her sore when I got chums with Amy at school and got my nose in it with the Acme crowd, and—and she'll change her tune now, I guess, me marrying her husband's second cousin."

"Didn't Lester want to—to come in for a while, Selene, to—to see—me?"

Sitting there on her heels, Miss Coblenz looked away, answering with her face in profile.

"Yes; only—I—well if you want to know it, mamma, it's no fun for a girl to bring a boy like Lester up here in—in this crazy room all hung up with gramaw's wreaths and half the time her sitting out there in the dark looking in at us through the door and talking to herself."

"Gramaw's an old—"

"Is—it any wonder I'm down at Amy's half the time. How—do you think a girl feels to have gramaw keep hanging onto that old black wig of hers and not letting me take the crayons or wreaths down off the wall. In Lester's crowd, they don't know—nothing about Revolutionary stuff and—and persecutions. Amy's grandmother don't even talk with an accent, and Lester says his grandmother came from Alsace-Lorraine. That's French. They think only tailors and old-clothes men and—"

"Selene!"

"Well, they do. You—you're all right, mamma, as up to date as any of them, but how do you think a girl feels with gramaw always harping right in front of everybody the—the way granpa was a revolutionist and was—was hustled off barefooted to Siberia like—like a tramp. And the way she was cooking black beans when—my uncle—died. Other girls' grandmothers don't tell everything



DRAWN BY T. D. SELDIN

"Home, Shila; home! My husband who died for it—Aylorff! Home now, quick! My wreaths! My wreaths!"

Get Ready the Wreaths

they know. Alma Yawitz's grandmother wears lorgnettes, and you told me yourself they came from nearly the same part of the Pale as gramaw. But you don't hear them remembering it. Alma Yawitz says she's Alsace-Lorraine on both sides. People don't—tell everything they know. Anyway—where a girl's got herself as far as I have."

Through sobs that rocked her, Mrs. Coblenz looked down upon her daughter.

"Your poor old grandmother don't deserve that from you! In her day, she worked her hands to the bone for you. With—the kind of father you had, we—we might have died in the gutter but—for how she helped to keep us out, you ungrateful girl—your poor old grandmother that's suffered so terrible!"

"I know it, mamma, but so have other people suffered."

"She's old, Selene—old."

"I tell you it's the way you indulge her, mamma. I've seen her sitting here as perk as you please, and the minute you come in the room, down goes her head like—like she was dying."

"It's her mind, Selene—that's going. That's why I feel if I could only get her back. She ain't old, gramaw ain't. If I could only get her back where she—could see for herself—the graves—is all she needs. All old people think of—the grave. It's eating her—eating her mind. Mark Haas is going to fix it for me after the war—maybe before—if he can. That's the only way poor gramaw can live—or die—happy, Selene. Now—now that my—my little girl ain't any longer my responsibility, I—I'm going to take her back—my little—girl"—her hand reached out, caressing the smooth head, her face projected forward and the eyes yearning down—"my all."

"It's you will be my responsibility now, ma."

"No! No!"

"The first thing Lester says was a flat on Wasserman and a spare room for mother Coblenz when she wants to come down. Wasn't it sweet for him to put it that way right off, ma. 'Mother Coblenz,' he says."

"He's a good boy, Selene. It'll be a proud day for me and gramaw. Gramaw mustn't miss none of it. He's a good boy and a fine family."

"That's why, mamma, we—got to—to do it up right."

"Lester knows, child, he's not marrying a rich girl."

"A girl don't have to—be rich to get married right."

"You'll have as good as mamma can afford to give it to her girl."

"It—it would be different if Lester's uncle and all wasn't

in the Acme Club crowd, and if I hadn't got in with all that bunch. It's the last expense I'll ever be to you, mamma."

"Oh, baby, don't say that!"

"I—me and Lester—Lester and me were talking, mamma—when the engagement's announced next week—a reception—"

"We can clear out this room, move the bed out of gramaw's room into ours, and serve the ice-cream and cake in—"

"Oh, mamma, I don't mean—that!"

"What?"

"Who ever heard of having a reception *here!* People won't come from town way out to this old—cabbage patch. Even

Gerti Wolf with their big house on West Pine Boulevard had her reception at the Walsingham Hotel.

You—we—can't expect Mark Haas and all the relations—the Sinsheimers—and—all to come out here. I'd rather not have any."

"But, Selene, everybody knows we ain't millionaires, and that you got in with that crowd through being friends at school with Amy Rosen. All the city salesmen and the boys on Washington Avenue, even Mark Haas himself, that time was in the store with Lester, knows the way we live. You don't need to be ashamed of your little home, Selene, even if it ain't on West Pine Boulevard."

"It'll be—your last expense, mamma. The Walsingham, that's where the girl that Lester Goldmark marries is expected to have her reception."

"But, Selene, mamma can't afford nothing like that."

Pink swam up into Miss Coblenz's face, and above the sheer-white collar there was a little beating movement at the throat,

as if something were fluttering within.

"I—I'd just as soon not get married as—as not to have it like other girls."

"But, Selene—"

"If I—can't have a trousseau like other girls and the things that go with marrying into a—a family like Lester's—I—then—there's no use. I—I can't! I—wouldn't!"

She was fumbling now for a handkerchief against tears that were imminent.

"Why, baby, a girl couldn't have a finer trousseau than the old linens back yet from Russia that me and gramaw got saved up for our girl—linen that can't be bought these days. Bed-sheets that gramaw herself carried to the border, and—"

"Oh, I know. I knew you'd try to dump that stuff on me. That old worm-eaten stuff in gramaw's chest."

"It's hand-woven, Selene, with—"

"I wouldn't have that yellow old (Continued on page 100)



Sweeping open that door, she closed it softly, standing for the moment against it, her hand crossed in back and on the knob

The Tip-top Girl of "The Follies"



ALLYN KING is evidently on the road to reach her cherished goal of a musical-comedy star. In this, her second season with "The Follies," this girl from North Carolina heads the bevy of beauties that graces that popular entertainment—a place won by her youthful personal charm and her conspicuous talent for singing and dancing.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Get Ready the Wreaths

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"I—I'd just as soon not get married as—as not to have it like other girls."

"But, Selene—"

"If I—can't have a trousseau like other girls and the things that go with marrying into a—family like Lester's—I—then—there's no use. I—I can't! I—wouldn't!"

She was fumbling now for a handkerchief against tears that were imminent.

"Why, baby, a girl couldn't have a finer trousseau than the old linens back yet from Russia that me and gramaw got saved up for our girl—linen that can't be bought these days. Bed-sheets that gramaw herself carried to the border, and—"

"Oh, I know. I knew you'd try to dump that stuff on me. That old worm-eaten stuff in gramaw's chest."

"It's hand-woven, Selene, with—"

"I wouldn't have that yellow old (Continued on page 100)



Sweeping open that door, she closed it softly, standing for the moment against it, her hand crossed in back and on the knob

The Tip-top Girl of "The Follies"



ALLYN KING is evidently on the road to reach her cherished goal of a musical-comedy star. In this, her second season with "The Follies," this girl from North Carolina heads the bevy of beauties that graces that popular entertainment—a place won by her youthful personal charm and her conspicuous talent for singing and dancing.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



ROSIE QUINN does not find life behind the footlights quite as she had imagined it from an orchestra chair. But she loves it, and by hard work and the renunciation of all after-theater gaieties has risen in four years to prominence and fame as a dancer in the New York Winter Garden's annual production, "The Passing Show."



PEARL WHITE is never so happy as when she has some hair-raising feat to perform in front of the camera. Things that other actors, even of the male sex shrink from have no terrors for her. The latest Pathé serial, "The Fatal Ring," of which she is the star, gives her some splendid opportunities to display her fearlessness.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



An Adorable Maid of Film Land

GRACE DARLING has demonstrated her marked dramatic ability in many films. Comedy is her forte, and it is not hard to realize what an adorable Polly she will make when the Pinnacle Pictures, Inc. produce "Polly and Her Pals," a photo-play made from the humorous pictures that newspaper readers all over the country so greatly enjoy.

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Beyond

A Drama of Heart's Counseling

By John Galsworthy

Author of the "Dark Flower"

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

GHITA, or Gyp, as she is always called, was eight years old when her real father, Major Winton, decided that she should henceforth bear his name. This was after the death of the husband of her mother (who herself had died at Gyp's birth), a country squire who never knew that Gyp was not his daughter, and who made Winton the child's guardian. She was brought up at Winton's hunting-box at Mildenhall under the care of her old nurse, Betty. When she finally learns the story of her parentage, Gyp will accept nothing but her mother's estate.

At twenty-three, Gyp, against her father's wishes, marries a Swedish violinist, Gustav Fiorsen, and soon finds that he can never possess her heart. He proves to be unfaithful, also most selfish, irritable, extravagant, and sometimes drinks to excess. When their child, little Gyp, is about a year old, Gyp, fearing for the baby's safety on account of Fiorsen's uncontrolled temper and jealousy, leaves him and returns to her father. She rejects the pleas of Winton and his sister, her aunt Rosamund, that she try for a divorce. Dread of the publicity and the difficulty of obtaining freedom under the present existent British law make her refuse.

A few months later, she meets Bryan Summerhay, a young barrister, whose home is near Mildenhall, but who is now practising in London. They fall deeply in love. When Gyp tells her father of this, he insists more strongly on a divorce, but she replies that it is too late, that her husband could divorce her if he will. Fiorsen, in a repentant mood, comes to see Gyp and begs her to return to him, but she tells him of the state of things between herself and Summerhay, and he rushes from the house and renews an affair, which had ended when a child was born dead, with Daphne Wing, a dancer of the music-halls and daughter of an undertaker, whose real name is Daisy Wagge.

Gyp and Summerhay settle down to life together in a suburban village on the Thames. Their home is called the Red House. Winton defends her position against the world. Three years go happily by, until, one day, Gyp finds a letter written to Summerhay by a cousin, Diana Leyton, who, she knows, has always been fond of him. She reads the opening lines: "Dear Bryan: But I say—you are wasting yourself—" That is enough. She asks Bryan if he ever feels as if he were wasting himself on her, begs him to promise that he will let her know when he has had enough of her. Summerhay knows now that

GYP stayed in her room doing little things—as a woman will when she is particularly wretched—sewing pale ribbons into her garments, polishing her rings. And the devil that had entered into her when she woke that morning, having had his fling, slunk away, leaving the old bewildered misery. She had stabbed her lover with words and looks, felt pleasure in stabbing, and now was bitterly sad. What use—what satisfaction? How by vengeful prickings cure the deep wound, disperse the canker in her life? How heal herself by hurting him whom she loved so? If he came up again now and made but a sign, she would throw herself into his arms. But hours passed and he did not come, and she



Gyp stood motionless, drawing her breath in gasps after her long run

she has seen the letter, and tries to assure her of his constancy. Finally, he is forced to ask her if she is going to become jealous. She takes this as an intent to hurt her feelings.

The cloud over their happiness grows in size. One day, Gyp, going to Summerhay's chambers in London, discovers that he has a visitor—Diana Leyton. This leads to a distressing scene. Gyp tells Summerhay in angry words that his love for her has been only pretense for months. He swears that there is nothing between him and his cousin. But she turns her back on him, and he leaves her room.

He now realizes that he is up against her nature and the very depth and singleness of her love. She wanted nothing but him; he wanted and took much else. What was coming?

did not go down—too truly miserable. It grew dark, but she did not draw the curtains; the sight of the windy moonlit garden and the leaves driving across brought a melancholy distraction. She opened the window and let the wind full into her face. If only it would blow out of her heart this sickening sense that all was over, no matter how he might pretend to love her out of pity! In a nature like hers, so doubting and self-distrustful, confidence, once shaken to the roots, could never be restored. A proud nature that went all lengths in love could never be content with a half-love. She had been born too doubting, proud, and jealous, yet made to love too utterly. She—who had been afraid of love, and when it came had fought till it



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swept her away; who, since then, had lived for love and nothing else; who gave all and wanted all—knew for certain and forever that she could not have all.

It was "nothing," he had said! Nothing! That for months he had been thinking at least a little of another woman besides herself. She believed what he had told her, that there had been no more than a kiss—but was it nothing that they had reached that kiss? This girl—this cousin—who held all the cards had everything on her side—the world, family influence, security of life; yes, and more, so terribly much more—a man's longing for the young and unawakened. This girl he could marry! It was this thought which haunted her. A mere momentary outbreak of man's natural wildness she could forgive and forget—oh, yes! It was the feeling that it was a girl, his own cousin, besieging him, dragging him away, that was so dreadful. Ah, how horrible it was—how horrible! How, in decent pride, keep him from her, fetter him?

She heard him come up to his dressing-room and, while he was still there, stole out and down. Life must go on; the servants be hoodwinked, and so forth. She went to the piano and played, turning the dagger in her heart, or hoping forlornly that music might work some miracle. He came in presently and stood by the fire, silent.

Dinner, with the talk needful to blinding the household—for what is more revolting than giving away the sufferings of the heart?—was almost unendurable, and directly it was over, they went, he to his study, she back to the piano. There she sat, ready to strike the notes if anyone came in; and tears fell on the hands that rested in her lap. With all her soul she longed to go and clasp him in her arms and cry: "I don't care—I don't care! Do what you like—go to her—if only you'll love me a little!" And yet to love—a little? Was it possible? Not to her!

In sheer misery, she went up-stairs and to bed. She heard him come up and go into his dressing-room—and, at last, in the firelight saw him kneeling by her. "Gyp!"

She raised herself and threw her arms round him—such an embrace a drowning woman might have given. Pride and all were abandoned in an effort to feel him close once more, to recover the irrecoverable past. For a long time she listened to his pleading, explanations, justifications, his protestations of undying love—strange to her and painful, yet so boyish and pathetic. She soothed him, clasping his head to her breast, gazing out at the flickering fire. In that hour, she rose to a height above herself. What happened to her own heart did not matter so long as he was happy and had all that he wanted with her and away from her—if need be—always away from her.

But, when he had gone to sleep, a terrible time began; for in the small hours, when things are at their worst, she could not keep back her weeping, though she smothered it into the pillow. It woke him, and all began again; the burden of her cry, "It's gone!" the burden of his, "It's not—can't you see it isn't?" Till, at last, that awful feeling that he must knock his head against the wall made him leap up and tramp up and down like a beast in a cage—the cage of the impossible. For, as in all human tragedies, both were right according to their natures. She gave him all

herself, wanted all in return, and could not have it. He wanted her, the rest besides, and no complaining, and could not have it. He did not admit impossibility; she did.

At last came another of those pitying lulls till he went to sleep in her arms. Long she lay awake, staring at the darkness, admitting despair, trying to find how to bear it, not succeeding. Impossible to cut his other life away from him—impossible that, while he lived it, this girl should not be tugging him away from her. Impossible to watch and question him. Impossible to live dumb and blind, accepting the crumbs left over, showing nothing. Would it have been better if



But she went on laughing, then, with a sob, turned away and buried her face in her hands

they had been married? But then it might have been the same—reversed; perhaps worse! The roots were so much deeper than that. He was not single-hearted as she was. In spite of all that he said, she knew he didn't really want to give up that girl. How could he? Even if the girl would let him go! And slowly there formed within her a gruesome little plan to test him. Then, ever so gently withdrawing her arms, she turned over and slept, exhausted.

Next morning, remorselessly carrying out that plan, she forced herself to smile and talk as if nothing had happened, watching the relief in his face, his obvious delight at the change, with a fearful aching in her heart. She waited till he was ready to go down, and then, still smiling, said:

"Forget all about yesterday, darling. Promise me you won't let it make any difference. You must keep up your friendship; you mustn't lose anything. I shan't mind; I shall be quite happy if you take everything that comes your way. I shan't mind a bit." And she watched his face that had lost its trouble.

"Do you really mean that?"

"Yes; really!"

"Then you do see that it's nothing, never has been anything—compared with you—never!"

He had accepted her crucifixion. A black wave surged into her heart.



"It would be so difficult and awkward for you to give up that intimacy. It would hurt your cousin so."

She saw the relief deepen in his face and suddenly laughed. He stared at her.

"Oh, Gyp, for God's sake don't begin again!"

But she went on laughing, then, with a sob, turned away and buried her face in her hands. To all his prayers and kisses she answered nothing, and, breaking away from him, she rushed toward the door. A wild thought possessed her. Why go on? If she were dead, it would be all right for him,

quiet—peaceful, quiet—for them all! But he had thrown himself in the way.

"Gyp, for heaven's sake! I'll give her up—of course I'll give her up! Do—do—be reasonable! I don't care a finger-snap for her compared with you!"

And presently there came another of those lulls that both were beginning to know were mere pauses of exhaustion. They were priceless all the same, for the heart cannot go on feeling at that rate.

It was Sunday morning, the church-bells ringing, no wind, a lull in the sou'westerly gale—one of those calms that fall in the night and last, as a rule, twelve or fifteen hours, and the garden all strewn with leaves of every hue, from green, spotted with yellow, to deep copper.

Summerhay was afraid; he kept with her all the morning, making all sorts of little things to do in her company. But he gradually lost his fear, she seemed so calm now, and his was a nature that bore trouble badly, ever impatient to shake it off. And then, after lunch, the spirit-storm beat up again with a swiftness that showed once more how deceptive were those lulls, how fearfully deep and lasting the wound. He had simply asked her whether he should try to match something for her when he went up tomorrow. She was silent a moment, then answered,

"Oh, no, thanks; you'll have other things to do, people to see."

The tone of her voice, the expression on her face showed him, with a fresh force of revelation, what paralysis had fallen on his life. If he could not reconvince her of his love, he would be in perpetual fear that he might come back and find her gone, fear that she might even do something terrible to herself. He looked at her with a sort of horror, and, without a word, went out of the room. The feeling that he must hit his head against something was on him once more, and once more he sought to get rid of it by tramping up and down. Great God! Such a little thing, such fearful consequences! All her balance, her sanity, almost destroyed. Was what he had done so very dreadful? He could not help Diana loving him!

In the night, Gyp had said: "You are cruel. Do you think there is any man in the world that I wouldn't hate the sight of if I knew that to see him gave you a moment's pain?" It was true—he felt it was true. But one couldn't hate a girl simply because she loved you; at least, he couldn't—not even to save Gyp pain. That was not reasonable, not possible. But did that difference between a man and a woman necessarily mean that Gyp loved him so much more than he loved her? Could she not see things in proportion? See that a man might want, did want, other friendships, even passing moments of passion, and yet could love her just the same? She thought him cruel, called him cruel—what for? Because he had kissed a girl who had kissed him; because he liked talking to her, and—yes, might even lose his head with her. But cruel! He was not! Gyp would always be first with him. He must make her see—but how? Give up everything? Give up—Diana? (Truth is so funny—it will out even in a man's thoughts!) Well, and he could. His feeling was not deep—that was God's truth. But it would be difficult, awkward, brutal to give her up completely. It could be done, though, sooner than that Gyp should think him cruel to her. It could be—should be done!

Only, would it be any use? Would she believe? Would she not always now be suspecting him when he was away from her, whatever he did? Must he, then, sit down here in inactivity? And a gust of anger with her swept him. Why should she treat him as if he were utterly unreliable? Or—was he? He stood still. When Diana had put her arms round his neck, he could no more have resisted answering her kiss than he could now fly through the window and over those poplar trees. But he was not a blackguard, not cruel, not a liar. How could he have helped it all? The only way would have been never to have answered the girl's

first letter, nearly a year ago. How could he foresee? And, since then, all so gradual, and nothing, really, or almost nothing. Again the surge of anger swelled his heart. She must have read the letter which had been under that cursed bust of old Voltaire all those months ago. The poison had been working ever since! And, in sudden fury at that miserable mischance, he drove his fist into the bronze face. The bust fell over, and Summerhay looked stupidly at his bruised hand. A silly thing to do! But it had quenched his anger. He only saw Gyp's face now—so pitifully unhappy. Poor darling! What could he do? If only she would believe! And again he had the sickening conviction that whatever he did would be of no avail. Ah, well; if it was hopeless—let it go! And, shrugging his shoulders, he went out to the stables and told old Pettance to saddle Hotspur. While he stood there waiting, he thought, "Shall I ask her to come?" But he could not stand another bout of misery—must have rest. And, mounting, he rode up toward the downs.

Hotspur, the sixteen-hand brown horse with not a speck of white that Gyp had ridden hunting the day she first saw Summerhay, was nine years old now. His master's two faults as a horseman—a habit of thrusting, and not too light hands—had encouraged his rather hard mouth, and something had happened in the stables to-day to put him into a queer temper, or perhaps he felt—as horses will—the disturbance raging within his rider. At any rate, he gave an exhibition of his worst qualities, and Summerhay derived perverse pleasure from that waywardness. He rode a good hour up there; then, hot, with aching arms—for the brute was pulling like the devil—he made his way back toward home and entered what little Gyp called "the wild," those two rough sedgy fields, with the lincay in the corner where they joined. There was a gap in the hedge-growth of the bank between them, and at this he put Hotspur at speed. The horse went over like a bird; and, for the first time since Diana's kiss, Summerhay felt a moment's joy. He turned him round and sent him at it again, and again Hotspur cleared it beautifully. But the animal's blood was up now. Summerhay could hardly hold him. There darted into his mind Gyp's word, "Cruel!" And, viciously, in one of those queer nerve-crises that beset us all, he struck the pulling horse.

They were cantering toward the corner where the fields joined, and suddenly he was aware that he could no more hold the beast than if a steam-engine had been under him. Straight at the lincay Hotspur dashed, and Summerhay thought: "My God! He'll kill himself!" Straight at the old stone lincay, covered by the great ivy bush. Right at it—into it! Summerhay ducked his head. Not low enough—the ivy concealed a beam! A sickening crash! Torn backward out of the saddle, he fell on his back in a pool of leaves and mud. And the horse, slithering round the lincay walls, checked in his own length, unhurt, snorting, frightened, came out, turning his wild eyes on his master, who never stirred, then trotted back into the field.

X

WHEN, at her words, Summerhay went out of the room, Gyp's heart sank. All the morning she had tried so hard to keep back her despairing jealousy, and now, at the first reminder, had broken down again. It was beyond her strength! To live day after day knowing that he, up in London, was either seeing that girl or painfully abstaining from seeing her! And then, when he returned, to be to him just what she had been, to show nothing—would it ever be possible? Hardest to bear was what seemed to her the falsity of his words, maintaining that he still really loved her. If he did, how could he hesitate one second? Would not the very thought of the girl be abhorrent to him? He would have shown that, not merely said it among other wild things. Words were no use when they contradicted action. She, who loved with every bit of her, could

not grasp that a man can really love and want one woman and yet, at the same time, be attracted by another.

That sudden fearful impulse of the morning to make away with herself and end it for them both recurred so vaguely that it hardly counted in her struggles; the conflict centered now round the question whether life would be less utterly miserable if she withdrew from him and went back to Mildenhall. Life without him? That was impossible! Life with him? Just as impossible, it seemed! There comes a point of mental anguish when the alternatives between which one swings, equally hopeless, become each so monstrous that the mind does not really work at all, but rushes helplessly from one to the other, no longer trying to decide, waiting on fate. So in Gyp that Sunday afternoon, doing little things all the time—mending a hole in one of his gloves, brushing and applying ointment to old Ossy, sorting bills and letters.

At five o'clock, knowing little Gyp must soon be back from her walk, and feeling unable to take part in gaiety, she went up and put on her hat. She turned from contemplation of her face with disgust. Since it was no longer the only face for him, what was the use of beauty? She slipped out by the side gate and went down toward the river. The lull was over; the southwest wind had begun sighing through the trees again. She stood by the river watching its gray stream, edged by a scum of torn-off twigs and floating leaves. And, standing there, she had a sudden longing for her father; he alone could help her—just a little—by his quietness and his love, by his mere presence.

She turned away and went up the lane again, avoiding the inn and the riverside houses, walking slowly, her head down. And a thought came, her first hopeful thought. Could they not travel—go round the world? Would he give up his work for that—that chance to break the spell? Dared she propose it? But would even that be anything more than a putting-off? If she was not enough for him now, would she not be still less, if his work were cut away? Still, it was a gleam, a gleam in the blackness. She came in at the far end of the fields they called "the wild." A rose-leaf hue tinged the white cloud-banks, which towered away to the east beyond the river; and peeping over that mountain-top was the moon, fleecy and unsubstantial in the flax-blue sky. It was one of nature's moments of wild color. The oak trees above the hedgerows had not lost their leaves, and, in the darting, rain-washed light from the setting sun, had a sheen of old gold with heart of ivy green; the half-stripped beeches flamed with copper; the russet tufts of the ash trees glowed. And past Gyp, a single leaf blown off, went soaring, turning over and over, going up on the rising wind, up—up, higher—higher into the sky, till it was lost—away.

The rain had drenched the long grass, and she turned back. At the gate beside the lincay, a horse was standing. It whinnied. Hotspur, saddled, bridled, with no rider! Why? Where—then? Hastily she undid the latch, ran through, and saw Summerhay lying in the mud—on his back, with eyes wide open, his forehead and hair all blood. Some leaves had dropped on him. God! O God! His eyes had no sight, his lips no breath; his heart did not beat; the leaves had dropped even on his face—in the blood on his poor head. Gyp raised him—stiffened, cold as ice! She gave one cry, and fell, embracing his dead, stiffened body with all her strength, kissing his lips, his eyes, his broken forehead; clasping, warming him, trying to pass life into him; till, at last, she, too, lay still, her lips on his cold lips, her body on his cold body in the mud and the fallen leaves, while the wind crept and rustled in the ivy and went over with the scent of rain. Close by, the horse, uneasy, put his head down and sniffed at her, then, backing away, neighed, and broke into a wild gallop round the field.

Old Pettance, waiting for Summerhay's return to stable up for the night, heard that distant neigh and went to the garden gate, screwing up his little eyes against the sunset. He could see a loose horse galloping down there in "the



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

Hastily she undid the latch, ran through, and saw Summerhay lying in the mud—on his back, with eyes wide open

wild," where no horse should be, and thinking: "There now; that artful devil's broke away from the guv'nor! Now I'll 'ave to ketch 'im!" he went back, got some oats, and set forth at the best gait of his stiff-jointed feet. The old horseman characteristically did not think of accidents. The guv'nor had got off, no doubt, to unhitch that heavy gate—the one you had to lift. That 'orse—he was a masterpiece of mischief! His difference with the animal still rankled in a mind that did not easily forgive.

Half an hour later, he entered the lighted kitchen shaking and gasping, tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks into the corners of his gargoyle's mouth, and panted out:

"O my Gord! Fetch the farmer—fetch an 'urdle! O my Gord! Betty, you and cook—I can't get 'er off him. She don't speak. I felt her—all cold! Come on, you's—quick! O my Gord! The poor guv'nor! That 'orse must 'a' galloped into the linhay and killed him. I've see'd the marks on the devil's shoulder where he rubbed it scrapin' round the wall. Come on—come on! Fetch an 'urdle, or she'll die there on him in the mud. Put the child to bed and get the doctor and send a wire to London to the major to come sharp. Oh, blarst you all—keep your 'eads! What's the good o' howlin' and blubberin'!"

In the whispering corner of those fields, light from a lantern and the moon fell on the old stone linhay, on the ivy and the broken gate, on the mud, the golden leaves, and the two quiet bodies clasped together. Gyp's consciousness had flown; there seemed no difference between them. And presently, over the rushy grass, a procession moved back in the wind and the moonlight—two hurdles, two men carrying one, two women and a man the other, and, behind, old Pettance and the horse.

XI

WHEN Gyp recovered a consciousness, whose flight had been mercifully renewed with morphia, she was in her bed, and her first drowsy movement was toward her mate. With eyes still closed, she turned, as she was wont, and put out her hand to touch him before she dozed off again. There was no warmth, no substance; through her mind, still away in the mists of morphia, the thoughts passed vague and lonely, "Ah, yes, in London!" And she turned on her back. London! Something—something up there! She opened her eyes. So the fire had kept in all night! Some one was in a chair there, or—was she dreaming! And suddenly, without knowing why, she began breathing hurriedly in little half-sobbing gasps. The figure moved, turned her face in the firelight. Betty! Gyp closed her eyes. An icy sweat had broken out all over her. A dream! In a whisper, she said,

"Betty!"

The muffled answer came,

"Yes, my darlin'."

"What is it?"

No answer; then a half-choked "Don't 'ee think—don't 'ee think! Your daddy'll be here directly, my sweetie!"

Gyp's eyes, wide open, passed from the firelight and that rocking figure to the little chink of light that was hardly light as yet, coming in at one corner of the curtain.

She was remembering. Her tongue stole out and passed over her lips; beneath the bedclothes she folded both her hands tight across her heart. Then she was not dead with him—not dead! Not gone back with him into the ground—not— And suddenly there flickered in her a flame of maniacal hatred. They were keeping her alive! A writhing smile forced its way up on to her parched lips.

"Betty, I'm so thirsty—so thirsty. Get me a cup of tea."

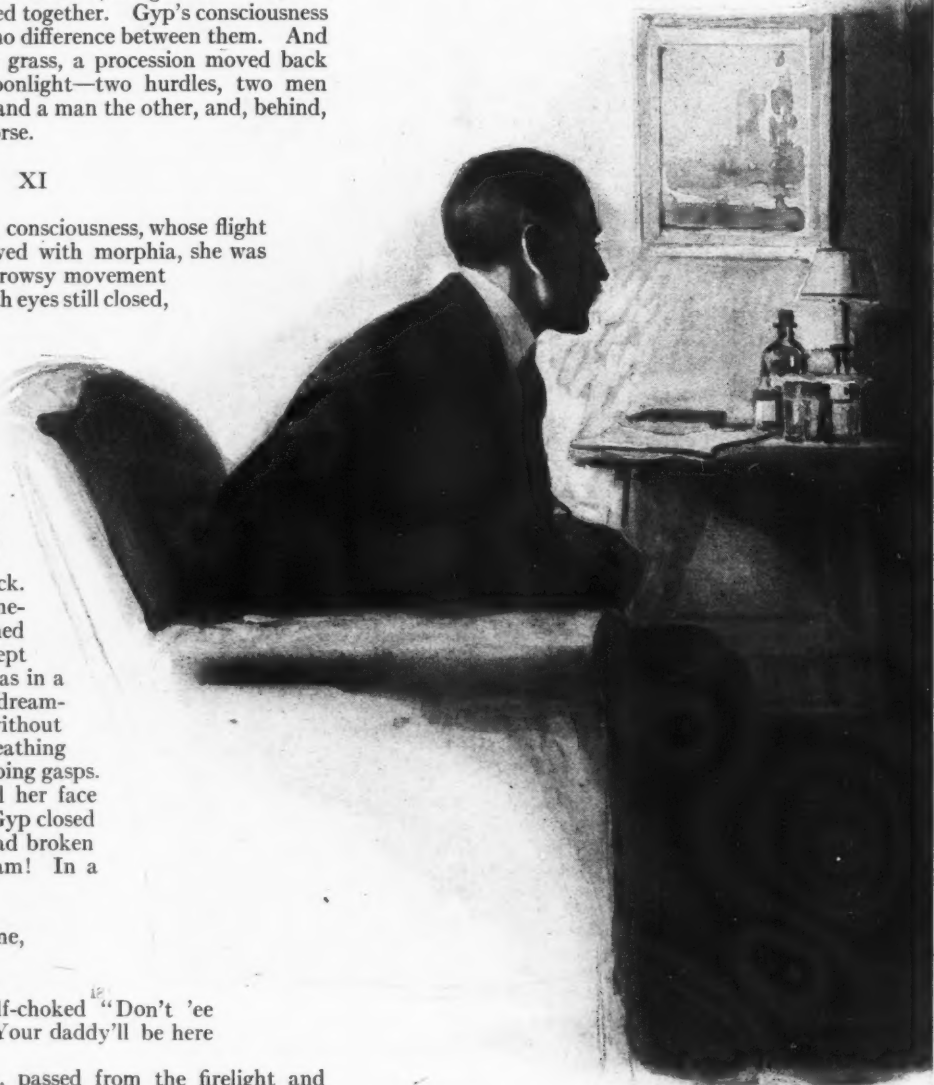
The stout form heaved itself from the chair and came toward the bed.

"Yes, my lovey—at once. It'll do you good. That's a brave girl."

"Yes."

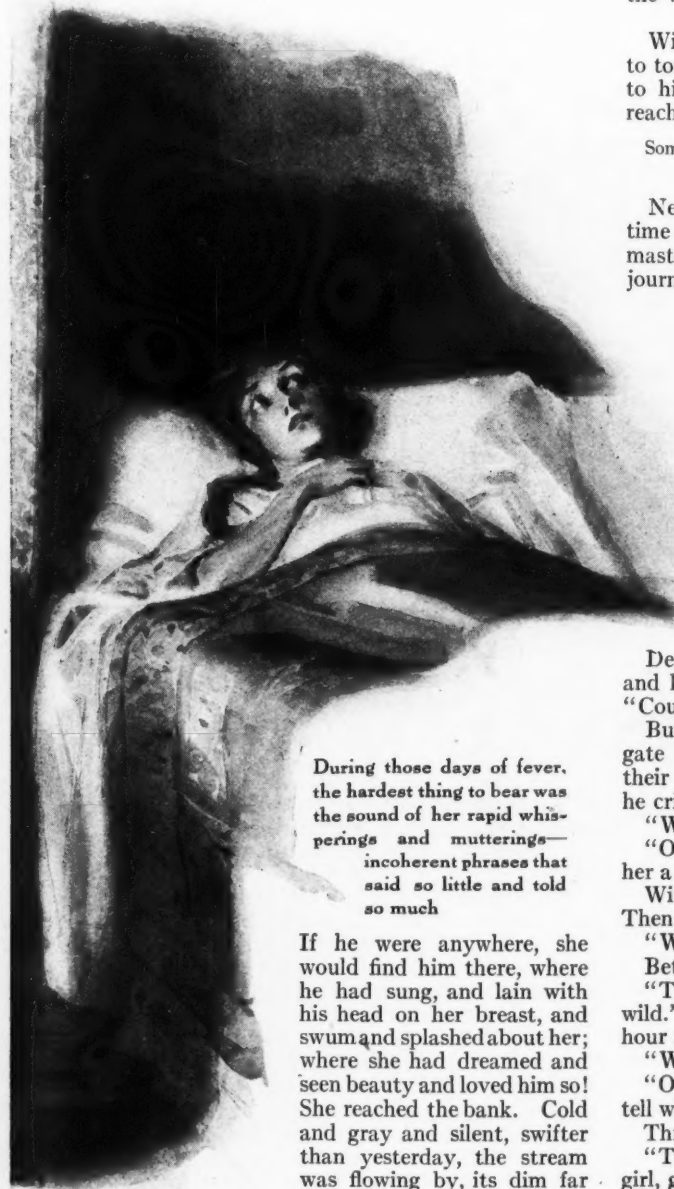
The moment the door clicked to, Gyp sprang up. Her veins throbbed; her whole soul was alive with cunning. She ran to the wardrobe, seized her long fur coat, slipped her bare feet into her slippers, wound a piece of lace round her head, and opened the door. All dark and quiet! Holding her breath, stifling the sound of her feet, she glided down the stairs, slipped back the chain of the front door, opened it, and fled. Like a shadow she passed across the grass, out of the garden gate, down the road under the black dripping trees.

The beginning of light was mixing its gray hue into the darkness. She heard the



grinding and whirring of a motor-car on its top gear approaching up the hill, and cowered away against the hedge. Its light came searching along, picking out, with a mysterious momentary brightness, the bushes and tree-trunks, making the wet road gleam. Gyp saw the chauffeur turn his head back at her; then the car's body passed up into darkness, and its tail-light was all that was left to see. Perhaps that car was going to the Red House with her father, the doctor, somebody, helping to keep her alive! The maniacal hate flared up in her again; she flew on. The light grew; a man with a dog came out of a gate she had passed, and called, "Hallo!" She did not turn her head. She had lost her slippers, and ran with bare feet, unconscious of stones or the torn-off branches strewing the road, making for the lane that ran right down to the river.

She turned into the lane; dimly, a hundred or more yards away, she could see the willows, the width of lighter gray that was the river. The river—"Away, my rolling river!"—the river—and the happiest hours of all her life!



During those days of fever, the hardest thing to bear was the sound of her rapid whisperings and mutterings—
incoherent phrases that said so little and told so much

If he were anywhere, she would find him there, where he had sung, and lain with his head on her breast, and swum and splashed about her; where she had dreamed and seen beauty and loved him so! She reached the bank. Cold and gray and silent, swifter than yesterday, the stream was flowing by, its dim far shore brightening slowly in the first break of dawn. And Gyp stood motionless, draw-

ing her breath in gasps after her long run; her knees trembled, gave way. She sat down on the wet grass, clasping her arms round her drawn-up legs, rocking herself to and fro, and her loosened hair fell over her face. The blood beat in her ears; her heart felt suffocated; all her body seemed on fire, yet numb. She sat, moving her head up and down—as the head of one moves that is gasping her last—waiting for breath—breath and strength to let go life, to slip down into the gray water. And that queer apartness from self, which is the property of fever, came on her, so that she seemed to see herself sitting there, waiting, and thought: "I shall see myself dead, floating among the reeds. I shall see the birds wondering above me." And, suddenly, she broke into a storm of dry sobbing; and all things vanished from her, save just the rocking of her body, the gasping of her breath, and the sound of it in her ears. Her boy—her boy—and his poor hair! "Away, my rolling river!" Swaying over, she lay face down, clasping at the wet grass and the earth. The sun rose, laid a pale bright streak along the water, and hid himself again. A robin twittered in the willows; a leaf fell on her bare ankle.

Winton, who had been hunting on Saturday, had returned to town on Sunday by the evening train, and gone straight to his club for some supper. It was past two when he reached Bury Street and found a telegram.

Something dreadful happened to Mr. Summerhay. Come quick.
BETTY.

Never had he so cursed the loss of his hand as during the time that followed, when Markey had to dress, help his master, pack bags, and fetch a taxi equipped for so long a journey. At half-past three they started. The whole way down, Winton, wrapped in his fur coat, sat a little forward on his seat, ready to put his head through the window and direct the driver. It was a wild night, and he would not let Markey, whose chest was not strong, go outside, to act as guide. Twice that silent one, impelled by feelings too strong even for his respectful taciturnity, had spoken.

"That'll be bad for Miss Gyp, sir."

"Bad, yes—terrible."

And later,

"D'you think it means he's dead, sir?"

Winton answered somberly:

"God knows, Markey! We must hope for the best."

Dead! Could Fate be cruel enough to deal one so soft and loving such a blow? And he kept saying to himself: "Courage. Be ready for the worst. Be ready."

But the figures of Betty and a maid at the open garden gate in the breaking darkness, standing there wringing their hands, were too much for his stoicism. Leaping out, he cried:

"What is it, woman? Quick!"

"Oh, sir! My dear's gone. I left her a moment to get her a cup of tea. And she's run out in the cold!"

Winton stood for two seconds as if turned to stone.

Then, taking Betty by the shoulder, he asked quietly,

"What happened to *him*?"

Betty could not answer, but the maid said:

"The horse killed him at that lynch, sir, down in 'the wild.' And the mistress was unconscious till quarter of an hour ago."

"Which way did she go?"

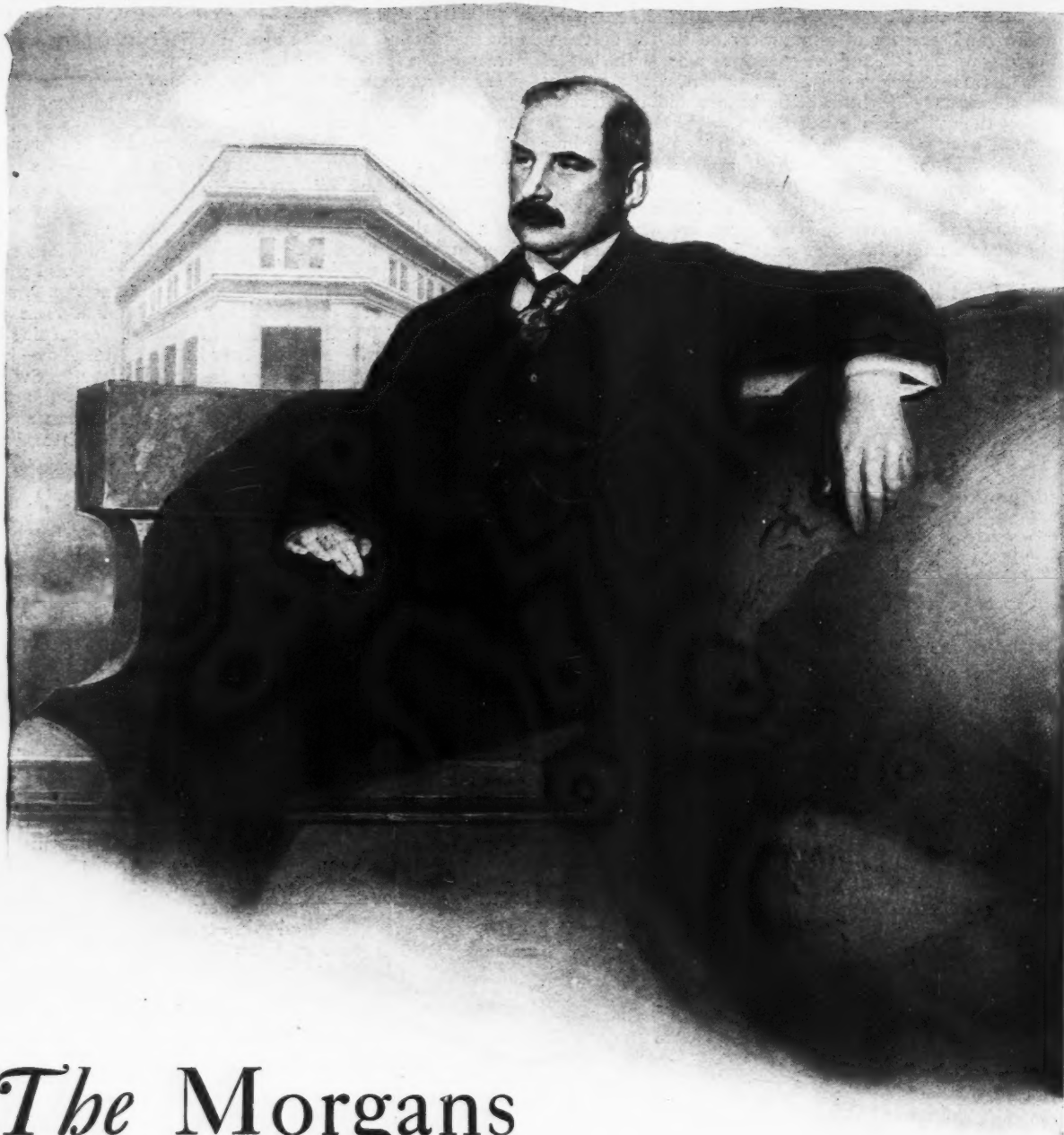
"Out here, sir; the door and the gate was open—can't tell which way."

Through Winton flashed one dreadful thought—the river!

"Turn the cab round! Stay in, Markey! Betty and you, girl, go down to 'the wild' and search there at once. Yes? What is it?"

The driver was leaning out.

"As we came up the hill, sir, I see a (Continued on page 130)



The Morgans

By Herbert Kaufman

Photographic Decoration by Lejaren A. Hiller

LIKE milliners, authors, tailors, illustrators, and other less exalted creators, Nature is a stickler for her own ideas and sensitively resents all efforts to alter original lines.

Every order of life furnishes evidence of her desire to abolish individuality and maintain type.

When a marked variation of species does appear, the obdurate old body seeks to exterminate the phenomenon or, more generally, forbids the transmission of peculiarity to progeny.

The "sport" is a common manifestation in plant life. Every so often we find an offshoot utterly unlike the parent stem. In but the rarest instances is the stranger able to propagate in kind. When not killed or sterilized, the descendent growths usually fail to inherit any of its novel traits.

76

An entire century may pass without the recurrence of a single white elephant. The silver fox regularly breeds ordinary whelps. A billion earthworms will run true to form. A herd of apes are indistinguishable apart.

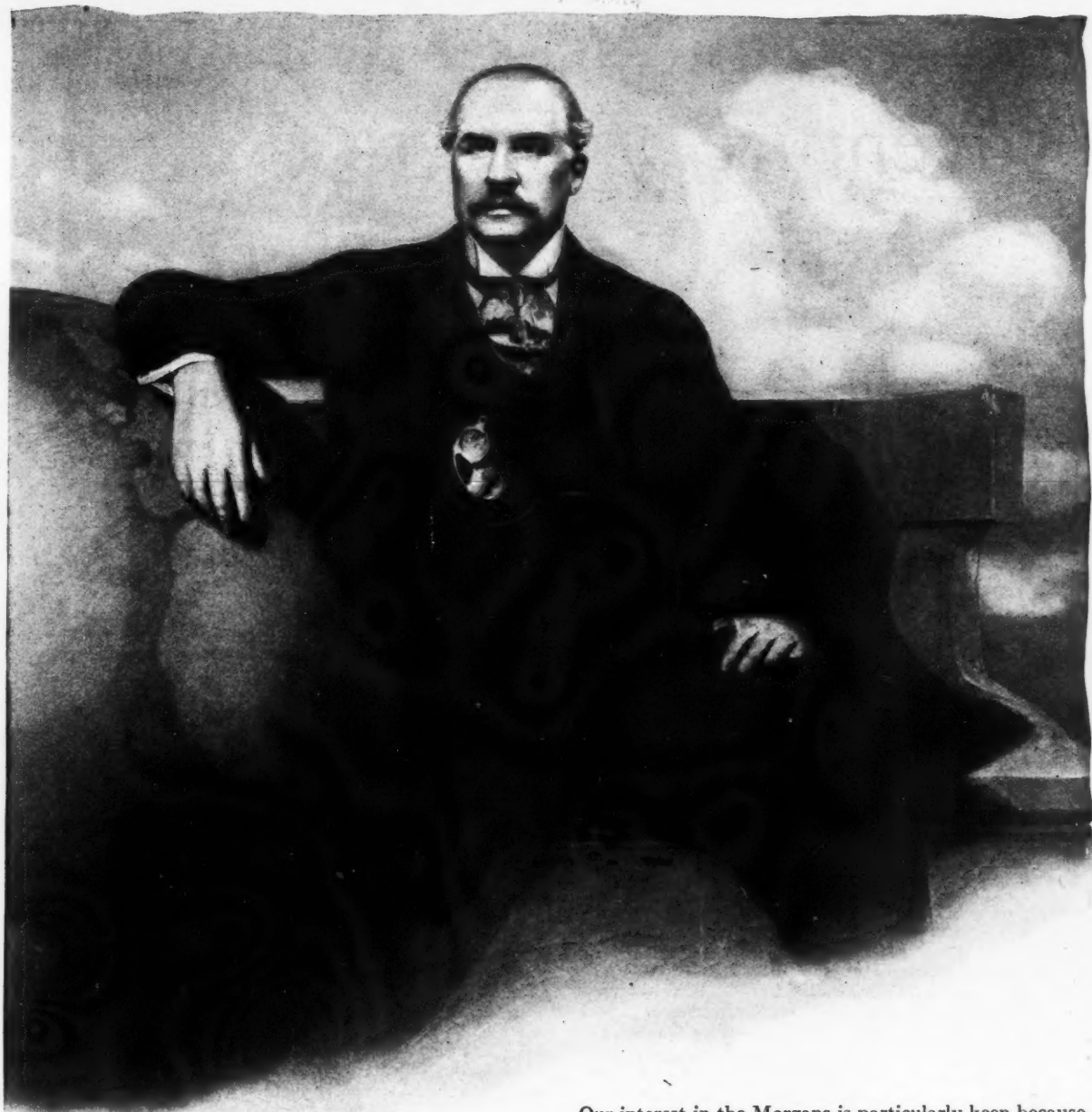
Man alone is the arch individualist, and even among human beings the overwhelming majority conform to mediocre standards of versatility and range.

There is never more than a modicum of genius in any century or country. Greatness is a precious quality and infinitely difficult of transmission.

The few in each age who inspire and captain progress are notoriously impotent to endow succession with similar enterprise, imagination, or worth.

Kings and composers, novelists and merchants, statesmen and inventors, singers and conquerors regularly father an average brood.

The maintenance of intrinsic superiority through class intermarriage, however exalted the commingling strains, challenges Nature's cherished democracy and so fails of its object.



If the contrary were true, the intelligence and wisdom concentrated in a score of royal families and their collateral branches would long ago have delivered the abiding control of the universe into their hands.

By the workings of the same law, the rich would constantly grow richer; art, science, diplomacy, and statesmanship would become monopolies of folk predestined by heredity to have and hold specific leadership.

Here in the United States, we are signally unaccustomed to the entail of prominence.

The big names of one decade are rarely familiar to the next.

Affluence and influence have been seasonal phases. If experience reads American trends accurately, the republic is fertile soil for "sports," which flourish only to exhaust indefinitely the talent of their stock.

The acumen and pertinacity that brilliantly serve the founder of a business have been habitually lacking in his children. Exceptional cases, of course, exist, but not in sufficient numbers for controversy.

Our interest in the Morgans is particularly keen because, among the early millionaires of the country, these men have remained in the saddle and continued the task laid out for them.

Possessed of vast means, they have not, like several notorious groups, abandoned ambition and invested their money in landholdings, to increase in value solely through the processes of community development.

It is the Morgan tradition to work, to promote, to share risk, and risk shares.

The personality of Junius Spencer Morgan was so overwhelmed by that of his partner and predecessor that history took but few notes of his qualities.

And the colossal figure of J. P. Senior is still so vivid in our minds that, with possible injustice to his individuality, the J. P. of the moment is still a vague figure in the elder's persistent shadow.

But precedent tells that the Morgan mind ripens slowly. The first J. P. was in his mid-forties before he became a conspicuous factor in Wall Street.

In turns, by the right of might and the might of right, he dominated the Golden Cañon as none before him or since have ruled that astounding acre.

Rebellious factions occasionally (Continued on page 137)

The Adventure of Jose

*The Faithful Record of
an Ambulatory Romance*

By C. N. and
A. M. Williamson

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," etc.

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg



Josephine (Jose) Gates, of Gatesville, Kentucky, receives a check from the Engagement Club—composed of women in her town who are pledged to advance the interests, matrimonial and otherwise, of the members—in order that she may go on a series of motor-trips at the invitation of Charles Cassius (Cash) Woods, a wealthy lumberman. Jose has opened a gift shop in Gatesville, and having come to New York to buy stock, spends a week-end with Mrs. Jimmy Teesdale (Jenny), also from Gatesville, at Southold, Long Island. There she meets Woods, who is attracted to her, and the invitation for the tour follows. Mrs. Teesdale lays the case before the Engagement Club, and the check is promptly sent. The party includes Mrs. Teesdale, as chaperon; Adèle Trent, a widow; her brother, Freddy Fanning. Mrs. Trent is trying hard to ensnare the Woodsman (as Jose calls him), and she attempts constantly to throw Jose and her brother together, realizing that she has a rival.

Jose, as per agreement, sends a full account of the tours and what happens thereon to the club, writing in a decidedly flippant manner, and not altogether kindly about Woods toward whom, however, her feelings have begun to change. One of these epistles falls into the hands of Mrs. Trent, who reads it, and tells Jose that she will show it to Woods unless the writer returns to Kentucky immediately.

Jose to the Engagement Club

Southold, August 5th.

DEAR UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS:

I hope, like modern motors, you're made with serviceable shock-absorbers to stand the confession with which I must begin this letter.

The good ship Jose Gates has all but foundered, and though she's patched up for another bout with wind and weather, I, her captain, daren't prophesy yet that, if a big wave swashes along from some unsuspected quarter, she mayn't sink. There's only one thing I *will* guarantee for the Jose G. She won't haul down her flag and run for port. Sooner, she'll turn turtle in high seas.

You may have thought I was lazy about sending you my

"I've just finished my business with Mr. Woods."

last log. It wasn't laziness. The ship's log was kept punctiliously, but a pirate looted it.

Girls, that's literally *true*! Mrs. Trent got hold of my report and attempted blackmail. She threatened to show the letter to C. C. W. unless I went home. There were nasty knocks at her on many pages, but she was going to thrust other pages under his nose. He would realize the true nature of the document and of me before he knew what he was doing and before he had presence of mind to shut his eyes.

Well, at first I thought the game was up and that I must buy back the letter at any price. But—but— Now, I *might* go on and let you believe that my next move was made simply because I hated to be thwarted. It would be true. There is, however, a bigger truth behind. And I've decided to tell it to you with the rest. It will be penance for my false flippancy. The whole truth is, then, I couldn't bear to give up the Woodsman, the dear, kind, chivalrous, trusting Woodsman—just the man himself, not his millions. If he lost them, I'd still *snap* at him if he'd take me, and gladly support us both, working double time in the gift shop. So *there*! I'm in love with the Victim. I have been, more or less, since the first start, when I began to see him as he



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I said, in a creamy voice, "so I'll go and leave you to do yours"

really is. And it's growing on-me. I've loathed writing about him the way I have, but I was ashamed to sing another song and let you laugh at my change of tune.

When General Trent surprised me flank and center, I knew I'd rather let the Woodsman go than he should know me as a mercenary PIG. (Was a pig ever mercenary? Perhaps the Calculating Pig.) Yet to give him up was heart-breaking, for I believed he did care, and was waiting for a good chance to tell me so. What, then, to do, between two sharp horns of a dilemma?

I demanded, and got, from midnight till morning to decide. If I didn't cave in, the enemy would take the letter to the Woodsman at his hotel in New York, having 'phoned him to be at home. Short of murder, I didn't see how to stop the female.

I don't need to tell you I couldn't sleep. But I was a rag doll stuffed with sawdust, head and all, till, suddenly, about five o'clock, an idea mingled with the said sawdust. I bounded out of bed, took a cold bath, dressed, and felt "pulled together"—such an *expressive* expression, I think!

I'd made an appointment with the Torturer for seven o'clock A. M. I was to go to her house, which isn't ten min-

utes walk, and tell her my decision. I wasn't sure if the idea was a real inspiration, but it seemed my only hope.

If I determined on defiance, Adèle was going to take a motor to the railway station, which is some distance off, and catch the eight-o'clock train to New York. You see, she wasn't letting grass grow under her feet. Jen hadn't an inkling. I felt she couldn't help me if I couldn't help myself, so I let my sorrow prey on no one's damask cheek but my own. I did casually ask Jen, however, how Mrs. Trent got to the station when she had to catch trains for New York. Jen laughed, and said the lady borrowed a car from some one—at worst, a short-nosed Quord, owned and driven by her next-door neighbor. This combination was good for early morning or a rainy day. Otherwise, she wouldn't be caught in a Quord.

I knew, then, what to expect, and, though I burned to learn my fate, I forced myself to dawdle on the way. I started before seven, to escape from Jen's unsuspecting household before the one maid should be about. But I took a walk, practically on red-hot plowshares, not turning up at Mrs. Trent's until seven-thirty—half an hour after the time appointed. She would, of course, suppose that this meant bluff. She'd have asked her neighboring slave for his auto, and in a few minutes it would be at the door to take her to the train. She and Freddy would be eating a hasty

The Adventure of Jose

breakfast, or she'd have run up-stairs to put on her hat and motor-coat. For me to be too early or too late would be *fatal*. And even if I hit the happy-medium, it was far from certain I could carry out my plan.

There's a back gate to Mrs. Trent's garden. It's the servants' entrance, and there I slipped in. I saw a side door on a porch standing open, and I whisked into the house. Inside was a little corridor, and from it I could see the front door, with Freddy framed in it, his back to me. He had on an overcoat; so, evidently, he was going to town with his sister.

"She'll be down in a minute!" he shouted to some one, and stepped out onto the veranda. This told me two things. One was that Mrs. Trent was up-stairs; the other that the car had come, and Freddy would be eliminated as a peril, because he was going down to meet it at the gate. At the same instant, my heart gave a leap. On an imitation Tudor chest in the hall lay the lavender-colored leather bag which matched Adèle's motor-coat. I leaped upon it like a lioness, opened the bag, and found what I'd hoped for—the purloined letter. I had just time to thrust it under the low collar of my blouse when a door slammed up-stairs. If, instead of a woman, he of the Horns and Cloven Hoof had been after me, I couldn't have scuttled out of that house in less time. Again I went by the back way, but once the gate had shut behind me, I ran,—yes, ran—round the corner into the main street, for I had the rest of my plan to carry out. It was pretty desperate, too—most unsuited to Miss Gates, of Gatesville. But, you see, I was *obliged* to get to New York ahead of Adèle Trent. And there'd been not a moment since her blackmailing stunt for me to hire an auto with syndicate funds.

A cornerwise glance showed me Freddy near a humble little car, chauffeured by a humble little man. No Adèle yet! She was still indoors, either giving final directions to her maid or else in a state of collapse because she'd looked into her

bag. But I hoped she *hadn't* looked into it. I hoped she wouldn't till—till the crucial moment.

If you'd ever been on Long Island, you'd know the procession of automobiles that begins with early morning and goes on till late night. I "banked" on that procession, and simply chose my car. Presently, I saw a nice one, containing an elderly maiden gentleman with his ditto sister, and a chauffeur with such an old-fashioned face that he must, in his chrysalis, have been a coachman. I stepped into the road and held up my hand. The car stopped. With tears in my eyes—not crocodile ones—I pleaded that it was a matter of life or death with me to reach New York. Were they going there? If so, would they give me a lift?

In another minute, I was squeezed in between those two kind-hearted pets, and there was no human possibility of the little old Quord getting ahead. We shot by it where it stood, and Adèle hadn't yet appeared.

You remember, I was sure of finding C. C. W. at home, because Mrs. Trent would have 'phoned him. My new friends, who'd told me all about themselves in return for singularly little about myself, shed me at the door of the Woodsman's hotel. I inquired for him. The message came that he would be down. I waited in a large parlor, deserted at that time of day. My heart felt like a newly caught bird, struggling to escape from a cage. I strove to map out my first speech, but couldn't concentrate. While I tried in vain, he arrived, looking fresh and brown and nice. (He isn't a *bit* like a cigar-sign really. That was a flippant fib.) We shook hands. I stammered explanations. Mrs. Trent, I said, had called last night and had been strangely unkind. She had for some reason taken a dislike to me, and threatened to make him—Mr. Woods—dislike me, too. Would he please promise not to do so, whatever she might say? Because I valued his friendship and didn't want to lose it.



I cooked lobster à la Newburg, as on that first evening, before I knew I was going to love him

He flushed and beamed. I think he was going to protest that nothing could make me lose it—perhaps, even, to say that he'd never see Mrs. Trent again if I didn't wish it; but, at this instant, a page-boy ushered her in. Tableau! She *hadn't* looked in her bag, because she opened it then with a sort of flourish, and nearly fainted when she saw nothing but a clean handkerchief, a tube of lip-salve, and a book of *papier poudré*.

The gods were for me! I was so joyous that I dared a great stroke.

"I've just finished my business with Mr. Woods," I said, in a creamy voice, "so I'll go and leave you to do yours. I have a letter to a friend at home I want to get off by the next post."

With that, I flashed away before the Woodsman could stop me, for I knew as well as I know I live that he wouldn't listen to Adèle. If she tried to tell about the lost letter, she'd ruin herself, not me. Besides, her position was that of an amateur on a tight-rope. She was completely in the dark as to what I had told or had not told.

Actually, I had the nerve to get a taxi and catch the first train for home—I mean, for Jen's. There, I confided to her what I've confessed to you. You understand why my "report" was delayed, don't you? And you won't expect the next to be in the same tone as the last? When I first wrote and thanked you all, I said I felt like a brand snatched from the burning. Now I feel snatched twice as hard from a fire twice as hot. Yet the flames may get me again. If they do, it will be no worse than I deserve. But, oh, I don't want to grill for my sins! I want to be *happy*!

Pray for your Jose.

Jose to the Engagement Club

Newport, Past midnight between August 6th and 7th.

MY DEAR JUDGES—LENIENT ONES I KNOW!

We started early in the morning and pushed straight on to Newport, though—with all the things we stopped to see—it made a long day. This is a most beautiful gray-shingled, flower-draped house we are stopping in. It's on the Ocean Drive, and—it *belongs* to the Woodsman! He sprang the surprise on us while we were having supper (we arrived only in time for a late one) and said:

"I bought the place just as it stands from a friend—took over servants and all. I'm thinking of making a philopena present of it—to another friend."

We'd supposed that the house had been lent him. There were salted almonds on the table. Adèle looked at them with longing eyes. So from that you will know she has come. But I must tell you the story. I've heard now what happened between her and the Woodsman when I left them together; at least, I heard all he has cared to tell me. There must be more! It seems that she began to accuse me vaguely and he stopped her short. He didn't mention what he said. But she apologized—explained hastily that there were things he *ought* to know about a young woman invited by him to meet his other friends; was stopped again and asked if *she* would prefer not to go on meeting me? Would she prefer to end the trip? But Mrs. Trent didn't carry her aversion so far. It seemed that she and Freddy had thrown over several delightful engagements for the trip. Person-



On an imitation Tudor chest in the hall lay the lavender-colored leather bag which matched Adèle's motor-coat

ally, Adèle *liked* Miss Gates. So did Freddy; and if Mr. Woods didn't want to hear the things she'd come to tell, his blood must be on his own head. C. C. W. replied that he didn't mind that—enjoyed the sensation, in fact.

Then the lady departed, and the Woodsman 'phoned to Jen, inquiring whether it was agreeable for us to travel with Mrs. Trent and her brother. If not, he'd find a business excuse to postpone the tour, and, later, we three could make a start without them. This message came after I'd *told* Jen. We consulted, and she replied that we were satisfied with the present arrangement. Wasn't that heaping coals of fire? But there can be motives other than angelic ones for thus stroking an enemy's head. I'm afraid mine were largely "other." I hardly thought Mrs. T. would have the cheek to come; but, as I've told you, come she has. And she's laid herself out to be extra charming. I (Continued on page 138)

Myself and

By Lillie Langtry

Mrs. Langtry has already famous painters for the as the resulting pictures in But other artists, those themselves moved to celestial, and here we have an several who have a high

the nails, I regretfully record, rarely receiving the attention they should have had. To me, he was always grotesque in appearance, although I have seen him described by a French writer as "beautiful" and "Apollo-like." That he possessed a remarkably fascinat-



Lady
De Bathe

The Inspiration of Poets

VIVIDLY I recall my first meeting with Oscar Wilde in the studio of Frank Miles' quaint old house in Chelsea. Then he must have been not more than twenty-two. He had a profusion of brown hair brushed back from his forehead and worn rather longer than was conventional, though not with the exaggeration which he affected later. His face was large and so white that a few pale freckles of good size were oddly conspicuous. He had a well-shaped mouth, with somewhat coarse lips and greenish-hued teeth. The plainness of his face, however, was redeemed by the splendor of his great, eager eyes.

In height he was about six feet, and broad in proportion. His hands were large and indolent, with pointed fingers and perfect filbert-nails, indicative of his artistic disposition —

© 1905, BY N. RABONY

Oscar Wilde, whose poem, "The New Helen," is an enduring tribute to Mrs. Langtry's beauty

Others

(Lady De Bathe)

described how she was besought by privilege of sitting to them, as well which she has been immortalized. who woo the poetic muse, found brate the world-famous beauty in account of the homage rendered by place in modern English literature.

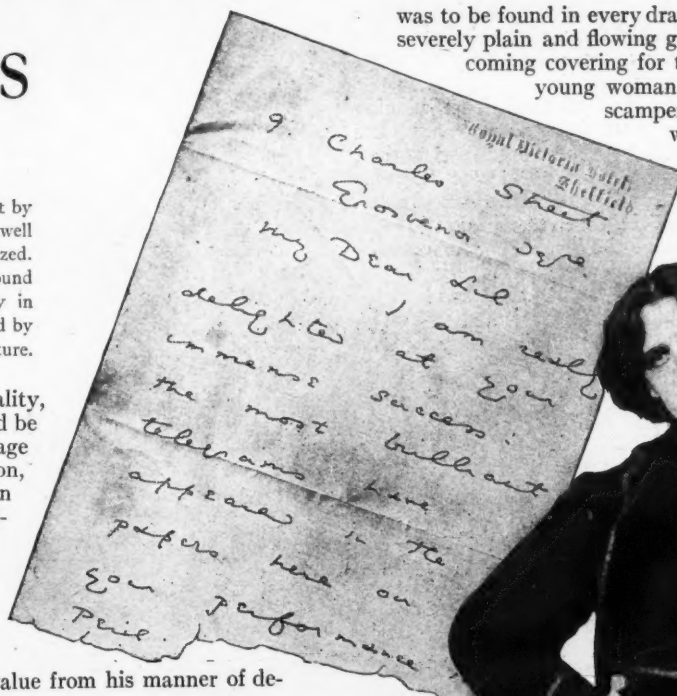
ing and compelling personality, or what, in an actor, would be termed a wonderful "stage presence," is beyond question, and there was about him an enthusiasm singularly captivating. He had one of the most alluring voices that I have ever listened to, round and soft, and full of variety and expression, and the cleverness of his remarks received added value from his manner of delivering them.

His customary apparel consisted of strange-colored trousers, a black frock coat, only the lower button fastened, a brightly flowered waistcoat blossoming underneath, and a white-silk cravat held together by an old intaglio amethyst set as a pin. I do not think I ever met him wearing gloves, but he always carried a pair, using them to give point to his gestures, which were many and varied. Apropos of his dress, I recall seeing him (after he had become celebrated and prosperous), at the first night of one of his plays, come before the curtain, in response to the applause of the audience, wearing a black-velvet jacket, lavender trousers, and a flowered waistcoat, a white straw hat in one hand and a lighted cigarette in the other.

In the early part of our acquaintance, Wilde was really ingenuous. His mannerisms and eccentricities were then but the natural outcome of a young fellow bubbling over with temperament and were not at all assumed. Later, when he began to rise as a figure in the life of London, and his unconscious peculiarities had become a target for the humorous columns of the newspapers, he was quick to realize that they could be turned to commercial advantage, and he proceeded forthwith to develop them extravagantly. His novel singularities speedily made him the fashion. He was ridiculed and he was imitated. When he wore a daisy in his buttonhole, thousands of young men did likewise. When he proclaimed the sunflower "adorable," it

was to be found in every drawing-room. His edict that severely plain and flowing garments were the only becoming covering for the female form sent every young woman, and many elderly ones, scampering off to their *modistes* with delirious suggestions for Grecian draperies.

In the queer jargon of the day, he was the "Apostle of the Lily," the "Apostle of the Transcendental" and, among the revilers, the "Apostle of the



Letter from Oscar Wilde, congratulating Mrs. Langtry on her success in "Peril" in the United States



Mrs. Langtry, in the American production of "Peril"



Oscar Wilde, dressed as he appeared on the lecture platform

Utterly-utter and the Too-too." His exaggerations, I may say, were mainly for the benefit of the general public. To his friends, he always remained natural—and both friends and enemies were forced to confess his brilliancy in spite of his shams. His vogue spread rapidly, and immediately he was lionized by both the artistic and social sets of London. It seemed to me, however, that he gradually became less sponta-

neous and more labored in his witticisms, which is not to be wondered at when he was looked forward to as being the life of every afternoon tea and was expected to supply a *bon mot* between each mouthful at dinner.

He had come down from Oxford fresh from winning the prize for the best poem of the year, "Ravenna." His literary gifts were an inheritance from his clever mother, Lady Wilde, a poetess who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Speranza." Presently, fresh and beautiful verses from his pen began to attract unusual attention and admiration, and it was then that I became the inspiration for one of his happiest efforts. The poem, which originally appeared in *The World* (a society paper) and was dedicated to me, is included in Oscar's first volume. He presented me with a white-vellum-bound copy bearing the following charming inscription:

To Helen, formerly of Troy, now of London.

I append the poem:

THE NEW HELEN

Where hast thou been since round the walls of Troy,
The sons of God fought in that great emprise?
Why dost thou walk our common earth again?



Mrs. Langtry's beauty has inspired the muse of poets

Hast thou forgotten that impassioned boy,
His purple galley, and his Tyrian men,
And treacherous Aphrodite's mocking eyes?
For surely it was thou, who, like a star
Hung in the silver silence of the night,
Didst lure the Old World's chivalry and might
Into the clamorous crimson waves of war!

Or didst thou rule the fire-laden moon?
In amorous Sidon was thy temple built
Over the light and laughter of the sea
Where, behind lattice scarlet-wrought and gilt,
Some brown-limbed girl did weave thee tapestry,



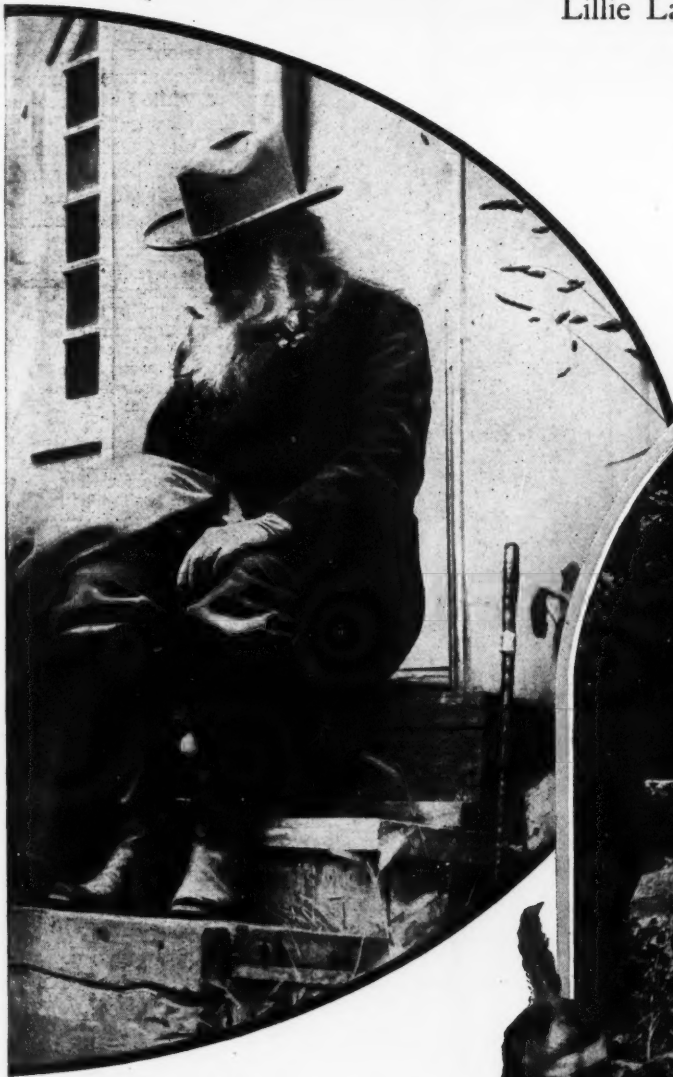
Joaquin Miller and his daughter,
Piedmont Hills, near

All through the waste and wearied hours of noon;
Till her wan cheek with flame of passion burned,
And she rose up the sea-washed lips to kiss
Of some glad Cyprian sailor, safe returned
From Calpe and the cliffs of Herakles?

No! thou art Helen, and none other one!
It was for thee that young Sarpedon died,
And Memnon's manhood was untimely spent;
It was for thee gold-crested Hector tried
With Thetis' child that evil race to run,
In the last year of thy beleaguerment;
Ay! even now the glory of thy fame
Burns in those fields of trampled asphodel,
Where the high lords whom Ilion knew so well
Clash ghostly shields, and call upon thy name.

Where hast thou been? in that enchanted land
Whose slumbering vales forlorn Calypso knew,
Where never mower rose at break of day
But all unswathed the trammelling grasses grew,
And the sad shepherd saw the tall corn stand
Till summer's red had changed to withered grey?
Didst thou lie there by some Lethæan stream
Deep brooding on thine ancient memory,
The crash of broken spears, the fiery gleam
From shivered helm, the Grecian battle-cry?

Nay, thou wert hidden in that hollow hill
With one who is forgotten utterly,
That discrowned Queen men call the Erycine;
Hidden away that never mightst thou see
The face of Her, before whose mouldering shrine



Juanita, at their home in the Oakland, California

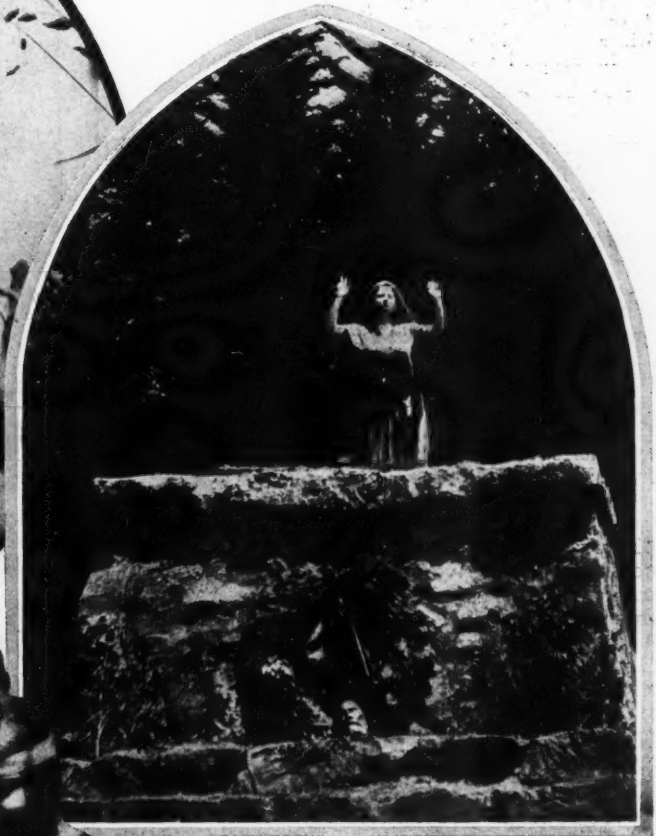
To-day at Rome the silent nations
kneel;
Who gat from Love no joyous glad-
dening,
But only Love's intolerable pain,
Only a sword to pierce her heart in twain,
Only the bitterness of child-bearing.

The lotus-leaves which heal the wounds of
Death
Lie in thy hand; O, be thou kind to me,
While yet I know the summer of my days;
For hardly can my tremulous lips draw breath
To fill the silver trumpet with
thy praise,
So bowed am I before thy mystery;
So bowed and broken
on Love's terrible
wheel,
That I have lost all
hope and heart
to sing,
Yet care I not what ruin time
may bring
If in thy temple thou wilt let me kneel.

Alas, alas, thou wilt not tarry here,
But, like that bird, the servant of the sun,
Who flies before the north wind and the
night,
So wilt thou fly our evil land and drear,
Back to the tower of thine old delight,
And the red lips of young Euphorion;

Nor shall I ever see thy face again,
But in this poisonous garden-close must stay,
Crowning my brows with the thorn-crown of pain,
Till all my loveless life shall pass away.

O Helen! Helen! Helen! yet a while,
Yet for a little while, O, tarry here,
Till the dawn cometh and the shadows flee!
For in the gladsome sunlight of thy smile
Of heaven or hell I have no thought or fear,
Seeing I know no other god but thee;
No other god save him, before whose feet
In nets of gold the tired planets move,



Miss Juanita Miller reciting an invocation at the funeral pyre built by her father, on the anniversary of the poet's cremation

The incarnate spirit of spiritual love
Who in thy body holds his joyous seat.

Thou wert not born as common women are!
But, girl with silver splendor of the foam,
Didst from the depths of sapphire seas arise!
And at thy coming some immortal star,
Bearded with flame, blazed in the Eastern skies,
And waked the shepherds on thine island-home.

Thou shalt not die: no asps of Egypt creep
Close at thy heels to taint the delicate
air;
No sullen-blooming poppies stain thy
hair,
Those scarlet heralds of eternal sleep.

Lily of love, pure and inviolate!
Tower of ivory! red rose of fire!
Thou hast come down our darkness
to illumine:

For we, close-caught in the wide nets of
Fate,
Wearied with waiting for the World's
Desire,
Aimlessly wandered in the House of
Gloom,

Aimlessly sought some slumberous anodyne
For wasted lives, for lingering wretched-
ness,



Miss Juanita Miller, in Indian costume

Till we beheld thy re-arisen shrine,
And the white glory of thy loveliness.

In the heyday of his popularity Oscar and his fads were utilized by Gilbert and Sullivan as the motive for "Patience," and one of the former's best lyrics ended with these lines:

Though the Philistines may
jostle,
You will rank as an apostle
In the high esthetic band,
As you walk down Piccadilly
With a poppy or a lily
In your mediæval hand.

Before Oscar had achieved celebrity and was unconsciously on the verge of it, he always craved to bring me flowers, but was not in a position to afford great posies. So, in coming to call, he would drop into Covent Garden flower-market, buy for me a single gorgeous amaryllis (all his slender purse would allow), and trot down Piccadilly carefully carrying the solitary flower. The scribblers construed his kindly act as a pose, and thus I innocently conferred on him the title, "Apostle of the Lily."

On my first visit to America, I found him touring under Henry Abbey's management. He was wearing a black-velvet suit with knickerbockers, his neck embellished by a Byronic collar, and was lecturing on Greek art. His success was only moderate, probably due to the fact that the press-agent sought to impress the public with Oscar's

personal eccentricities rather than with his genuine artistic culture.

A year later, while I was presenting the play called "Peril" in the States, Oscar became engaged to a beautiful Irish girl, and he sent me the following letter announcing the fact:

I am really delighted at your immense success: the most brilliant telegrams have appeared in the papers here on your performance in Peril. You have done what no other artist of our day has done, invaded America a second time and carried off new victories. But, then, you are made for victory. It has always flashed in your eyes and rung in your voice.

And so I write half to tell you how glad I am at your triumphs—you Venus Victrix of our age—and the other half to tell you that I am going to be married to a beautiful young girl called Constance Lloyd—a grave, slight, violet-eyed little Artemis, with great coils of heavy brown hair which makes her flower-like head droop like a blossom, and wonderful ivory hands which draw music from the piano so sweet that the birds stop singing to listen to her. We are to be married in April. I hope so much that you will be over then. I am so anxious for you to know and to like her.

I am hard at work lecturing and getting quite rich—though it is horrid being so much away from her—but we telegraph to each other twice a day, and I rush back suddenly from the uttermost parts of the earth to see her for an hour and do all the foolish things which wise lovers do.

Will you write and wish me all happiness, and

Believe me ever your devoted
and affectionate friend,

OSCAR WILDE.

Oscar's contemplated marriage did not surprise me, as I knew that he had for some time admired the lovely girl who afterward became his wife. I did not see him again for several years, having remained in the United States, and when we next met he had become a successful dramatist. His works, I hope, will eventually take their place beside those of Sheridan, his favorite playwright.

Mrs. Langtry, in a street costume worn when she first came to this country

He was a great student of Latin and Greek, and even during the excitement of my first season he interested me sufficiently in Greek to take lessons from him and attend lectures on Greek art at the British Museum. Oscar's wild worship of beauty, animate and inanimate, made him dreadfully intolerant of ugliness in any form, and he instinctively disliked and avoided unattractive people, using the most exaggerated language to express this repugnance and being sometimes merciless in his attitude toward them, while, on the other hand, idealizing those he admired and placing some on pinnacles of his imagination who were unworthy, for his likes were as strong as his dislikes.

Frank Miles, the painter, whose quaint old studio in London was a celebrated meeting-place for the great lights of the social and artistic worlds

When he was writing "The New Helen" he became so obsessed with the subject that he would walk round and round the block in which our London house was situated for hours at a time, probably investing me with every quality I never possessed. Although Wilde had a keen sense of the ridiculous, he sometimes unconsciously bordered thereon himself, as, for instance, when one night he curled up to sleep on my doorstep and Mr. Langtry, returning unusually late, put an end to his poetic dreams by tripping over him.

It was for me that Oscar originally wrote "Lady Windermere's Fan." Why he ever supposed that it would have been, at the time, a suitable play for me, I cannot imagine. Besides, I had come to regard him rather lightly. Meeting him as constantly as I did and listening by the hour to his idle if amusing chatter was not an effective prelude to taking him seriously. He called one afternoon, with an important air and a roll of manuscript, placed it on the table, pointed to it superbly, and said,

"There is a play which I have written for you."

"What is my part?" I asked, gently amused.

"A woman," he replied, "with a grown-up, illegitimate daughter."

"My dear Oscar," I remonstrated, "do I look old enough to have a grown-up daughter of any description? Don't open the manuscript; don't attempt to read it." And in spite of his entreaties I foolishly refused to hear the play.

In some of his many epigrams, I was not the only one to recognize clever inversions of the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and other French writers. Apropos, we were supping one night with Jimmy Whistler. The latter, during the course of conversation, made a very witty remark.

"I should love to have said that," sighed Oscar.

"You will, old man; you will," promptly returned Jimmy.

Wilde was genuinely romantic and always poetic in thought and speech. As Sir Herbert Tree remarked to me recently, "Oscar turned words into gems and flung them to the moon."

As far asunder as the poles and the antithesis of Oscar Wilde was the next poet to dedicate a verse to me. He was Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, a child of nature and perhaps the most picturesque personality of the literary world. It was at Lord Houghton's house in Arlington Street, London, that I happened upon the famous Californian. (Continued on page 144)



Mrs. Langtry, in the British production of "Peril"



Because Michael took no notice of her, she made up to him

MICHAEL is a full-blooded Irish terrier, born on Tom Haggin's plantation, Ysabel Island, in the British Solomons. He was given to Captain Kellar, of the trading schooner *Eugénie*, from whom he is stolen by Dag Daughtry, steward on a liner plying between Sydney and the South Pacific Islands.

Daughtry teaches the dog many tricks, including the ability to distinguish the value of a few numerals, and of

EVERY indignity, in the attempt to find out what had made Del Mar declare him "a ten-strike and the limit," was wreaked upon Michael. They tried him at hurdle-jumping, at walking on fore legs, at pony-riding, at forward flips, and at clowning with other dogs. They tried him at waltzing, all his legs cord-fastened and dragged and jerked and slacked under him. They spiked his collar in some of the attempted tricks to keep him from lurching from side to side or from falling forward or backward. They used the whip and the rattan stick, and twisted his nose. They attempted to make a goal-keeper of him in a football game between two teams of pain-driven and pain-bitten mongrels. And they dragged him up ladders to make him dive into a tank of water.

"It isn't that I expect these things are what Harry had in mind," Collins would say, for always he was training his assistants, "but that through them I may get a clue to the speciality, whatever it is, that poor Harry must have known."

Of love, at the wish of his love-god, Steward, Michael

Michael

Brother of Jerry

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

accompanying a few tunes with a sort of rhythmic howling. Michael is traced, and when Daughtry learns that the dog must be restored to his rightful owner, the steward leaves the ship with Michael and his helper, a Papuan named Kwaque, who is a leper, and sails with a treasure-hunting expedition organized by a half-demented individual named Greenleaf, who has duped some avaricious men, the treasure existing only in Greenleaf's brain. Their little vessel, the *Mary Turner*, is sunk by an infuriated whale after one of the men on board has killed her calf, and Daughtry, Kwaque, and Michael are rescued by a steamer and carried to San Francisco.

Here the steward enjoys prosperity for a time, owing to the exploitation of Michael's talents, especially that of singing. A Doctor Emory and Harry Del Mar, who exhibits trained animals, both want the terrier, but Daughtry will not sell him. Finally, Emory discovers that the steward and Kwaque have leprosy, and they are sent to the pest-house (whence, after a time, they escape, with Greenleaf's assistance, to the Marquesas).

Emory now seizes Michael, but Del Mar steals him in turn and starts east for Harris Collins' animal-training school at Cedarwild, Long Island, sending a telegram to Collins saying that he has a dog who is a "ten-strike and the limit." But, on the way, Del Mar is killed in an accident, and when Michael arrives at the school, Collins has no idea what he can do. He knows that it must be something unusual, because Del Mar had ordered him to dispose of his troupe of dogs, then boarding with him. Del Mar had said in his telegram that every turn he ever "pulled" is put in the shade by Michael's accomplishments. So Collins is determined to find out what they are, and proceeds accordingly.

would have striven to learn these tricks, and in most of them would have succeeded. But here at Cedarwild was no love, and his own thoroughbred nature made him stubbornly refuse to do under compulsion what he would gladly have done out of love. As a result, since Collins was no thoroughbred of a man, the clashes between them were for a time frequent and savage. In this fighting, Michael quickly learned he had no chance. He was always doomed to defeat. He was beaten by stereotyped formula before he began.

After a time, scarcely ever trying him out on a new trick, the chain and Johnny were dispensed with, and, with Collins, he spent all Collins' hours in the arena. He learned, by bitter lessons, that he must follow Collins around, and follow him he did, hating him perpetually.

He drew more and more within himself, became morose, and brooded much. All of which was spiritually unhealthy. He, who had been so merry-hearted, even merrier-hearted than his brother Jerry, began to grow saturnine and peevish and ill-tempered. He no longer experienced impulses to play, to romp around, to run about. His body

became as quiet and controlled as his brain. Human convicts, in prisons, attain this quietude. He could stand by the hour to heel to Collins, uninterested, infinitely bored, while Collins tortured some mongrel creature into the performance of a trick.

And much of this torturing Michael witnessed. There were the greyhounds, the high-jumpers and wide-leapers. They were willing to do their best, but Collins and his assistants achieved the miracle, if miracle it may be called, of making them do better than their best. Their best was natural. Their better-than-best was unnatural, and it killed some and shortened the lives of all.

"Never will a jumping dog jump his hardest," Collins told his assistants, "unless he's made to. That's your job. That's the difference between the jumpers I turn out and some of these dub amateur-jumping outfits that fail to make good even on the bush circuits."

Collins continually taught. A graduate from his school, an assistant who received from him a letter of recommendation, carried a high credential of a sheepskin into the trained-animal world.

"No dog walks naturally on its hind legs, much less on its fore legs," Collins would say. "Dogs ain't built that way. They have to be made to—that's all. That's the secret of all animal training. They have to. You've got to make them. That's your job. Make them. Anybody who can't, can't make good in this factory. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, and get busy."

Michael saw, without fully appreciating, the use of the spiked saddle on the bucking mule. The mule was fat and good-natured the first day of its appearance in the arena. It had been a pet mule in a family of children until Collins' keen eyes rested on it, and it had known only love and kindness and much laughter for its foolish mulishness. But Collins' eyes had read health, vigor, and long life, as well as laughableness of appearance and action in the long-eared hybrid.

"Barney Barnato" he was renamed that first day in the arena, when, also, he received the surprise of his life. He did not dream of the spike in the saddle, or, while the saddle was empty, did it press against him. But the moment Samuel Bacon, a negro tumbler, got into the saddle, the

spike sank home. He knew about it and was prepared. But Barney, taken by surprise, arched his back in the first buck he had ever made. It was so prodigious a buck that Collins' eyes snapped with satisfaction, while Sam landed a dozen feet away in the sawdust.

"Make good like that," Collins approved, "and when I sell the mule, you'll go along as part of the turn or I miss my guess. And it will be some turn. There'll be at least two more like you who'll have to be nerved and know how to fall. Get busy. Try him again."

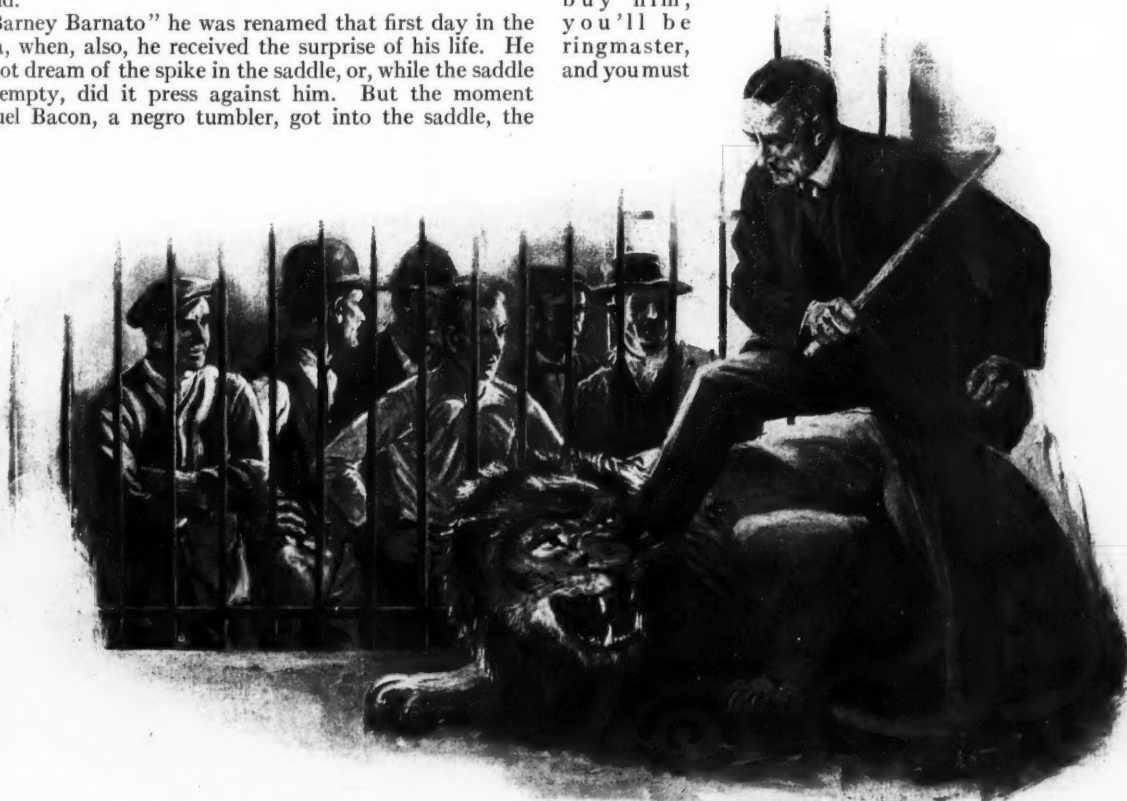
And Barney entered into the education that later won his purchaser more time than he could deliver over the best vaudeville circuits in Canada and the United States. Day after day, Barney took his torture. Not for long did he carry the spiked saddle. Instead, bareback, he received the negro on his back, and was spiked and set bucking just the same; for the spike was now attached to Sam's palm by means of leather straps. In the end, Barney became so "touchy" about his back that he almost began bucking if a person as much as looked at it. Certainly, aware of the stab of pain, he started bucking, whirling, and kicking whenever the first signal was given of some one trying to mount him.

At the end of the fourth week, two other tumblers—white youths—being secured, the complete, builded turn was performed for the benefit of a slender, French-looking gentleman with waxed mustaches. In the end, he bought Barney, without haggling, at Collins' own terms, and engaged Sam and the other two tumblers as well. Collins staged the trick properly, as it would be staged in the theater, even had ready and set up all the necessary apparatus, and himself acted as ringmaster while the prospective purchaser looked on.

Barney, fat as butter, humorous-looking, was led into the square of cloth-covered steel cables and cloth-covered steel uprights. The halter was removed, and he was turned loose.

"Remember one thing," Collins told the man who might

buy: "If you buy him, you'll be ringmaster, and you must



He lifted and advanced his right foot, not tentatively and hesitantly but quickly and firmly, bringing it to rest on the lion's neck

never, never spike him. When he comes to know that, you can always put your hands on him any time and control him. He's good-natured at heart, and he's the gratefullest mule I've ever seen in the business. He's just got to love you and hate the other three. And one warning: if he goes real bad and starts biting, you'll have to pull out his teeth and feed him soft mashes and crushed grain that's steamed. I'll give you the recipe for the digestive dope you'll have to put in. Now—watch!"

Collins stepped into the ring and caressed Barney, who responded in the best of tempers and tried affectionately to nudge and shove past on the way out of the ropes to escape what he knew was coming.

"See!" Collins exposted. "He's got confidence in me. He trusts me. He knows I've never spiked him and that I always save him in the end. I'm his Good Samaritan, and you'll have to be the same to him if you buy him. Now I'll give you your spiel. Of course, you can improve on it to suit yourself."

The master trainer walked out of the roped square, stepped forward to an imaginary line, and looked down and out and up, as if he were gazing at the pit of the orchestra beneath him, across at the body of the house and up into the galleries.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he addressed the sawdust emptiness before him, as if it were a packed audience: "This is Barney Barnato, the biggest joker of a mule ever born. He's as affectionate as a Newfoundland puppy. Just watch—" Stepping back to the ropes, Collins extended his hand across them, saying, "Come here, Barney, and show all these people who you love best."

And Barney twinkled forward on his small hoofs, nuzzled the open hand, and came closer, nuzzling up the arm, nudging Collins' shoulder with his nose, half rearing as if to get across the ropes and embrace him. What he was really doing was begging and entreating Collins to take him away out of the squared ring from the torment he knew awaited him.

"That's what it means by never spiking him," Collins shot at the man with the waxed mustaches, as he stepped forward to the imaginary line in the sawdust, above the imaginary pit of the orchestra, and addressed the imaginary house. "Ladies and gentlemen: Barney Barnato is a joshier. He's got forty tricks up each of his four legs, and the man don't live that he'll let stick on his back for sixty seconds. I'm telling you this in fair warning before I make my proposition. Looks easy, doesn't it? One minute, the sixtieth part of an hour, to be precise, sixty seconds, to stick on the back of an affectionate joshier mule like Barney. Well, come on you boys and bronco-riders. To anybody who sticks on for one minute, I shall immediately pay the sum of fifty dollars; for two whole, entire minutes, the sum of five hundred dollars."

This was the cue for Samuel Bacon, who advanced across the sawdust, awkward and grinning and embarrassed, and apparently was helped up to the stage by the extended hand of Collins.

"Is your life insured?" Collins demanded. Sam shook his head and grinned. "Then what are you tackling this for?"

"For the money," said Sam. "I jes' naturally needs it in my business."

"What is your business?"

"None of your business, mister." Here Sam grinned ingratiating apology for his impertinence and shuffled on his legs. "I might be investin' in lottery tickets, only I ain't. Do I get the money? That's *our* business."

"Sure you do!" Collins replied. "When you earn it. Stand over there to one side and wait a moment. Ladies and gentlemen: If you will forgive the delay, I must ask for more volunteers. Any more takers? Fifty dollars for sixty seconds. Almost a dollar a second—if you win. Better—I'll make it a dollar a second. Sixty dollars to the boy, man, woman, or girl who sticks on Barney's back for one minute. Come on, ladies! Remember this is the day of equal suffrage. Here's where you put it over on your husbands,

brothers, sons, fathers, and grandfathers. Age is no limit. Grandma, do I get you?" he uttered directly to what must have been a very elderly lady in a front row. "You see" (to the prospective buyer), "I've got the entire patter for you. You could do it with two rehearsals, and you can do them right here, free of charge, part of the purchase."

The next two tumblers crossed the sawdust and were helped by Collins up to the imaginary stage.

"You can change the patter according to the cities you're in," he explained to the Frenchman. "It's easy to find out the names of the most despised and toughest neighborhoods or villages, and have the boys hail from them."

Continuing the patter, Collins put the performance on. Sam's first attempt was brief. He was not half on when he was flung to the ground. Half a dozen attempts, quickly repeated, were scarcely better, the last one permitting him to remain on Barney's back nearly ten seconds, and culminating in a ludicrous fall over Barney's head. Sam withdrew from the ring, shaking his head dubiously and holding his side as if in pain. The other lads followed. Expert tumblers, they executed most amazing and side-splitting falls. Sam recovered and came back. Toward the last, all three made a combined attack on Barney, striving to mount him simultaneously from different slants of approach. They were scattered and flung like chaff, sometimes falling heaped together. Once, the two white boys, standing apart as if recovering breath, were mowed down by Sam's flying body.

"Remember, this is a real mule," Collins told the man with the waxed mustaches. "If any outsiders butt in for a hack at the money, all the better. They'll get theirs quick. The man don't live who can stay on his back a minute—it you keep him rehearsed with the spike. He must live in fear of the spike. Never let him slow up on it. Never let him forget it. If you lay off any time for a few days, rehearse him with the spike a couple of times just before you begin again, or else he might forget it and queer the turn by ambling around with the first outside rube that mounts him. And just suppose some rube, all hooks of arms and legs and hands, is managing to stick on anyway, and the minute is getting near up. Just have Sam here, or any of your three, slide in and spike him from the palm. That'll be good-night for Mr. Rube. You can't lose, and the audience'll laugh its top head off. Now for the climax! Watch! This always brings the house down. Get busy you two! Sam—ready!"

While the white boys threatened to mount Barney from either side and kept his attention engaged, Sam, from outside, in a sudden fit of rage and desperation, made a flying dive across the ropes and, from in front, locked arms and legs about Barney's neck, tucking his own head close against Barney's head. And Barney reared up on his hind legs, as he had long since learned from the many palm-spikings he had received on head and neck.

"It's a corker!" Collins announced, as Barney, on his hind legs, striking vainly with his fore, struggled about the ring. "There's no danger. He'll never fall over backward. He's a mule, and he's too wise. Besides, even if he does, all Sam has to do is let go and fall clear."

The turn over, Barney gladly accepted the halter, and was led out of the square ring and up to the Frenchman.

"Long life there—look him over," Collins continued to sell. "It's a full turn, including yourself, four performers besides the mule, and besides any suckers from the audience. It's all ready to put on the boards, and dirt-cheap at five thousand." The Frenchman winced at the sum. "Listen to arithmetic," Collins went on. "You can sell at twelve hundred a week at least, and you can net eight hundred certain. Six weeks of the net pays for the turn, and you can book a hundred weeks right off the bat and have them yelling for more. Wish I was young and foot-loose. I'd take it out on the road myself and coin a fortune."

And Barney was sold, and passed out of the Cedarwild Animal School to the slavery of the spike and to be provocative of much joy and laughter in the pleasure-theaters of the world.



DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

They resented Michael's intrusion on the instant, spitting, lashing their long tails, and crouching to spring. At the same moment, the trainer spoke with sharp imperativeness and raised his whip, while the men on the outside lifted their irons and advanced them intimidatingly into the cage

XXVII

"THE thing is, Johnny, you can't love dogs into doing professional tricks, which is the difference between dogs and women," Collins told his assistant. "You know how it is with any dog. You love him up into lying down and rolling over and playing dead and all such dub tricks. And then, one day, you show him off to your friends, and the conditions are changed, and he gets all excited and foolish and you can't get him to do a thing."

"Now, on the stage, they got real tricks to do, tricks they don't like, tricks they hate. And they mightn't be feeling good—got a touch of cold, or mange, or are sour-balled. What are you going to do? Apologize to the audience? Besides, on the stage, the program runs like clockwork. Got to start performing on the tick of the clock, and anywhere from one to seven turns a day, all depending what kind of time you've got. The point is, your dogs have got to get right up and perform. No loving them, no begging them, no waiting on them. And there's only the one way. They've got to know when you start you mean it."

Half an hour later, Michael heard, though he understood no word of it, the master trainer laying another law down to another assistant.

"Cross-breds and mongrels are what's needed, Charles. Not one thoroughbred in ten makes good unless he's got the heart of a coward, and that's just what distinguishes them from mongrels and cross-breds. Like race-horses, they're hot-blooded. They've got sensitiveness and pride. Pride's the worst. You listen to me. I was born into the business, and I've studied it all my life. I'm a success. There's only one reason I'm a success—I KNOW. Get that? I KNOW."

"Another thing is that cross-breds and mongrels are cheap. You needn't be afraid of losing them or working them out. You can always get more, and cheap. And they ain't the trouble in teaching. You can throw the fear of God into them. That's what's the matter with the thoroughbreds. You can't throw the fear of God into them."

"Take this terrier here." Collins nodded at Michael, who stood several feet back of him, morosely regarding the various activities of the arena. "He's both kinds of a thoroughbred, and therefore no good. I've never given him a real licking, and I never will. It would be a waste of time. He'll fight if you press him too hard. And he'll die fighting you. He's too sensible to fight if you don't press him too

hard. And if you don't press him too hard, he'll just stay as he is and refuse to learn anything. I'd chuck him right now, except Del Mar couldn't make a mistake. Poor Harry knew he had a specialty, and a crackerjack, and it's up to me to find it."

"Wonder if he's a lion-dog," Charles suggested.

"He's the kind that ain't afraid of lions," Collins concurred. "But what sort of a specialty trick could he do with lions? Stick his head in their mouths? I never heard of a dog doing that, and it's an idea. But we can try him. We've tried him at most everything else."

"There's old Hannibal," said Charles. "He used to take a woman's head in his mouth with the old Sales-Sinker Shows."



Inside, in so wildly struggling a tangle on the floor that it was Jack, and Michael, locked together. Men danced about them. In the far end of the cage were the other and striking at the iron rods that

"But old Hannibal's getting cranky," Collins objected. "I've been watching him and trying to get rid of him. Any animal is liable to go off its nut any time, especially wild ones. You see, the life ain't natural. And when they do, it's good-night. You lose your investment, and, if you don't know your business, maybe your life."

And Michael might well have been tried out on Hannibal, and have lost his head inside that animal's huge mouth, had not the good fortune of aproposness intervened. For, the next moment, Collins was listening to the hasty report of his lion-and-tiger keeper. The man who reported was possibly forty years of age, although he looked half as old again. He was a withered-faced man, whose face-lines, deep and

vertical, looked as if they had been clawed there by some beast other than himself.

"Old Hannibal is going crazy," was the burden of his report.

"Nonsense!" said Harris Collins. "It's you that's getting old. He's got your goat, that's all. I'll show it to you. Come on along, all of you! We'll take fifteen minutes off of the work, and I'll show you a show never seen in the showing. It'd be worth ten thousand a week anywhere—only, it wouldn't last. Old Hannibal would turn up his toes out of sheer hurt feelings. Come on everybody! All hands! Fifteen minutes recess!"

And Michael followed at the heels of his latest and most terrible master, the twain leading the procession of em-

of his cage, with all the air of being bent on some determined purpose.

"That's the way he's been goin' on for two days," whimpered his keeper. "An' when you go near 'm, he just reaches for you. Look what he done to me!" The man held up his right arm, the shirt and undershirt ripped to shreds and red parallel grooves, slightly clotted with blood, showing where the claws had broken the skin. "An' I wasn't inside. He did it through the bars, with one swipe, when I was startin' to clean his cage. Now, if he'd only roar or something. But he never makes a sound—just keeps on goin' up an' down."

"Where's the key?" Collins demanded. "Good! Now let me in. And lock it afterward and take the key out. Lose it; forget it; throw it away. I'll have all the time in the

world to wait for you to find it to let me out."

And Harris Collins, a sliver of a less than a light-weight man, who lived in mortal fear of his wife, went into the cage before the critical audience of his employees and professional visitors, armed only with a broom-handle. Further, the door was locked behind him, and, the moment he was in, keeping a casual but alert eye on the pacing Hannibal, he reiterated his order to lock the door and remove the key.

Half a dozen times the lion paced up and down, declining to take any notice of the intruder. And then, when his back was turned as he went down the cage, Collins stepped directly in the way of his return path and stood still. Coming back and finding his way blocked, Hannibal did not roar. His muscular movements sliding each into the next like so much silk of tawny hide, he struck at the obstacle that confronted his way.

But Collins, knowing ahead of the lion what the lion was going to do, struck first, with the broom-handle, rapping the beast on its tender nose. Hannibal recoiled with a flash of snarl, and flashed back a second sweeping stroke of his mighty paw. Again he was anticipated, and the rap on his nose sent him into recoil.

"Got to keep his head down—that way lies safety," the master trainer muttered in a low, tense voice. "Ah, would you? Take it, then!"

Hannibal, in wrath, crouching for a spring, had lifted his head. The consequent blow on his nose forced his head down to the floor, and the king of beasts, nose still to floor, backed away with mouth-snarls and throat-and-chest noises.

"Follow up," Collins enunciated, himself following, rapping the nose again sharply and accelerating the lion's backward retreat.

"Man is the boss because he's got the head that thinks,"



difficult to discern what animals composed it, were Alphonso, outside, thrusting in with iron bars and trying to separate two leopards, nursing their wounds and snarling kept them out of the combat

employees and visiting professional animal-men, who trooped along behind. As was well known, when Harris Collins performed, he performed only for the élite of the trained-animal world.

The preparation consisted merely in equipping himself with a broom-handle.

Hannibal was old, but he was reputed the largest lion in captivity, and he had not lost his teeth. He was pacing up and down the length of his cage, heavily and swaying, after the manner of captive animals, when the unexpected audience erupted into the space before his cage. Yet he took no notice whatever, merely continuing his pacing, swinging his head from side to side, turning lithely at each end

Collins preached the lesson; "and he's just got to make his head boss his body—that's all—so that he can think one thought ahead of the animal, and act one act ahead. Watch me get his goat. The broomstick will do it. Watch!" He backed the animal down the length of the cage, continually rapping at the nose and keeping it down to the floor. "Now I'm going to pile him into the corner."

And Hannibal, snarling, growling, and spitting, ducking his head and with short paw-strokes to ward off the insistent broomstick, backed obediently into the corner, crumpled up his hind parts, and tried to withdraw his corporeal body within itself in a pain-urged effort to make it smaller. And always he kept his nose down and himself harmless for a spring. In the thick of it, he slowly raised his nose and yawned. Nor, because it came up slowly, and because Collins had anticipated the yawn by being one thought ahead of Hannibal in Hannibal's own brain, was the nose rapped.

"That's the goat!" Collins announced, for the first time speaking in a hearty voice in which was no vibration of strain. "When a lion yawns in the thick of a fight, you know he ain't crazy. He's sensible. He's got to be sensible, or he'd be springing or lashing out instead of yawning. He knows he's licked, and that yawn of his merely says: 'I quit. For the love of Mike, leave me alone. My nose is awful sore. I'd like to get you, but I can't. I'll do anything you want, and I'll be dreadful good, but don't hit my poor sore nose.'"

"But man is the boss, and he can't afford to be so easy. Drive the lesson home that you're boss. Rub it in. Don't stop when he quits. Make him swallow the medicine and lick the spoon. Make him kiss your foot on his neck, holding him down in the dirt. Make him kiss the stick that's beaten him. Watch!"

And Hannibal, the largest lion in captivity, with all his teeth, captured out of the jungle after he was full-grown, a veritable king of beasts, before the menacing broomstick in the hand of a sliver of a man backed deeper and more crumpled together into the corner. His back was bowed up, the very opposite muscular position to that for a spring, while he drew his head more and more down and under his chest

in utter abjectness, resting his weight on his elbows and shielding his poor nose with his massive paws, a single stroke of which could have ripped the life of Collins quivering from his body.

"Now, he might be tricky," Collins announced; "but he's got to kiss my foot and the stick just the same. Watch!"

He lifted and advanced his right foot, not tentatively and hesitantly but quickly and firmly, bringing it to rest on the lion's neck. The stick was poised to strike, one act ahead of the lion's next-possible act, as Collins' mind was one thought ahead of the lion's next thought.

And Hannibal did the forecasted and predestined. His head flashed up, huge jaws distended, fangs gleaming, to sink into the slender, silken-hosed ankle above the tan low-cut shoes. But the fangs never sank. They were scarcely started a fifth of the way of the distance, when the waiting broomstick rapped on his nose and made him sink it in the floor under his chest and cover it again with his paws.

"He ain't crazy," said Collins. "He knows, from the little he knows, that I know more than him and that I've got him licked to a fare-you-well. If he was crazy, he wouldn't know, and I wouldn't know his mind either, and I wouldn't be that one jump ahead of him, and he'd get me and mess the whole cage up with my insides."

He prodded Hannibal with the end of the broom-handle, after each prod poising it for a stroke. And the great lion lay and roared in helplessness, and at each prod exposed his nose more and lifted it higher, until, at the end, his red tongue ran out between his fangs and licked the boot resting none too gently on his neck, and, after that, licked the broomstick that had administered all the punishment.

"Going to be a good lion now?" Collins demanded, roughly rubbing his foot back and forth on Hannibal's neck. Hannibal could not refrain from growling his hatred. "Going to be a good lion?" Collins repeated, rubbing his foot back and forth still more roughly.

And Hannibal exposed his nose, and, with his red tongue, licked again the tan shoe and the slender, tan-silken ankle that he could have destroyed with one crunch.

XXVIII



"You animal-guys make me sick," the stage-hand muttered

ONE friend Michael made among the many animals he encountered in the Cedar-wild School, and a strange, sad friendship it was. Sara she was called, a small green monkey from South America, who seemed to have been born hysterical and indignant, and with no appreciation of humor. Sometimes, following Collins about the arena, Michael would meet her while she waited to be tried out on some new turn. For, unable or unwilling to try, she was forever being tried out on turns, or, with little herself to do, as a filler-in for more important performers.

But she always caused confusion, either chattering and squealing with fright or bickering at the other animals. Whenever they attempted to make her do anything, she protested indignantly, and if they tried force, her squalls and cries excited all the animals in the arena and set the work back. (Continued on page 146)



It was on Sunday, when Cousin Elam's Family came over, that Mother extended herself and showed Class.

New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

The Fable of the Waist-Band that was Taut up to the Moment it gave Way

ONCE there was a Family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Stuffer and three little Stuffers.

They lived in a crowded Borough, but they and most of the other Cottagers along the Esplanade were simply veneered Rubes.

Mrs. Stuffer had belonged to the Bolt Family back in Fodderville, where she put on Weight before being shipped up to the City.

Her Mother was a Gullep, and Lineal Descendant of a New England Pilgrim named Grubb.

Mr. Stuffer also was well connected, never fear.

His Mother had been one of the Gobbels, and his Grand-sire on the other Branch of the Tree was often referred to, for he was none other than Phillip Gormann-Deizer, with a Colonial Home near the Gorge at Eatonville.

Along with those unusual Corpuscles which circulate in Daughters of the Revolution, the Stuffers had inherited certain Family Traits and were possessed of many ingrained Beliefs.

Their Folks, as far back as Records carried, had regarded America as the Land of Plentv and Then Some.

Also, one of the Traditions coming from the grand old Pioneer Stock seemed to be that the Main Tract of the Alimentary System is the Home of the Soul.

The Stuffers could say truly that not one of their previous Relatives ever permitted a Guest to go away Hungry.

Sometimes he was taking Bi-Carb when he departed, but, Thank Goodness, he never was craving Nourishment.

So the Family Honor stood safe and intact.

Back in the Country, where the Stuffers received their early Schooling as two-handed Scoopers, no Man could

hold up his Head unless he was a bountiful Provider, and no Woman was respected unless she had Apple Butter and two kinds of Pie on the Table at every Round-Up.

Those were the Blissful Days when the Deacon with the Throat-Warmers would close his Eyes and ask that this Food be Blessed and Sanctified to our Uses.

And take it from Hortense, when the Deacon made that reasonable Request, there was something piled in front of him waiting to be Sanctified.

No one ever heard of Luxuries during that oleaginous Period.

Anything that could be Et was a Necessity.

The Family that wanted a Sunday Dinner away back Yonder did not have to hock the Morris Chairs.

The Barn Lot was swarming with Springers; the Garden had many rows of Sass; Berries could be had for the Picking. Anything you might think of was Ten Cents.

For one measly Dime, the genial Grocer would let you have a Pound of Butter or a Dozen Eggs or a Peck of Murphys or a hunk of Bacon or an armful of Roasting Ears. Beans were about as costly as Gravel.

Off in the Pantry, the solid loaves of Salt-Rising Bread were stacked, careless-like, the same as Cord-Wood.

The Humble Toiler who stowed away 14 to 16 Spare-Ribs smothered with Kraut, four or five helpings of Fresh Vegetables, a few light Biscuit inlaid with golden Butter, and possibly a quarter of a mile of Noodles, would trick out his Modest Snack with Spiced Peaches, frosty Dough-nuts, and a little quart Bowl of preserved Cherries, to say nothing of Coffee Curdled with heavy Cream, and never suspect that he was living somewhat Nifty.

He was simply getting regular every-day Chow of the Farm-Hand variety.

It was on Sunday, when the Minister and his Wife or Cousin Elam's Family came over, that Mother extended herself and showed Class.

The Family never had Flowers on the Table, because the Space was taken up with Jams and Jells.

At that time, Dinner did not open with *Canapé Scabouche* followed by *Potage à la Bohonque*.

It opened with a Breast and a Second Joint and a couple of Drumsticks and much Gravy, with here and there a Giblet, and enough Mashed Potatoes to plaster a Small Room, and a Million Green Peas that never had been to Market, and an awful mix-up of String Beans, while the Odd Corners were chinked in with Cottage Cheese and Pickled Watermelon Rind and Sweet Peppers.

Butter was not rolled into Marbles during the Seventies. Well, we should say Not!

It was lifted in half-pound Gobs, and those who smeared it never felt Improvident.

What is now called Service consisted of cleaning up the Trough and going back for another Load.

The Conversation was wholly made up of:

(1) Urgent Appeals for every one to Pack in a little bit more;

(2) Weak Protests from the Packees;

(3) Contrite Apologies from the Cook as to the Quality and Amount of Eatables in sight;

(4) Stereotyped Assurances to perturbed Hostess that everything was Swell, Elegant, and Dandy.

If the Fig Cake was a Triumph and the Jelly Cake held its Shape but the Hickory-Nut Cake went Blah, that called for a lot of Explaining.

There was a Time when every Woman thought that a soggy Cake was a Reflection on her Character.

Then, if the Visitors moved slowly from the Dining-Room with their Eyes protruding slightly, the Meal was voted a Success.

Not every Parlor sported an upright Piano, and the Citizen who guided a team of Bays from the front Pad of a two-seated Carriage was some Rajah,



When Winter came on, each Cellar in the Township was loaded to the Guards

Meal, Buckwheat Flour, Onions, and other Medicinal Herbs, with possibly a few chilled Geese and Rabbits for immediate Consumption.

A barbed-wire Entanglement could have been strung around any Domicile in the Autumn, and the imprisoned Family would have come out on May 1st wearing Double Chins.

After the Stuffers landed in Town and had to use pleading Language to get a couple of fibrous Chops, they would become sentimental over Memories of Hog-Killing.

Oh, Elmer!

The Steaming Kettles of Water and the sound of scraping Knives.

Pallid Carcasses suspended in the frosty Air and the gleeful Eviscerators singing "Molly Darling" as they Rummaged.

If a close-figuring Landlady, who tries to set a Table for Five Per, could have seen the Cans of Lard, the Platters of Tenderloin, the Hams waiting to be Cured, and the Sausage Meat ready to glide into the Links, she would have declared it was all a Mirage.

It is hard for some People to realize, along in this Stretch of Tribulation, that not long ago, out where Things are Grown, everyone who sat down to a Repast was urged to make a Grand Drive and go as far as he liked.

The mere Thought of anyone going light on new-laid Eggs, or laying off on Butter, or working in the Meatless Day, or messing around with Bran, Excelsior, Sawdust, Husks, Chop-Feed, and other Substitutes for Something to Eat would have been too Silly for Utterance.

The Practise of Economy was well-



They would become sentimental over Memories of Hog-Killing

nigh Universal, but it did not involve playing a Joke on the *Cesophagus*.

The Woman of the House was Thrifty, for she fed her Cook-Stove a Splinter at a Time.

When Pa's red Unmentionables with the Glass Buttons became too Intimate and Itchy, they were chopped down for Ulysses or Grover.

Patches were made into Quilts and Rags worked over into Carpets.

A Peach-Basket, treated with a Nickel's Worth of Gold Paint and decked out with Bows of Ribbon, became a Hanging Basket for the Pet Geranium.

All the spare Coppers went into the little Tin Bank.

Only a favored Few were permitted to walk on the Brussels Carpet.

Any good Citizen of Jasper Township would have assured you that Frugality was his Middle Name.

But Frugality did not mean getting up from the Table hungry.

For anyone to back away before he felt himself Distended would have been regarded as Evidence of a cowardly Nature.

As soon as a Member of the Family began to fly at the Menu with a lack of wolfish Enthusiasm, he was subject to treatment as an Invalid.

The real Local Gazimbat was the Lad who held the Flapjack Record and was ready to meet all Comers during the Sweet-Corn Season.

A never-failing Appetite for anything that could be carried in and planked on the Table was classed as one of the Christian Virtues.

The Owner was held in Regard as one who had acquired Moral Grandeur and lifted himself above the Weaklings.

He went around blowing that he could Eat Anything, and all the Light Feeders slunk into the Background when he lifted his Bazoo.

Now that you have a Steer on the Pre-Natal Influences and Environment of the Stuffer Family, can you see the Bunch dropped down in a Residence Thoroughfare of a congested Metropolis, three miles from a Cow and six miles from a Hen that could be relied upon to come across every Day?

Although badly separated from the Base of Supplies, they were still true to the honored Customs of the Grubbs and the Gobbels and the Gulleps.

Mrs. Stuffer often said that she would rather cut off her Right Hand than have an Acquaintance drop in and find one Section of the Dining-Room Table unoccupied by tempting Viands.

She remarked time and again that, Come what Might, she never would Stint her Loved Ones or deny them such simple Essentials as Fresh Eggs, Sure-Enough Butter, Steak cut thick, Leg of Lamb, and submerged Short-Cake.

And there were a Hundred Thousand More like her.

If one is accustomed to the Best—and no real Daughter of a generous Mother ever compromised on Seconds or Culls—one must not Pike when telephoning the Orders.

This elaborate Overture will give you a Rough Idea of what Mr. Stuffer was up against.

He came to the City on a Guarantee.

His Salary looked like the Income of J. P. Morgan until he began to check up the Outgo.

Back in Fodderville, a neat frame Dwelling with a scroll-saw Veranda, a bed of Peonies, and Exposure on four Sides would set you back about \$15 per Moon.

Up in the City, you couldn't get a Hat-Rack for any such Money.

It seemed to the Stuffers that everything in Town was sold by the Minute or the Ounce.

It was a grievous Shock to the Missus when they began to weigh the Vegetables on her.

She had got used to having them thrown at her with a Shovel.

The Neighbors no longer brought in Produce at Special inside Prices—Eggs figured by the wear and tear on the Fowl, and no Overhead Charge on Honey except the Time put in by the Bees.

The Stuffers suddenly discovered that when you go out to spend a Dollar in the City, you don't have to take a Wheelbarrow along.

But Mr. Stuffer and Mrs. Stuffer and each of the miniature Stuffers had it firmly fixed in the Nut that the Minute you begin letting down on That to which you have been Accustomed you lose Self-Respect and indirectly confess to being in Straitened Circumstances.

It was all right for those living in Huts and Hovels to cheapen the Standards of Living, but the Stuffers could not endure the Thought of giving up any of the old Stand-by Dishes.

Some Persons of a Poetical Turn mark the changing Seasons by the Trailing Arbutus, which precedes the bold Iris; then old-fashioned Roses, followed by a riotous show of Dahlias; Autumn Leaves tinged Red and Yellow, harbingers of snowy Fields and icy Boughs.

Every Sign of the Zodiac meant a new Item in the Bill of Fare for the practical Stuffers.

With the first warm days of Spring, did they go looking for Wood-Violets?

Not one Look.

They began to sit up and demand Green Onions, Asparagus, Head Lettuce, and Strawberries.

June is the Month of Roses. Also of Fried Chicken and a pleasant gateway to Corn on the Cob.

Autumn Days need not be Melancholy if one is surrounded by Turkey and Mincemeat.

Even Winter has a Charm of its own, if Sausage and Buckwheat Cakes are ever smiling in the Background.

When Prices began to Sizz-Boom-Ah, the old Pay Envelop failed to stand up under the Strain, but can you expect one reared on the Fat of the Land to accept Macaroni as a Compromise?

The Producer would let out a Howl every time the Meat Bill came in, but he would have howled in a higher Key if the Good Woman had failed to throw him his Roast Beef and Mutton Chops.

He wielded a very consistent Knife and Fork, and his daily Demand was for something that Sticks to the Ribs.



Every Sign of the Zodiac meant a new Item in the Bill of Fare for the practical Stuffers



Mrs. Stuffer watched her Husband as he lighted his Sublima

Of course, both of them saw the Article in the Paper, entitled "How to feed a Family of Five on 80 Cents a Day."

Once, just after the 1st of the Month, while Mr. Stuffer was still Bleeding, his Companion tried out a Sample Menu recommended by Hazel McGinnis Updyke, a famous Tipster weighing between 80 and 90 Pounds.

He stirred the watery Soup as if moved by a dull Curiosity as to the grains of Barley hiding at the Bottom, and then he gave Friend Wife a Look—but, Ooey, such a Look!

It seemed to say, "And this is the Woman who promised to Love, Honor, and be of some Help!"

Then came Rice Croquettes, one of the most startling Specimens of Near-Food ever touted by a Lady writing Syndicate Come-Ons and boarding at an Italian Table d'Hôte.

You eat it, but after you get through, you are not sure that anything has Happened.

After which, Bread Pudding, said to have broken up more Homes than High White Shoes.

As Mr. Stuffer left the House, his well-meaning Partner felt in her Heart of Hearts that he was going out to a Restaurant to get some Ham and Eggs.

She resolved that never again would she ask him to be Untrue to his Nobler Self.

So, at the next Meal, she jollied him up with Lamb Steak and Kidneys, Mushrooms in Cream, Succotash, Waffles and Maple Syrup, Endive Salad and Sharp Cheese, with a Finale of Blueberry Pie à la Mode.

Experts tell us that Blueberry Pie, showing its bold Color between the slopes of Vanilla Ice Cream, is practically the Last Word with those who

lousSea with the Breakers just ahead. Man's Chief Enemies, they had been told long ago, are Pride, Lust, Avarice, etc.

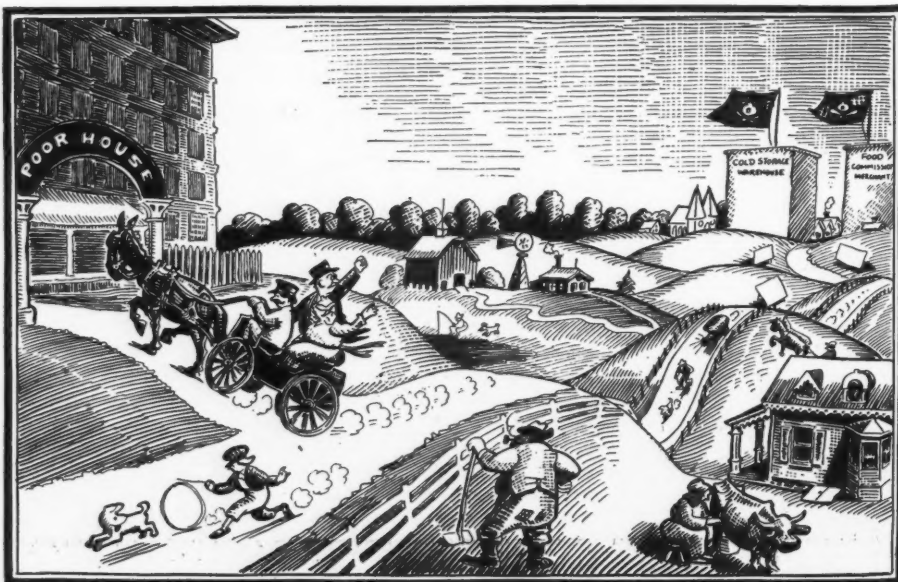
Now they learned Different. They came to know that the two principal Destroyers of Happiness are the Middleman and the Cold-Storage Warehouse.

Hemmed in by extortionate Retailers, Food Pirates, and Commission Sharks, they stood Resolute and vowed they would never Surrender.

As they were riding over the Hills to the Poorhouse, Mr. Stuffer made the dismal Observation that it was a Blue Finish for a Life of Honest Endeavor.

"That may be true," said Mrs. Stuffer, "but I have this Satisfaction," as she lifted her Head proudly: "I set a good Table to the very last."

Moral: Cling to your Ideals, such as they are.



As they were riding over the Hills to the Poorhouse, Mr. Stuffer made the dismal Observation that it was a Blue Finish for a Life of Honest Endeavor

The next *New Fable in Slang*, A Mosquito Fleet of Undersized Chasers and Destroyers, will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

want something to hit the Spot.

It is the *Pièce de Résistance*, the *Dénouement*, the Dramatic Climax, the Grand Transformation, Little Eva ascending to Paradise.

Nothing comes after it except the Pepsin Tablet and the Hot-Water Bag.

Mrs. Stuffer watched her Husband as he lighted his Sublima.

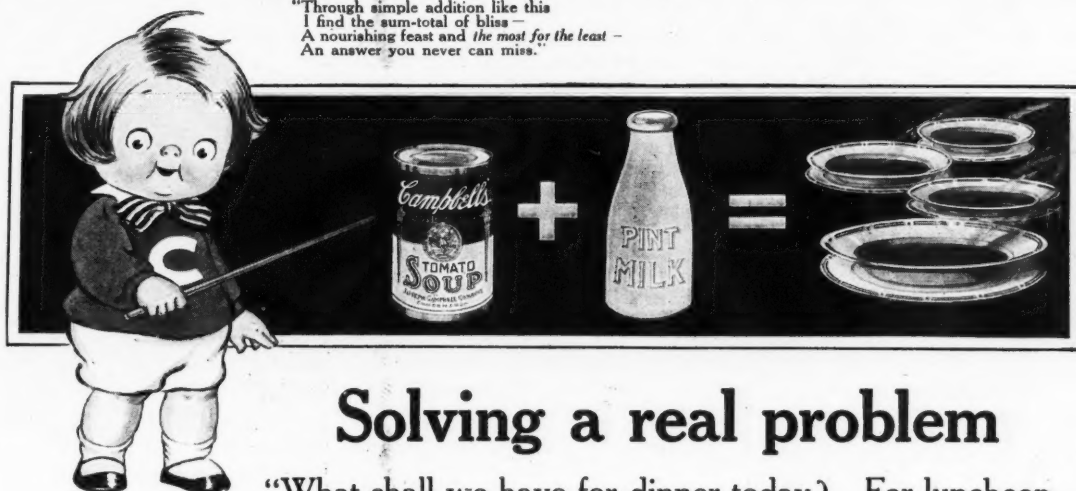
He had a Sleepy Look, which is always a Good Sign.

Then he Groaned, and she knew that she had won back his Love.

Any time you get them to Groaning, you are a Jewel of a Housekeeper.

Having set out to defy the Increased Cost and indulge themselves within Reason, the little Family soon found itself riding a trou-

"Through simple addition like this
I find the sum-total of bliss—
A nourishing feast and the most for the least—
An answer you never can miss."



Solving a real problem

"What shall we have for dinner today? For luncheon or supper? How shall we start the meal? What is appetizing, nourishing, easy to digest, easy to prepare and at the same time economical in every sense of the word?"

These are questions which face the practical and conscientious housewife every day. One of the simplest and readiest answers is

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It provides you with a pure and wholesome food, tempting to the taste, beneficial to health. And it saves you labor and expense.

Served simply with the addition of hot water it is a nutritious and stimulating introduction to any meal. Or with an equal quantity of milk instead of water, it becomes richer and even more nourishing. A delicious Cream of Tomato.

Make it yet heartier, if you like, by adding boiled rice or noodles. This gives you the best part of an invigorating luncheon or supper. Just the thing for hot weather, for jaded appetites or for the children's evening meal.

This satisfying soup comes to you all cooked, blended and seasoned. You save materials and fuel. You have the benefit of what is really co-operative buying and co-operative cooking on a large scale. You have no spoilage nor waste to pay for; only pure nourishment in the most attractive and digestible form; and all ready for your table at three minutes' notice—any time.

The practical way is to order *Campbell's Soups* by the dozen or case, and never be without a supply. This is real economy; an advantage to you; and it puts you in line with an urgent national need.

21 Kinds

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Get Ready the Wreaths

(Continued from page 64)



During the hot, enervating
summer days

BAKER'S COCOA



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

hot or iced, is the
best, most deli-
cious and most
satisfying drink. It
has real food value.

Send for our Booklet of Choice Recipes,
also for Booklet of Cold Drinks
and Desserts.

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Established 1780

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Be a CAILLE Speed Motor
OWNER AGENT

Hundreds of Caille owners have asked to become our agents in their vicinity. We are going to give every one a chance to be an Owner Agent and sell Caille motors. No selling experience necessary. No office or shop needed.

Special Owner Agent Offer

We will give a special "Owner Agent" discount to one in each community. Some Owner Agents easily sell 1 to 12 Cailles a year among friends and acquaintances. Get yours at discount now, sell all you can.

Two Speeds Ahead, Two Speeds Back, or Standstill Without Stopping Motor

The Caille 5-Speed Motor Starter operates with quick, easy pull, women and children operate it easily. Two speeds ahead—two speeds back—or stand still without stopping motor. It's so flexible anyone can use it for every purpose (fishing, fishing, pleasure) in fresh or salt water. Best materials, simple in construction, fully guaranteed.

FREE Get Owner Agent's Special Discount Catalog, booklet "Installation, Operation and Care of 2-Cycle Motor and Equipment." All absolutely free. Act quickly. NOW.

CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR CO.
109 Caille Building Detroit, Mich.
Inboard Marine Motor Catalog on request. Give dimensions of boat

stuff—that old-fashioned junk—if I didn't have any trousseau. If I can't afford monogrammed up-to-date linens, like even Alma Yawitz, and a—a pussy-willow-tafeta reception dress, I wouldn't have any. I wouldn't." Her voice crowded with passion and tears rose to the crest of a sob. "I—I'd die first!"

"Selene, Selene, mamma ain't got the money. If she had it, wouldn't she be willing to take the very last penny to give her girl the kind of a wedding she wants? A trousseau like Alma's cost a thousand dollars if it cost a cent. Her table-napkins alone they say cost thirty-six dollars a dozen, unmonogrammed. A reception at the Walsingham costs two hundred dollars if it costs a cent. Selene, mamma will make for you every sacrifice she can afford, but she ain't got the money."

"You—have got the money!"
"So help me God, Selene! You know, with the quarries shut down, what business has been! You know how—sometimes even to make ends meet, it is a pinch. You're an ungrateful girl, Selene, to ask what I ain't able to do for you. A child like you that's been indulged, that I ain't even asked ever in her life to help a day down in the store. If I had the money, God knows you should be married in real lace, with the finest trousseau a girl ever had. But I ain't got the money—I ain't got the money."

"You have got the money! The book in gramaw's drawer is seven hundred and forty. I guess I ain't blind. I know a thing or two."

"Why Selene—that's gramaw's—to go back—"

"You mean the bank-book's hers?"

"That's gramaw's to go back—home on. That's the money for me to take gramaw and her wreaths back home on."

"There you go—talking loony."

"Selene!"

"Well, I'd like to know what else you'd call it, kidding yourself along like that."

"You—"

"All right. If you think gramaw, with her life all lived, comes first before me, with all my life to live—all right!"

"Your poor old—"

"It's always been gramaw first in this house, anyway. I couldn't even have company since I'm grown up because the way she's always allowed around. Nobody can say I ain't good to gramaw; Lester says it's beautiful the way I am with her, remembering always to bring the newspapers and all, but just the same I know when right's right and wrong's wrong. If my life ain't more important than gramaw's, with hers all lived, all right. Go ahead!"

"Selene, Selene, ain't it coming to gramaw, after all her years' hard work helping us that—she should be entitled to go back with her wreaths for the graves? Ain't she entitled to die with that off her poor old mind? You bad, ungrateful girl, you, it's coming to a poor old woman that's suffered as terrible as gramaw that I should find a way to take her back."

"Take her back. Where—to jail? To prison in Siberia herself—"

"There's a way—"

"You know gramaw's too old to take a trip like that. You know in your own heart she won't ever see that day. Even before the war, much less now, there wasn't a chance for her to get passports back there. I don't say it ain't all right to kid her along, but when it comes to—keeping me out of the—the biggest thing that can happen to a girl—when gramaw wouldn't know the difference if you keep showing her the bank-book—it ain't right. That's what it ain't. It ain't right!"

In the smallest possible compass, Miss Coblenz crouched now upon the floor, head down somewhere in her knees, and her curving back racked with rising sobs.

"Selene—but some day—"

"Some day nothing! A woman like gramaw can't do much more than go downtown once a year, and then you talk about taking her to Russia! You can't get in there, I—tell you—no way you try to fix it after—the way gramaw—had—to leave. Even before the war, Ray Letsky's father couldn't get back on business. There's nothing for her there even after she gets there. In thirty years do you think you can find those graves? Do you know the size of Siberia? No! But I got to pay—I got to pay for gramaw's nonsense. But I won't. I—won't go to Lester if I can't go right. I—"

"Baby, don't cry so—for God's sake don't cry so!"

"I wish I was dead."

"Sh-h-h—you'll wake gramaw."

"I do!"

"O God, help me to do the right thing!"

"If gramaw could understand, she'd be the first one to tell you the right thing. Anybody would."

"No! No! That little bank-book and its entries are her life—her life."

"She don't need to know, mamma. I'm not asking that. That's the way they always do with old people to keep them satisfied. Just humor 'em. Ain't I the one with life before me—ain't I, mamma?"

"O God, show me the way!"

"If there was a chance, you think I'd be spoiling things for gramaw? But there ain't, mamma—not one."

"I keep hoping if not before, then after the war. With the help of Mark Haas—"

"With the book in her drawer like always, and the entries changed once in a while, she'll never know the difference. I swear to God she'll never know the difference, mamma!"

"Poor gramaw!"

"Mamma, promise me—your little Selene. Promise me?"

"Selene, Selene, can we keep it from her?"

"I swear we can, mamma."

"Poor, poor gramaw!"

"Mamma? Mamma darling?"

"O God, show me the way!"

"Ain't it me that's got life before me? My whole life?"

"Yes—Selene."

"Then, mamma, please—you will—you will—darling?"

"Yes, Selene."

In a large, all-frescoed, seventy-five dollars an evening with lights and cloak-

room service ballroom of the Hotel Walsingham, a family hostelry in that family circle of St. Louis known as its West End, the city holds not a few of its charity-whists and benefit musicales; on a dais which can be carried in for the purpose, morning readings of "Little Moments from Little Plays," and with the introduction of a throne-chair, the monthly lodge-meetings of the Lady Mahadharatas of America. For weddings and receptions, a lane of red carpet leads up to the slight dais; and, lined about the brocade and paneled walls, gilt-and-brocade chairs, with the crest of Walsingham in padded embroidery on the backs. Crystal chandeliers, icicles of dripping light, glow down upon a scene of parquet floor, draped velours, and mirrors wreathed in gilt.

At Miss Selene Coblenz's engagement reception, an event properly festooned with smilax and properly jostled with the elbowing figures of waiters tilting their plates of dark-meat chicken salad, two olives, and a finger-roll in among the crowd, a stringed three-piece orchestra, faintly seen and still more faintly heard, played into the babel.

Light, glitteringly filtered through the glass prisms, flowed down upon the dais; upon Miss Selene Coblenz, in a taffeta that wrapped her flat waist and chest like a calyx and suddenly bloomed into the full inverted petals of a skirt; upon Mr. Lester Goldmark, his long body barely knitted yet to man's estate, and his complexion almost clear, standing omnivorous, omnipotent, omnipresent, his hair so well brushed that it lay like black japanning, a white carnation at his silk lapel, and his smile slightly projected by a rush of very white teeth to the very front. Next in line, Mrs. Coblenz, the red of a fervent moment high in her face, beneath the maroon-net bodice the swell of her bosom fast, and her white-gloved hands constantly at the opening and shutting of a lace-and-spangled fan. Back, and well out of the picture, a potted hydrangea beside the Louis Quinze armchair, her hands in silk mitts laid out along the gold-chair sides, her head quavering in a kind of mild palsy, Mrs. Miriam Horowitz, smiling and quivering her state of bewilderment.

With an unfailing propensity to lay hold of to whomsoever he spake, Mr. Lester Goldmark placed his white-gloved hand upon the white-gloved arm of Mrs. Coblenz.

"Say, mother Coblenz, ain't it about time this little girl of mine was resting her pink-satin double A's? She's been on duty up here from four to seven. No wonder uncle Mark bucked."

Mrs. Coblenz threw her glance out over the crowded room, surging with a wave of plumes and clipped heads like a swaying bucket of water which crowds but does not lap over its sides.

"I guess the crowd is finished coming in by now. You tired, Selene?"

Miss Coblenz turned her glowing glance.

"Tired! This is the swellest engagement-party I ever had."

Mrs. Coblenz shifted her weight from one slipper to the other, her maroon-net skirts lying in a swirl around them.

"Just look at gramaw, too! She holds up her head with the best of them. I wouldn't have had her miss this, not for the world."

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"Sure one fine old lady! Ought to have seen her shake my hand, mother Coblenz. I nearly had to holler, 'Ouch!'"

"Mamma, here comes Sara Suss and her mother. Take my arm, Lester honey. People mamma used to know." Miss Coblenz leaned forward beyond the dais with the frail curve of a reed.

"Howdado, Mrs. Suss. . . . Thank you. Thanks. Howdado, Sara. Meet my fiancé, Lester Haas Goldmark; Mrs. Suss and Sara Suss, my fiancé. . . . That's right; better late than never. There's plenty left. . . . We think he is, Mrs. Suss. Aw, Lester honey, quit! Mamma, here's Mrs. Suss and Sadie."

"Mrs. Suss! Say—if you hadn't come, I was going to lay it up against you. If my new ones can come on a day like this, it's a pity my old friends can't come, too. Well, Sadie, it's your turn next, eh? . . . I know better than that. With them pink cheeks and black eyes, I wish I had a dime for every chance." (*Sotto.*)

"Do you like it, Mrs. Suss? Pussy-willow taffeta. . . . Say, it ought to be. An estimate dress from Madame Murphy—sixty-five with findings. I'm so mad, Sara, you and your mamma couldn't come to the house that night to see her things. If I say so myself, Mrs. Suss, everybody who seen it says Jacob Sinsheimer's daughter herself didn't have a finer. Maybe not so much, but every stitch, Mrs. Suss, made by the same sisters in the same convent that made hers. . . . Towels! I tell her it's a shame to expose them to the light, much less wipe on them. Ain't it? . . . The goodness looks out from his face. And such a love-pair! Lunatics, I call them. He can't keep his hands off. It ain't nice, I tell him. . . . Me? Come close. I dyed the net myself. Ten cents' worth of maroon color. Don't it warm your heart, Mrs. Suss? This morning, after we got her in Lester's uncle Mark's big automobile, I says to her, I says, 'Mamma, you sure it ain't too much.' Like her old self for a minute, Mrs. Suss, she hit me on the arm. 'Go 'way,' she said, 'on my grandchild's engagement-day anything should be too much? Here, waiter, get these two ladies some salad. Good measure, too. Over there by the window, Mrs. Suss. Help yourselves.'"

"Mamma, sh-h-h, the waiters know what to do."

Mrs. Coblenz turned back, the flush warm to her face.

"Say, for an old friend, I can be my own self."

"Can we break the receiving-line now, Lester honey, and go down with everybody? The Sinsheimers and their crowd over there by themselves, we ought to show we appreciate their coming."

Mr. Goldmark twisted high in his collar, cupping her small bare elbow in his hand.

"That's what I say, lovey; let's break. Come, mother Coblenz, let's step down on high society's corns."

"Lester!"

"You and Selene go down with the crowd, Lester. I want to take gramaw to rest for a while before we go home. The manager says we can have room fifty-six by the elevator for her to rest in."

"Get her some newspapers, ma, and I brought her a wreath down to keep her quiet. It's wrapped in her shawl."

Her skirts delicately lifted, Miss Coblenz stepped down off the dais. With her cloud of gauze scarf enveloping her, she was like a tulle-clouded "Springtime," done in the key of Botticelli.

"Oop-si-lah, lovey-dovey!" said Mr. Goldmark, tilting her elbow for the downward step.

"Oop-si-lay, dovey-lovey!" said Miss Coblenz, relaxing to the support.

Gathering up her plentiful skirts, Mrs. Coblenz stepped off, too, but back toward the secluded chair beside the potted hydrangea. A fine line of pain, like a cord tightening, was binding her head, and she put up two fingers to each temple, pressing down the throb.

"Mrs. Coblenz, see what I got for you!" She turned, smiling. "You don't look like you need salad and green ice-cream. You look like you needed what I wanted—a cup of coffee."

"Aw, Mr. Haas—now where in the world—aw, Mr. Haas!"

With a steaming cup outheld and carefully out of collision with the crowd, Mr. Haas unflapped a napkin with his free hand, inserting his foot in the rung of a chair and dragging it toward her.

"Now," he cried, "sit and watch me take care of you!"

There comes a tide in the affairs of men when the years lap softly, leaving no particular inundations on the celebrated sands of time. Between forty and fifty, that span of years which begin the first slight gradations from the apex of life, the gray hair, upstanding like a thick-bristled brush off Mr. Haas's brow, had not so much as whitened, or the slight paunchiness enhanced even the moving-over of a button. When Mr. Haas smiled, his mustache, which ended in a slight but not waxed flourish, lifted to reveal a white-and-gold smile of the artistry of careful dentistry, and when, upon occasion, he threw back his head to laugh, the roof of his mouth was his own.

He smiled now, peering through gold-rimmed spectacles attached by a chain to a wire-encircled left ear.

"Sit," he cried, "and let me serve you!"

Standing there with a diffidence which she could not crowd down, Mrs. Coblenz smiled through closed lips that would pull at the corners.

"The idea, Mr. Haas—going to all that trouble!"

"Trouble," she says! After two hours hand-shaking in a swallowtail, a man knows what real trouble is!"

She stirred around and around the cup, supping up spoonfuls gratefully.

"I'm sure much obliged. It touches the right spot."

He pressed her down to the chair, seating himself on the low edge of the dais.

"Now you sit right there and rest your bones."

"But my mother, Mr. Haas. Before it's time for the ride home, she must rest in a quiet place."

"My car'll be here and waiting five minutes after I telephone."

"You—sure have been grand, Mr. Haas!"

"I shouldn't be grand yet to my—let's see what relation is it I am to you?"

"Honest, you're a case, Mr. Haas—always making fun!"

"My poor dead sister's son marries

your daughter. That makes you my—nothing-in-law."

"Honest, Mr. Haas, if I was around you, I'd get fat laughing."

"I wish you was."

"Selene would have fits. 'Never get fat, mamma,' she says, 'if you don't want—'"

"I don't mean that."

"What?"

"I mean I wish you was around me."

She struck him then with her fan, but the color rose up into the mound of her carefully piled hair,

"I always say I can see where Lester gets his comical ways. Like his uncle, that boy keeps us all laughing."

"Gad, look at her blush! I know women your age would give fifty dollars a blush to do it that way."

She was looking away again, shoulders heaving to silent laughter, the blush still stinging.

"It's been so—so long, Mr. Haas, since I had compliments made to me—you make me feel so—silly."

"I know it, you nice, fine woman, you, and it's a darn shame!"

"Mr.—Haas!"

"I mean it. I hate to see a fine woman not get her dues. Anyways, when she's the finest woman of them all!"

"I—the woman that lives to see a day like this—her daughter the happiest girl in the world with the finest boy in the world—is getting her dues all right, Mr. Haas."

"She's a fine girl, but she ain't worth her mother's little finger nail."

"Mr.—Haas!"

"No, sir-ee!"

"I must be going now, Mr. Haas—my mother—"

"That's right. The minute a man tries to break the ice with this little lady, it's a freeze-out. Now, what did I say so bad? In business, too. Never seen the like. It's like trying to swat a fly to come down on you at the right minute. But now, with you for a nothing-in-law, I got rights."

"If—you ain't the limit, Mr. Haas!"

"Don't mind saying it, Mrs. C., and, for a bachelor, they tell me I'm not the worst judge in the world, but there's not a woman on the floor stacks up like you do."

"Well—of all things!"

"Mean it."

"My mother, Mr. Haas, she—"

"And if anybody should ask you if I've got you on my mind or not, well I've already got the letters out on that little matter of the passports you spoke to me about. If there's a way to fix that up for you, and leave it to me to find it, I—"

She sprang now, trembling, to her feet, all the red of the moment receding.

"Mr. Haas, I—I must go now. My—mother—"

He took her arm, winding her in and out among crowded-out chairs behind the dais.

"I wish it to every mother to have a daughter like you, Mrs. C."

"No! No!" she said, stumbling rather wildly through the chairs. "No! No! No!"

He forged ahead, clearing her path of them.

Beside the potted hydrangea, well back and yet within an easy view, Mrs. Horo-



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is quite in order, for this pure and wholesome drink, now so extensively used in place of coffee, is a real health drink for all the family.

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witz, her gilt armchair well cushioned for the occasion, and her black grenadine spread decently about her, looked out upon the scene, her slightly palsied head well forward.

"Mamma, you got enough? You wouldn't have missed it, eh? A crowd of people we can be proud to entertain, not? Come; sit quiet in another room for a while, and then Mr. Haas, with his nice big car, will drive us all home again. You know Mr. Haas, dearie—Lester's uncle that had us drove so careful in his fine big car. You remember, dearie—Lester's uncle?"

Mrs. Horowitz looked up, her old face crackling to smile.

"My grandchild! My grandchild! She's a fine one. Not? My grandchild! My grandchild!"

"You—mustn't mind, Mr. Haas. That's—the way she's done since—since she's—sick. Keeps repeating—"

"My grandchild! From a good mother and a bad father comes a good grandchild. My grandchild! She's a good one. My—"

"Mamma dearie, Mr. Haas is in a hurry. He's come to help me walk you into a little room to rest before we go home in Mr. Haas's big fine auto. Where you can go and rest, mamma, and read the newspapers. Come."

"My back—*ach*—my back!"

"Yes, yes, mamma; we'll fix it. Up! So—la!"

They raised her by the crook of each arm, gently.

"So! Please, Mr. Haas, the pillows. Shawl. There!"

Around a rear hallway, they were almost immediately into a blank, staring hotel bedroom, fresh towels on the furniture-tops only enhancing its staleness.

"Here we are. Sit her here, Mr. Haas, in this rocker."

They lowered her almost inch by inch, sliding down pillows against the chair-back.

"Now, Shila's little mamma, want to sleep?"

"I got—no rest—no rest."

"You're too excited, honey, that's all."

"No rest."

"Here—here's a brand-new hotel Bible on the table, dearie. Shall Shila read it to you?"

"Aylorff—"

"Now, now, mamma. Now, now; you mustn't! Didn't you promise Shila? Look! See, here's a wreath wrapped in your shawl for Shila's little mamma to work on. Plenty of wreaths for us to take back. Work awhile, dearie, and then we'll get Selene and Lester, and, after all the nice company goes away, we'll go home in the auto."

"I begged he should keep in his hate—his feet in the—"

"I know. The papers. That's what little mamma wants. Mr. Haas, that's what she likes better than anything—the evening papers."

"I'll go down and send 'em right up with a boy, and telephone for the car."

The crowd's beginning to pour out now. Just hold your horses there, Mrs. C., and I'll have those papers up here in a jiffy."

He was already closing the door after him, letting in and shutting out a flare of music.

"See, mamma, nice Mr. Haas is getting us the papers. Nice evening papers for Shila's mamma." She leaned down into the recesses of the black grenadine, withdrawing from one of the pockets a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, adjusting them with some difficulty to the nodding

darlings what died for it—my darlings—Aylorff—my husband!" There was a wail rose up off her words, like the smoke of incense curling, circling around her. "My darlings what died to make free!"

"Mamma—darling—mamma—Mr. Haas! Help! Mamma! My God!"

"Aylorff—my husband—I paid with my blood to make free—my blood—my son—my—own—" Immovable there, her arms flung up and tears so heavy that they rolled whole from her face down to the black grenadine, she was as sonorous

as the tragic meter of an Alexandrian line; she was like Ruth, ancestress of heroes and progenitor of kings. "My boy—my own—they died for it! *Mein Mann! Mein Sohn!*"

On her knees, frantic to press her down once more into the chair, terrified at the rigid immobility of the upright figure, Mrs. Coblenz paused then, too, her clasp falling away, and leaned forward to the open sheet of the newspaper, its black headlines facing her:

RUSSIA FREE

BANS DOWN

100,000 SIBERIAN PRISONERS LIBERATED

In her ears a ringing silence, as if a great steel disk had clattered down into the depths of her consciousness. There on her knees, trembling seized her, and she hugged herself against it, leaning forward to corroborate her gaze.

MOST RIGID AUTOCRACY IN THE WORLD
OVERTHROWN
RUSSIA REJOICES

"Mamma! Mamma! My God, Mamma!"

"Home, Shila; home! My husband who died for it—Aylorff! Home now, quick! My wreaths! My wreaths!"

"O my God, Mamma!"

"Home!"

"Yes—darling—yes—"

"My wreaths!"

"Yes, yes, darling; your wreaths. Let—let me think. Freedom!—O my God, help me to find a way! O my God!"

"My wreaths!"

"Here—darling—here!"

From the floor beside her, the raffia wreath half in the making, Mrs. Coblenz reached up, pressing it flat to the heaving old bosom.

"There, darling, there!"

"I paid with my blood—"

"Yes, yes, mamma; you—paid with your blood. Mamma—sit, please. Sit and—let's try to think. Take it slow, darling—it's like we can't take it in all at once. I—we—sit down, darling. You'll make yourself terrible sick. Sit down, darling, you—you're slipping."

"My wreaths—"

Heavily, the arm at the waist gently sustaining, Mrs. Horowitz sank rather softly down, her eyelids fluttering for the moment. A smile had come out on her face, and, as her head sank back against

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October Cosmopolitan.

head. "Shila's—little—mamma! Shila's mamma!"

"Aylorff, the littlest wreath for—Aylorff—*Meine Kränzchen*—"

"Yes, yes."

"*Mein Mann. Mein Sohn.*"

"Ssh-h-h, dearie!"

"Aylorff—*der kleinste Kranz für ihn!*"

"Ssh-h-h, dearie—talk English, like Selene wants. Wait till we get on the ship—the beautiful ship to take us back. Mamma, see out the window! Look! That's the beautiful Forest Park, and this is the fine Hotel Walsingham just across—see out—Selene is going to have a flat on—"

"*Sey hoben gestorben far Freiheit. Sey hoben—*"

"There, that's the papers!"

To a succession of quick knocks, she flew to the door, returning with the folded evening editions under her arm.

"Now," she cried, unfolding, and inserting the first of them into the quivering hands, "now, a shawl over my little mamma's knees and we're fixed!"

With a series of rapid movements, she flung open one of the black-cashmere shawls across the bed, folding it back into a triangle. Beside the table, bare except for the formal, unthumbed Bible, Mrs. Horowitz rattled out her paper, her near-sighted eyes traveling back and forth across the page.

Music from the ferned-in orchestra came in drifts, faint, not so faint. From somewhere, then immediately from everywhere, beyond, below, without, the fast shouts of newsboys mingling.

Suddenly and of her own volition, and with a cry that shot up through the room, rending it like a gash, Mrs. Horowitz, who moved by inches, sprang to her supreme height, her arms, the crooks forced out, flung up.

"My darlings—what died—for it! My



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the rest, the eyes resting at the downward flutter, she gave out a long breath, not taking it in again.

"Mamma! You're fainting!" She leaned to her, shaking the relaxed figure by the elbows, her face almost touching the tallowlike one with the smile lying so deeply into it. "Mamma! My God, darling, wake up! I'll take you back. I'll find a way to take you. I'm a bad girl, darling, but I'll find a way to take you. I'll take you if—if I kill for it! I promise before God I'll take you. To-morrow—now—nobody can keep me from taking you. The wreaths, mamma! Get ready the wreaths! Mamma, darling, wake up. Get ready the wreaths! The wreaths!" Shaking at that quiet form, sobs that were full of voice, tearing raw from her throat, she fell to kissing the sunken face, enclosing it, stroking it, holding her streaming gaze closely and burning against the closed lids. "Mamma, I swear to God I'll take you! Answer me, mamma! The bank-book—you've got it! Why don't you wake up—mamma? Help!"

Upon that scene, the quiet of the room so raucously lacerated, burst Mr. Haas, too breathless for voice.

"Mr. Haas my mother—help—my mother! It's a faint, ain't it? A faint?"

He was beside her at two bounds, feeling of the limp wrists, laying his ear to the grenadine bosom, lifting the reluctant lids, touching the flesh that yielded so to touch.

"It's a faint, ain't it, Mr. Haas? Tell her I'll take her back. Wake her up, Mr. Haas! Tell her I'm a bad girl, but I—I'm going to take her back. Now! Tell her! Tell her, Mr. Haas, I've got the bank-book. Please! Please! O my God!"

The next *Fannie Hurst* story, *Sieve of Fulfilment*, will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

The Restless Sex

(Continued from page 43)

and unhampered by man's critical opinions concerning her behavior."

"The dickens!" he remarked, and whistled softly.

"And further," she continued warmly, "I am astonished that, in this age, when the entire world tacitly admits that woman is man's absolute equal in every respect, that you apparently still harbor old-fashioned, worn-out, and silly notions. You are very far out of date, my charming brother."

"What notions?" he demanded.

"Notions that a girl's mission is to go to parties and dance when she doesn't desire to—that a girl had better conform to the uninteresting and stilted laws of the recent past and live her life as an animated clothes-rack, mind her deportment, and do what nice girls do, and marry and become the mother of numerous offspring which shall be taught to follow in her footsteps and do the same thing all over again, generation after generation—*ad nauseam*! Oh, Jim, I'm not going to live out my life that way and be looked after as carefully as a pedigreed Pekingese—"

"For heaven's sake—"

"For heaven's sake—yes! And, in God's name, Jim, it is time that a woman's mind was occupied by something beside

He turned to her, his face working to keep down compassion.

"We must get a doctor, little lady."

She threw out an arm.

"No! No! I see! My old mother—my old mother—all her life a nobody—she helped—she gave it to them—my mother—a poor little widow nobody—she bought with her blood that freedom—she—"

"God, I just heard it down-stairs—it's the tenth wonder of the world. It's too big to take in. I was afraid—"

"Mamma darling, I tell you, wake up! I'm a bad girl, but I'll take you back. Tell her, Mr. Haas, I'll take her back. Wake up, darling! I swear to God—I'll take you!"

"Mrs. Coblenz, my—poor little lady—your mother don't need you to take her back. She's gone back where—where she wants to be. Look at her face, little lady; can't you see she's gone back?"

"No! No! Let me go. Let me touch her. No! No! Mamma darling!"

"Why, there wasn't a way, little lady, you could have fixed it for that poor—old body. She's beyond any of the poor fixings we could do for her. You never saw her face like that before. Look!"

"The wreaths—the wreaths!"

He picked up the raffia circle, placing it back again against the quiet bosom.

"Poor little lady!" he said. "Shila—that's left for us to do. You and me, Shila—we'll take the wreaths back for her."

"My darling—my darling mother! I'll take them back for you! I'll take them back for you!"

"We'll take them back for her—Shila."

"I'll—"

"We'll take them back for her—Shila."

"We'll take them back for you, mamma. We'll take them back for you, darling!"

the question of clothes and husbands and children!"

The boy whistled softly, stared at her, and she looked at him unflinchingly, with her pretty, breathless smile of defiance.

"I want to live my own life in my own way. Can't I?" she asked.

"Of course."

"You say that. But the instant I venture to express a desire for any outlet—for any chance to be myself, express myself, seek the artistic means for self-utterance, then you tell me I am unconventional." He was silent. "Nobody hampers you!" she flashed out. "You are free to choose your profession."

"But why do you want a profession, Steve?"

"Why? Because I feel the need of it. Because just ordinary society does not interest me. I prefer bohemia."

He said:

"There's a lot of stuff talked about studios and atmosphere and 'urge' and general bohemian irresponsibility—and a young girl is apt to get a notion that she, also, experiences the 'cosmic urge' and that 'self-expression' is her middle name. That's all I mean, Steve. You frequently have voiced your desire for a career among the fine arts. Now and then you have con-

descended to sketch for me your idea of an ideal environment, which appears to be a studio in studied disorder, art produced in large chunks, and 'people worth while' loudly attacking pianos and five-o'clock tea."

"Jim, you are *not* nice to me! If I didn't love you with all my heart——"

"It's because I'm fond of you, too," he explained. "I don't want my sister, all over clay or paint, sitting in a Greenwich Village studio, smoking cigarettes and frying sausages for lunch. No! Or I don't want her bullied by an ignorant stage-director or leered at by an animal who plays 'opposite,' or insulted by a manager. Is that very astonishing?"

"You dear old out-of-date thing! We'll continue this discussion another time. Dad's been alone in the library altogether too long." She laughed again, a little hint of tenderness in her gaiety, and extended her hand. He took it.

"Without prejudice," she said. "I adore you, Jim!"

"And with all my heart, Steve. I just want you to do what will be best for you, little sister."

"I know. Thank you, Jim. Now we'll go and find dad."

They found him. He lay on the thick Oushak rug at the foot of the chair in which he had been seated when they left him. On his lips lingered a slight smile.

A physician lived across the street. When he arrived, his examination was brief and perfunctory. He merely said that the stroke had come like a bolt of lightning, then turned his attention to Stephanie, who seemed to be sorely in need of it.

XIII

WHEN such a thing happens to young people, a certain mental numbness follows the first shock, limiting the capacity for suffering and creating its own anodyne.

The mental processes resume their functions gradually, chary of arousing sensation.

Grief produces a chemical reaction within the body, poisoning it. But within that daily visitor to the body, the soul, a profound spiritual reaction occurs which either cripples it or ennoble it eternally.

Many people called and left cards, or sent cards and flowers. Some asked for Jim—among others, Chiltern Grismer.

"M-m-m, yes," he murmured, retaining the young man's hand, "my friend of many years has left us—m-m-m, yes—my friend of many years. I am very sorry to hear it—yes, very sorry."

Jim remained passive, incurious. Grismer prowled about the darkened room, alternately pursing up and sucking in his dry and slitted lips. Finally, he seated himself and gazed owlishly at the young man.

"And our little adopted sister? How does this deplorable affliction affect her? May I hope to offer my condolences to her also?"

"My sister Stephanie is utterly crushed. Thank you. She is very grateful to you."

"M-m-m, yes. May I see her?"

"I am sorry. She is scarcely able to see anybody at present. Her aunt, Miss Quest, is with her."

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"M-m-m. After all—but let it remain unsaid—m-m-m, yes—unsaid. So her aunt is with her? M-m-m."

Jim was silent. Grismer sat immovable as a gargoyle, gazing at him out of unwinking eyes.

"M-m-m, yes," he said. "Grief was his due. My friend of many years was worthy of such filial demonstrations. Quite so—even though there is, in point of fact, no blood relationship between my friend of many years and your adopted sister—"

"My sister could not feel her loss more keenly if she and I had been born of the same mother," said the boy, in a dull voice. "Quite so. M-m-m, yes. Or the same father. Quite so."

"I—I simply can't talk about it yet," muttered the young fellow. "If you'll excuse me—"

"Quite so. Far better to talk about other things just at present—m-m-m, yes—far wiser. M-m-m—and so the young lady's aunt has arrived? Very suitable, ve-ry suitable and necessary. And doubtless Miss Quest will take up her permanent residence here, in view of the—ah—m-m-m-m, yes—no doubt of it—no doubt."

"We have not spoken of that."

A moment later, Miss Quest entered the room.

"Stephanie is awake and is asking for you," she said to Jim.

As the young man rose with a murmured excuse, Miss Quest turned and looked at Chiltern Grismer.

"Madam," he began, rising to his gaunt height, "permit me—my name is Grismer—"

"Oh," she interrupted dryly, "I've talked you over with the late Mr. Cleland."

"My friend of many years, madam—"

"We didn't discuss your friendship for each other, Mr. Grismer," she snapped out. "Our subject of conversation concerned money."

"Ma'am?"

"An inheritance, in fact, which, I believe, you allege that you *legally* converted to your own uses," she added, staring at him.

They sustained each other's gaze in silence for a moment.

Then Grismer's large, dry hand crept up over his lips and began a rhythmical massage of the grim jaw.

"My friend of many years and I came to an understanding in regard to the painful matter which you have mentioned," he said slowly.

"Yes?"

"Absolutely, madam. Out of his abundance, I was given to understand, he had bountifully provided for your niece—m-m-m, yes—bounteously provided. Further, he gave me to understand that you, madam, out of the abundant wealth with which our Lord has blessed you, had indicated your resolution to provide for the young lady."

There was an uncanny gleam in Miss Quest's eyes. But she said nothing. Grismer, watching her, softly joined the tips of his horny fingers.

"M-m-m, yes—quite so. My friend of many years voluntarily assured me that he did not contemplate reopening the unfortunate matter in question—in point of fact, madam, he gave me his solemn promise never to initiate any such action in behalf of the young lady." Miss Quest remained

mute. "And John Cleland was right, madam," continued Grismer, in a gentle, persuasive voice, "because any such litigation must prove not only costly but fruitless of result. The unfortunate and undesirable publicity of such a case, if brought to trial, could but vindicate my own rectitude and the righteousness of my cause, while gossip and scandal cruelly destroyed the social position which the young lady at present enjoys."

After another silence,

"Well?" inquired Miss Quest, "is there anything more that worries you, Mr. Grismer?"

"Worries me, madam? I am not disturbed in the slightest degree."

"Oh, yes, you are! You are not disturbed over any possible scandal that might affect my niece, but you are horribly afraid of any disgrace to yourself. And that is why you come into this house of death while your 'friend of many years' is still lying in his coffin. That is why you come prowling to find out whether I am as much a lady in my way as he was a gentleman in his. That's all that disturbs you."

"Madam—"

"Or, to put it plainer, you want to know whether you have to defend an action, civil perhaps, possibly criminal, charging you with maladministration and illegal conversion of trust funds. That's all that worries you, isn't it? Well—worry then!" she added venomously.

"Do I understand—"

"No; you *don't* understand, Mr. Grismer. And that's another thing for you to worry over. You don't know what I'm going to do or whether I am going to do anything at all. You may find out in a week—you may not find out for years. And it is going to worry you every minute of your life."

She marched to the staircase hall.

"Meacham!"

"Ma'am?"

"Mr. Grismer's hat!"

Jim, seated beside the bed where Stephanie lay in the darkened room, her tear-marred face buried in her pillow, heard the front door close. Then silence reigned again in the twilight of the house of Cleland.

Miss Quest peeped into the room, then withdrew. If the young fellow heard her at all, he made no movement, so still, so intent had he been since his father's death in striving to visualize the familiar face. And found, to his astonishment and grief, that he could not mentally summon his father's eyes, could not flog the shocked brain to evoke the beloved features. The very effort was becoming an agony to him.

It began to rain about four o'clock. It rained hard all night long on the resounding scuttle and roof overhead. Toward dawn the rain ceased, and the dark world grew noisy. There was a cat-fight on the back fence. The car-wheels on Madison Avenue seemed unusually dissonant. Very far away, foggy river-whistles saluted the dawn of another day.

There were a great many people at the funeral. God knows the dead are indifferent to such *atroupements macabres*, but it seems to satisfy some morbid requirement in the living—friends, a priest, and a passing bell.

Hoc erat in more majorum: hodie tibi; cras mihi.

The family—Jim, Stephanie, and Miss Quest—sat together, as is customary. The church was bathed in tinted sunlight streaming through stained glass and falling over casket and flowers in glowing hues. The dyed splendor painted pew and chancel and stained Stephanie's black veil with crimson. Behind them, a discreet but interminable stirring of many people continued.

When the first creeping note of the organ, ominous and low, grew out of the silence, young Cleland felt Stephanie sway a little and remain resting against his shoulder. After a moment, he realized that the girl had lost consciousness, and he quietly passed his arm round her, holding her firmly until she revived and moved again.

As for himself, what was passing before him seemed like a shadow scene enacted behind darkened glass. There was nothing real about it, nothing that seemed to appertain in any way to this dead father who had been a comrade and beloved friend. He looked at the casket, at the massed flowers, at the altar, the surplices. All were foreign to the intensely human father he had loved—nothing here seemed to be in harmony with him—not the crawling vibration of the organ, not these throngs of unseen people behind his back, not the black garments he wore, not this slender, somber, drooping thing of crape seated here close beside him, trembling at intervals, with one black-gloved hand gripping his.

A sullen hatred for it all began to possess him. All this was interrupting him—actually making it harder than ever for him to visualize his father—driving the beloved phantom out from its familiar environment in his heart into unrecognizable surroundings full of caskets and pallid, heavy-scented flowers.

He muttered under his breath, and became aware of Stephanie's white face and startled eyes.

"Nothing," he whispered; "only, I can't stand this. I want to get back to the library where I can be with father. He *isn't* in that black-and-silver thing over there. He *isn't* in any orthodox paradise. He's part of the sunlight outdoors—and the clear air. He's an immortal part of everything beautiful that ever was. When these people conclude to let him alone, I'll have a chance with him. You think I'm crazy, Steve?"

Her pale lips formed,

"No."

They remained silent after that until the end, their tense fingers interlocked. Miss Quest's head remained bowed in the folds of her crape veil.

The drive from the cemetery began through the level, rosy rays of a declining sun, and ended in soft winter darkness full of the cheery noises of populous streets.

Cleland had dreaded to enter the house as they drew near to it; its prospective emptiness appalled him, but old Meacham had lighted every light all over the house; and it seemed to help, somehow.

Miss Quest went with Stephanie to her room, leaving Jim in the library alone.

Strange, irrelevant thoughts came to the boy's mind to assail him, torment him with



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their futility. He remembered several things which he had forgotten to tell his father—matters of no consequence which now suddenly assumed agonizing importance.

There, in the solitude of the library, he remembered, among other things, that his father would never read his novel now. Why had he waited, wishing to have it entirely finished before his father should read this first beloved product of his eager pen?

Stephanie found him striding about the library, lips distorted, quivering with swelling grief.

"Oh, Steve," he said, seeing her in the doorway, "I am beginning to realize that I can't talk to him any more! I can't touch him—I can't talk—hear his voice—see—"

"Jim—don't!"

"The whole world is no good to me now!" cried the boy, flinging up his arms in helpless resentment toward whatever had done this thing to him.

Whatever had done it offered no excuse.

XIV

THE reading of John Cleland's will marked the beginning of the end of the old régime for Stephanie Quest and for James Cleland.

Two short letters accompanied the legal document. All the papers were of recent date.

The letter directed to Jim was almost blunt in its brevity.

MY DEAR SON:

I have had what I believe to have been two slight shocks of paralysis. If I am right, and another shock proves fatal, I wish you, after my death, to go abroad and travel and study for the next two years. At the end of that period, you ought to know whether or not you really desire to make literature your profession. If you do, come back to your own country and go to work. Europe is a good school, but you should practise your profession in your native land.

Keep straight, fit, and clean. Keep your head in adversity and in success. Find out what business in life you are fitted for, equip yourself for it, and then go into it with all your heart.

I've left you some money and a good name. And my deep, abiding love. My belief is that death is merely an intermission. So your mother and I will rejoice you when the next act begins. Until then, old chap—good luck!

FATHER.

To Stephanie he wrote:

STEVE DEAR:

You have been wonderful! I'm sorry I couldn't stay to see you a little further along the path of life. I love you dearly.

Your aunt, Miss Quest, understands my wishes. During the two years that Jim is abroad, Miss Quest is to assume the necessary and natural authority over you. I have every confidence in her. Besides, she is legally qualified to act.

It is her desire and mine that you finish college. But if you really find yourself unhappy there after the term is finished, then it is Miss Quest's belief, and mine also, that you employ the period that otherwise you should have spent at Vassar in acquiring some regular and legitimate profession, so that, if ever the need comes, you shall be able to take care of yourself.

Miss Quest is inclined to think that a course in hospital training under her direct supervi-

sion might prove acceptable to you. This you could have in the institution endowed by Miss Quest at Bayport.

Perhaps such a course may appeal to you more than a college education. If so, I shall not be dissatisfied.

But after that, if you still feel that your life's work lies in the direction of artistic self-expression, you will be old enough to follow your own bent and entitled to employ your opportunities toward that end.

I have left you properly provided for. I leave you and Jim all the love that is in my heart.

This is not the end, Steve dear. There is no end—just a little rest between the acts for such old actors in life's drama as your dad. Later,

Samuel Merwin

will continue his delightful stories about **Henry Calverly** with a new series narrating the sentimental history of our youthful hero, now nearly grown up. The first one,

Henry Is Twenty,

appears in

October Cosmopolitan.

you and Jim will join us behind the scenes—my wife and I—and we shall see what we shall see—my little girl—my darling!

DAD.

The boy and the girl sat up late in the library that night, discussing the two letters which so profoundly concerned them.

Indeed, the old order of things was about to pass away before their dismayed and saddened eyes.

"I can't bear to leave you, Steve," said the boy, striving to steady his voice. "What are you going to do about college?"

"Well—I—I'll go back to college and finish the term. Dad wanted it."

Neither dreamed of disobeying the desires expressed in the two letters.

"Will you finish college?" he asked.

"I don't know. I want to do what dad wished me to do. I wonder what a course in hospital training is like."

"Down there at Bayport?"

"Yes. After all, that is accomplishing something. And I like children, Jim."

"They're defective children down there."

"Poor little lambs! I—I believe I could do some good—accomplish something. But, do you know, Jim, it almost frightens me when I remember that you will be away two years—"

She began to weep, with her black-edged handkerchief pressed against her face.

"I wish I could take you to Europe, Steve," he said huskily.

She dried her eyes leisurely.

"Couldn't you? No; you couldn't, of course. Dad would have said so if it was what he wanted. Well—then I'll finish the term at Vassar. You won't go before Easter?"

"No; I'll be here, Steve. We'll see each other then, anyway. Do you think you'll get along with your aunt?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "She means to be kind, I suppose. But dad spoiled me. Oh, Jim, I'm—I'm too unhappy to c-care what becomes of me now!

I'll finish the term, and then I'll go and learn how to nurse sick little defective children while you're away—" Her voice broke again.

"I wish you wouldn't cry," said the boy.

"Oh, forgive me!" She sprang up and flung herself on the rug beside his chair. "I'm sorry; I'm selfish. I'll do everything dad wished cheerfully. You'll go abroad and educate yourself by travel, and I'll learn a profession. And, some day, I'll find out what I really am fitted to do, and then I'll go abroad and study, too."

"You'll be twenty, then, Steve—just the age to know what you really want to do."

She nodded listlessly, kneeling there beside his chair, her cheek resting on her clasped hands, her gray eyes fixed on the dying coals. After a long silence, she said:

"Jim, I really don't know what I want to do in life. I am not certain that I want to do anything."

"What? Not the stage?"

"No—I'm not honestly sure. *Everything* interests me. I have a craving to see everything and learn about everything in the world. I want to know all there is to know; I'm feverishly curious. I want to see everything, experience everything, attempt everything. It's silly—it's crazy, of course. But there's a restless desire for the knowledge of experience in my heart that I can't explain. I love everything—not any one particular thing above another—but everything. To be great in any one thing would not satisfy me; it's a terrible thing to say—isn't it, Jim?—but if I were a great actress, I should try to become a great singer, too, and then a great painter and sculptor and architect—"

"For heaven's sake, Steve!"

"I tell you I want to know it all, *be* it all—see, do, live everything that is to be seen, done, and lived in the world."

She lifted her head and straightened her shoulders, sweeping the tumbled hair from her brow impatiently, and her brilliant gray eyes met his, unsmiling.

"Of course," she said, "this is rot I'm talking. But every hour of my life I'm going to try to learn something new about the wonderful world I live in—try something new and wonderful. Do you think I'm a fool, Jim?"

He smiled.

"No; but you make me feel rather unambitious and commonplace, Steve. After all, I merely wish to write a few good novels. That would content me."

"Oh, Jim," she said, "you'll do it, and I'll probably amount to nothing. I'll just be a crazy creature, flying about and poking my nose into everything, and stirring it up a little and then flitting on to the next thing. That's what I am—just a monkey, enchanted and excited by everything inside my cage, and determined to find out what is hidden under every straw."

"Yours is a good mind, Steve," he said, still smiling.

The girl looked up at him wistfully.

"Is it? I wish I knew. I'm going to try to find out. Have I really a good mind? Or is it just a restless one? Anyway, there's no use my trying to be an ordinary girl. I'm either monkey or genius, and I am convinced that the world was made for me to rummage in." He laughed. "Anyway," she said, "I've amused you and cheered you up. Good-night, Jim dear!"

The next instalment of *The Restless Sex* will appear in **October Cosmopolitan.**

Cheering Up Your House Guests

Most of us try to see that our guest rooms are just a little bit more perfect than the rest of our rooms—and especially that they offer more little comforts than the guest sometimes has at home. Many an innovation has started that way.

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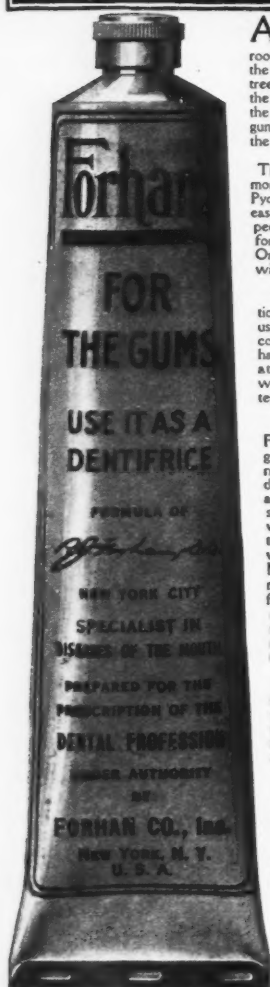
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Married

(Continued from page 35)

this particular dinner that the thought occurred to Marjorie that the real merit of the art world was not in the noisy studio palaver which she had heard at so many places already—Charlotte Russell's, Mildred Ayres' and elsewhere—but in the solid commercial achievements of such men as Joseph Newcorn, Georges Bland, Melville Ogden Morris, and Sydney Borg. She liked the laconic "Yes, yes" of Mr. Newcorn, when anything was said that suited him particularly well, and his "I haf seen that bardicular bigdure" with which he interrupted several times when one of several pictures discussed was up for consideration. She was thinking, if only a man like that would take an interest in Duer, how much better it would be for him than all the enthusiasm of these silly, noisy beginners. She was glad to see that, intellectually, Duer could hold his own with any and all of these people. He was as much at ease here with Mr. Morris, talking about Greek excavations, as he was with Mr. Borg, discussing American art conditions. She could not make out much what it was all about, but, of course, it must be very important if these men discussed it. Duer was not sure as yet whether anyone knew much more about life than he did. He suspected not, but it might be that some of these eminent curators, art critics, bankers, and managers like M. Bland, had a much wider insight into practical affairs. Practical affairs—he thought. If he only knew something about money! Somehow, though, his mind could not grasp how money was made. It seemed so easy for some people, but for him a grim, dark mystery.

After this dinner it was that Marjorie began to feel that Duer ought to be especially careful with whom he associated. She had talked with Mrs. Newcorn and Mrs. Morris, and found them simple, natural people, like herself. They were not puffed up with vanity and self-esteem, as were those other women to whom Duer had thus far introduced her. Mrs. Newcorn spoke of her two sons and three daughters as any good-natured, solicitous mother would. She asked Marjorie to come and see her some time, and gave her her address. Mrs. Morris was more cultured apparently, more given to books and art; but even she was interested in what, to Marjorie, were the more important or, at least, more necessary things, the things on which all art and culture primarily based themselves—the commonplace and necessary details of the home; cooking, housekeeping, shopping, sewing were not beneath her consideration. Once, when the men were getting especially excited about European and American artistic standards, Marjorie asked,

"Are you very much interested in art, Mrs. Morris?"

"Not so very much, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Wilde. Oh, I like some pictures; but, as I often tell my husband, when you have one baby two years old and another of five and another of seven, it takes a considerable time to attend to the art of raising them. I let him do the art for the family, and I take care of the home."

This was sincere consolation for Marjorie. She appeared to be in danger of

being swamped by this artistic storm which she had encountered. Her arts of cooking, sewing, housekeeping appeared as nothing in this vast palaver about art. She knew nothing of Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, Van Gogh, Rodin, Ibsen, Shaw, Debussy, or Maeterlinck, with whom the studios were apparently greatly concerned. And when people talked of these artists, singers, musicians, sculptors, and playwrights, she was compelled to keep silent. Duer could stand with his elbow on some mantel or piano and discuss, by the half-hour or hour, individuals of whom she had never heard.

Because of his desire to talk, his pleasure in meeting people, his joy in hearing of new things, his sense of the dramatic, he could catch quickly and retain vigorously anything which related to social, artistic, or intellectual development. He had no idea of what a full-orbed, radiant, receptive thing his mind was. He only knew that life, things, intellect—anything and everything—gave him joy when he was privileged to look into them, and he gave as freely as he received. In this whirl of discussion, this lofty transcendentalism, Marjorie was lost; but she clung fast to the hope that, somehow, affection, regard for the material needs of her husband, the care of his clothes, the preparation of his meals, the serving of him quite as a faithful slave would bind him to her. At once and quickly she hated and feared these artistically arrayed, artistically-minded, vampirish-looking maidens and women who appeared from this quarter and that to talk to Duer. Somehow, these creatures, however intent they might be on their work, or however indifferent actually to the artistic charms of her husband, seemed to be intent on taking him from her. She saw how easily and naturally he smiled, how very much at home he seemed to be in their company, how surely he gravitated to the type of girl who was beautifully and artistically dressed, who had ravishing eyes, fascinating hair, a sylphlike figure, and vivacity of manner—or how naturally they gravitated to him. In the rush of conversation and the exchange of greetings, he was apt to forget her, to stroll about by himself, engaging in conversation, first with one and then another, while she stood or sat somewhere, gazing nervously or regretfully on, unable to hold her own in the cross-fire of conversation, unable to retain the interest of most of the selfish, lovesick, sensation-seeking girls and men.

They always began talking about the opera, or the play, or the latest sensation in society, or some new singer or dancer or poet, and Marjorie, being new to this atmosphere and knowing so little of it, was compelled to confess that she did not know. It chagrined, dazed, and frightened her for a time. She longed to be able to grasp quickly and learn what this was all about. She wondered where she had been living—how—to have missed all this. Why, these things were enough to wreck her married life! Duer would think so poorly of her—how could he help it? She watched these girls and women talking to him, and, by turns, she became envious, fearful, regretful, angry, charging,

first, herself with unfitness; next, Duer with neglect; next, these people with insincerity, immorality, vanity, and, lastly, the whole world and life with a conspiracy to cheat her of what was rightfully her own. Why wouldn't these people be nice to her? Why didn't they give of their time and patience to make her comfortable and at home? Why did Duer neglect her? Why did they hang on his words in their eager, seductive, alluring way? She hated them and, at moments, she hated him, only to be struck by a terrifying wave of remorse and fear a moment later. What if he should grow tired of her? What if his love should change?

On one of these occasions, or, rather, after it, when they had returned from an evening at Francis Hatton's, at which she felt that she had been neglected, she threw herself disconsolately into Duer's arms and exclaimed:

"What's the matter with me, Duer? Why am I so dull—so uninteresting—so worthless?"

The sound of her voice was pathetic, helpless, vibrant with the quality of an unuttered sob. Duer stirred nervously.

"What—what's the matter with you now, Margie?" he asked sympathetically, sure that a new storm of some sort was coming. "What's come over you? There's nothing the matter with you. Who's been saying there is?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, nobody! Everybody! Everything!" exclaimed Marjorie dramatically, and bursting into tears. "I see how it is. I see what the matter with me is. Oh! Oh! It's because I don't know anything, I suppose. It's because I'm not fit to associate with you. It's because I haven't had the training that some people have had. It's because I'm dull! Oh! Oh!" And a torrent of heart-breaking sobs, which shook her frame from head to toe, followed the outburst.

Duer gazed before him in startled sympathy, astonishment, pain, wonder, for he was seeing very clearly and keenly in these echoing sounds what the trouble was. She was feeling neglected, outclassed, unconsidered, helpless; and because it was more or less true, it was frightening and wounding her. She was feeling the tragedy of life, its uncertainty, its pathos and injury, as he so often had. Of course she had been neglected. He remembered that now. It was partly his fault, partly the fault of surrounding conditions. But what could he do about it? What say? People had conditions fixed for them in this world by their own ability. How should he comfort her in this crisis? How say something that would ease her soul?

"Why, Margie," he said seriously, "you know that's not true! You know you're not dull. Your manners and your taste and your style are as good as that of anybody. What has come over you? Who has been saying anything to you? Have I done something? If so, I'm sorry." He had a guilty consciousness of misrepresenting himself and his point of view, even while saying this.

"No! No!" she exclaimed brokenly, and without ceasing her tears. "It isn't you. It isn't anybody. It's me—just me! That's what's the matter with me. I'm dull. I'm not stylish; I'm not attractive. I don't know anything about music or books or people or anything. I sit and listen, but I don't know what to



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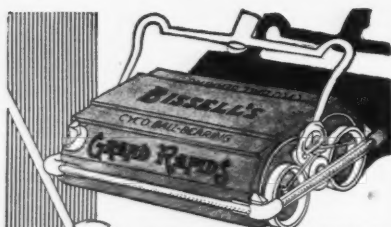
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say. People talk to you—they hang on your words; but they haven't anything to say to me. They can't talk to me, and I can't talk to them. It's because I don't know anything—because I haven't anything to say! Oh dear! Oh dear!" And she beat her thin, artistic little hands on the shoulders of his coat.

Duer cuddled her close in his arms. He was extremely sorry. He could see how it was. She was hurt; she was neglected. He neglected her when among others. These smart women whom he knew and liked to talk with neglected her. They couldn't see in her what he could. Wasn't life pathetic? They didn't know how sweet she was, how faithful, how glad she was to work for him. That really didn't make any difference in the art world. One must be clever; he knew that—everybody knew it. And Marjorie was not clever—at least, not in their way. She could not paint or sing or talk brilliantly, as they could. She did not really know what the worlds of music, art, and literature were doing. She was only good and faithful, and excellent as a housewife—a fine mender of clothes, a careful buyer, saving, considerate, dependable, but—

He thought of this depth of emotion of hers, and then he realized that no woman that he had ever known had anything quite like this. He had known many women intimately. He had associated with Charlotte, and Mildred, and Neva Badger, and Volida Blackstone, and quite a number of interesting, attractive young women whom he had met here and there since, but outside of the stage—that art of Sarah Bernhardt and Clara Morris and some of the more talented English actresses—he persuaded himself that he had never seen anyone quite like Marjorie. This powerful upwelling of emotion which she was now exhibiting, and which was so distinctive of her, was not to be found elsewhere, he thought. He had felt it keenly the first days he had visited her at her father's home in Avondale. Oh, those days with her in Avondale! How wonderful they were! Those delirious nights! Flowers, moonlight, odors came back—the green fields, the open sky. Yes; she was powerful emotionally. She was compounded of many and all of these things.

She knew nothing of art, it was true; nothing of music—the great, new music; nothing of books in the eclectic sense, but she had real, sweet, deep, sad, stirring emotion. It was great emotion, effective, dramatic, powerful. Where did she get it? No really common soul could have it. Here was something of the loneliness of the prairies, the sad patience of the rocks and fields, the lonesomeness of the hush of night in the country, the aimless, monotonous, pathetic chirping of the crickets. Her father, following down a furrow in the twilight, behind straining, toil-worn horses; her brothers, binding wheat in the July sun; the sadness of furrow-scents and field-fragrances in the twilight—there was something of all these things in her sobs.

In his big way, Duer understood this—felt it keenly.

"Why, Margie," he insisted, "you mustn't talk like that! You're better than they are; you're infinitely better than you say you are. You say you don't know anything about books or art or music. Why, that isn't all! There are things, many things, which are deeper than

those things. Emotion is a great thing in itself, if you only knew. You have that. I'd rather have your deep, natural, upwelling of emotion than all those cheap pictures, songs, and talk put together. For, sweet, don't you know"—and he cuddled her more closely—"great art is based on great emotion. There is really no great art without it. You may not have the power to express yourself in music or books or pictures—you play charmingly enough for me—but you have the thing on which these things are based; you have the power to feel them. Don't worry over yourself, dear. I know what you are, whether anyone else knows or not. Don't worry over me. I have to be nice to these people. I like them in their way, but I love you. I married you. Isn't that proof enough? What more do you want? Don't you understand, little Margie? Don't you see? Now, aren't you going to stop crying? Aren't you going to cheer up and be happy? You have me. Ain't I enough, sweetie? Can't you be happy with just me? What more do you want? Just tell me."

"Nothing more, honey-bun!" she went on, sobbing and cuddling close; "nothing more—if I can have you. Just you! That's all I want—you, you, you!"

She hugged him tight. Duer sighed secretly.

"And am I emotionally great?" she cuddled and cooed, after she had held him tight for a few moments. "Doesn't it make any difference whether I know anything about art or books or music? I do know something, don't I, honey? I'm not wholly ignorant, am I?"

"No, no, sweetie—how you talk!"

"And will you always love me, whether I know anything or not, honey-bun?" she went on. "And won't it make any difference whether I can just cook and sew and do the marketing and keep house for you? And will you like me because I'm just pretty and not smart? I am a little pretty, ain't I, dear?"

"You're lovely," whispered Duer soothingly. "You're beautiful. Listen to me, sweet. I want to tell you something. Stop crying now and dry your eyes, and I'll tell you something nice. Do you remember how we stood, one night, at the end of your father's field there near the barn-gate and saw him coming down the path, singing to himself, driving that team of big gray horses, his big straw hat on the back of his head, and his sleeves rolled up above his elbows?"

"Yes," said Marjorie.

"Do you remember how the air smelled of roses and honeysuckle and cut hay—and, oh, all those lovely scents of evening?"

"Yes," replied Marjorie interestedly.

"And do you remember how lovely I said the cow-bells sounded tinkling in the pasture near where the little river ran?"

"Yes, I remember," said Marjorie, crushing her cheek near to his neck.

"Now listen to me: That water running over the bright stones in that little river, the grass spreading out, soft and green, over the slope, the cow-bells tinkling, the smoke curling up from your mother's chimney, your father looking like a patriarch coming home out of Bible days—all the soft sounds, all the sweet odors, all the babbling of birds—where do you suppose that all is now?"

"I don't know," replied Marjorie, anticipating something lovely.

"It's here," he replied easily, "done up in one little body in my arms. Your voice, your hair, your eyes, your cheeks, your pretty body, your emotional moods—where do you suppose they come from? Nature has a chemistry all her own. She's like a druggist sometimes, compounding things. She takes a little of the beauty of the sunset, of the sky, of the fields, of the water, of the flowers, of dreams and aspirations and simplicity and patience, and she makes a girl. And some parents, somewhere, have her, and then they name her 'Marjorie,' and then raise her nicely, and a bold, bad man like Duer comes along and takes her, and then she cries because she thinks he doesn't see anything in her. Now, isn't that funny?"

"O-oh!" exclaimed Marjorie, melted by the fire of his feeling for beauty, the quaintness and sweetness of his diction, the subtlety of his compliment, the manner in which he coaxed her patiently out of herself. "Oh, I love you, Duer! I love you, love you, love you! Oh, you're wonderful! You won't stop loving me, will you? You'll always be true to me, won't you, Duer? You'll never leave me, will you? I'll always be your little Margie, won't I? Oh dear, I'm so happy!" And she hugged him over and over.

"No, no," and "Yes, yes," assured Duer, as the occasion demanded. He stared into the fire. This was not real passion to him—not real love in any sense, or, at least, he did not feel that it was. He was questioning himself at this very time as to what it was. Was it sympathy, love of beauty, power of poetic expression, delicacy of sentiment? Certainly nothing more. Could he honestly say that he loved Marjorie? No. He liked her, sympathized with her, felt sorry for her. That ability of his to paint a picture was at the bottom of this last description. To Marjorie, for the moment, it seemed real enough, but he—he was thinking of the truth of the picture she had painted of herself. It was all so—every word she said. She was not really suited to these people. She did not understand them; she never would. He would always be soothing and coaxing her this way, and she would always be crying and worrying. Wasn't that too bad? Wasn't life sad at best? Why had he crossed her path? Why followed her? Why married her? Hadn't he made enough silly mistakes without making this one? What a pity!

He said to himself finally:

"I know that I have made a mistake, but I am in this now, and actually I am no better or no worse off than millions of others, perhaps, who are in the same position. I know what I'll do. I'll make the very best of it, and leave the rest to Time. It may or it may not change things, but, in the mean while, I can work and advance myself in other ways, and perhaps she will be better off for that, too."

So thinking, he smoothed her hair and said,

"Well, never mind, Marjorie; we know how this is now, and we will fight it out together. You need not trouble about me in the future. I will try and guard against the things you are worrying about."

And with this thought, he laid his cheek against hers, and she tightened her arms about his neck, and, for the time being at least, their difficulties were solved.



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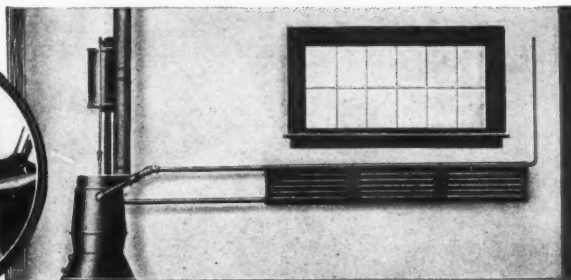
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A Pack-Train in the Cascades

(Continued from page 49)

the river, and the poor animals were almost desperate with thirst. They were having little enough to eat even then, at the beginning of the trip, and it was hard to see them without water, too.

It was eleven o'clock the next morning before I led Buddy—I had abandoned "Budweiser" in view of the drought—into a mountain stream and let him drink. He would have rolled in it, too, but I was on his back and I fiercely restrained him.

The next day was a comparatively short trip. There was a trapper's cabin at the fork of Bridge Creek in the Stehekin River. There we were to spend the night before starting on our way to Cascade Pass. As it turned out, we spent two days there. There was a little grass for the horses, and we learned of a cañon, some five or six miles off our trail, which was reported as full of fish.

The most ardent of us went there the next day—Mr. Hilligoss, Weaver, and "Silent Lawrie" and the Freds and Bob and the Big Boy, and the Little Boy and Joe. And, without expecting it, we happened on adventure.

Have you ever climbed down a cañon with rocky sides, a straight and precipitous five hundred feet, clinging with your finger nails to any bit of green that grows from the cliff, and to footholds made by an ax, and carrying a fly-book and a trout-rod which is an infinitely precious trout-rod? Also, a share of the midday lunch and twenty pounds more weight than you ought to have by the beauty-scale? Because, unless you have, you will never understand that trip.

It was a series of wild drops, of blood-curdling escapes, of slips and recoveries, of bruises and abrasions. But at last we made it, and there was the river!

I have still in mind a deep pool where the water, rushing at tremendous speed over a rocky ledge, fell perhaps fifteen feet. I had fixed my eyes on that pool early in the day, but it seemed impossible of access. To reach it it was necessary again to scale a part of the cliff, and, clinging to its face, to work one's way round along a ledge perhaps three inches wide. When I had once made it, with the aid of friendly hands and a leather belt, by which I was lowered, I knew one thing—knew it inevitably. I was there for life. Nothing would ever take me back over that ledge.

However, I was there, and there was no use wasting time. For there were fish there. Now and then they jumped. But they did not take the fly. The water seethed and boiled, and I stood still and fished, because a slip on that spray-covered ledge and I was gone, to be washed down to Lake Chelan, and lie below sea-level in the Cascade Mountains. Which might be a glorious sort of tomb, but it did not appeal to me.

I tried different flies with no result. At last, with a weighted line and a fish's eye, I got my first fish—the best of the day, and from that time on I forgot the danger.

Some day, armed with every enticement known to the fisherman, I am going back to that river. For there, under a log, lurks the wildest trout I have ever encountered. In full view, he stayed during the entire time of my sojourn. He came up to the

fly, leaped over it, made faces at it. Then he would look up at me scornfully.

"Old tricks," he seemed to say. "Old stuff—not good enough." I dare say he is still there.

Late in the day, we got out of that cañon. Got out at infinite peril and fatigue, climbed, struggled, stumbled, held on, pulled. I slipped once and had a bad knee for six weeks. Never once did I dare to look back and down. It was always up, and the top was always receding. And when we reached camp, the Head, who had been on an excursion of his own, refused to be thrilled, and spent the evening telling how he had been climbing over the top of the world on his hands and knees. In sheer scorn, we let him babble.

But my hat is off to him, after all, for he had ready for us, and swears to this day to its truth, the best fish-story of the trip.

Lying on the top of one of our packing-cases was a great bull-trout. Now a bull-trout has teeth, and held in a vise-like grip in the teeth of this one was a smaller trout. In the mouth of the small trout was a gray-and-black fly. The Head maintained that he had hooked the small fish and was about to draw it to shore when the bull-trout leaped out of the water, caught the small fish, and held on grimly. The Head thereupon had landed them both.

In proof of this, as I have said, he had the two fish on top of a packing-case. But it is not a difficult matter to place a small trout crosswise in the jaws of a bull-trout, and to this day we are not quite certain.

There were tooth-marks on the little fish, but, as one of the guides said, he wouldn't put it past the Head to have made them himself.

That night we received a telegram. I remember it with great distinctness, because the man who brought it in charged fifteen dollars for delivering it. He came at midnight, and how he had reached us no one will ever know. The telegram notified us that a railroad strike was about to take place and that we should get out as soon as possible.

Early the next morning we held a conference. It was about as far back as it was to go ahead over the range. And before us still lay the Great Adventure of the pass.

We took a vote on it at last and the "ayes" carried. We would go ahead, making the best time we could. If the railroads had stopped when we got out, we would merely turn our pack-outfit toward the east and keep on moving. We had been all summer in the saddle by that time, and a matter of thirty-five hundred miles across the continent seemed a trifle.

Dan Devore brought us other news that morning, however. Cascade Pass was closed with snow. A miner who lived alone somewhere up the gorge had brought in the information. It was a serious moment. We could get to Doubtful Lake, but it was unlikely we could get any further. The comparatively simple matter thus became a complicated one, for Doubtful Lake was not only a detour. It was almost inaccessible, especially for horses. But we hated to acknowledge defeat. So again we voted to go ahead.

That day, while the pack-outfit was being got ready, I had a long talk with the



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*"Hasn't
scratched
yet!"*

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and Powder form



forest supervisor. He told me many things about our national forests, things which are worth knowing and which every American, whose playgrounds the forests are, should know.

In the first place, the Forestry Department welcomes the camper. He is given his liberty, absolutely. He is allowed to hunt such game as is in season, and but two restrictions are placed on him. He shall leave his camp ground clean, and he shall extinguish every spark of fire before he leaves. Beyond that, it is the policy of the government to let campers alone. It is possible in a national forest to secure a special permit to put up buildings for permanent camps. An act passed on the fourth of March, 1915, gives the camper a permit for a definite period, although until that time the government could revoke the permit at will.

The rental is so small that it is practically negligible. All roads and trails are open to the public; no admission can be charged to a national forest, and no concession will be sold. The whole idea of the national forest as a playground is to administer it in the public interest. Good lots on Lake Chelan can be obtained for from five to twenty-five dollars a year, depending on their locality. It is the intention of the government to pipe water to these allotments.

For the hunters, there is no protection for bear, cougar, coyotes, bobcats, and lynx. No license is required to hunt them. And to the persistent hunter who goes into the woods, not as we did, with an outfit the size of a cavalry regiment, there is game to be had in abundance. We saw goat-tracks in numbers at Cloudy Pass and the marks of Bruin everywhere.

The Chelan National Forest is well protected against fires. A fire-launch patrols the lake and lookouts are stationed all the time on Strong Mountain and Crows Hill. They live there on the summits, where provisions and water must be carried up to them. These lookouts now have telephones, but until last summer they used the heliograph instead.

So now we prepared, having made our decision to go on. That night, if the trail was possible, we would camp at Doubtful Lake.

The first part of that adventurous day was quiet. We moved sedately along on an overgrown trail, mountain walls so close on each side that the valley lay in shadow. I rode next to Dan Devore that day, and on the trail he stopped his horse and showed me the place where Hughie McKeever was found.

Dan Devore and Hughie McKeever went out one November to go up to Horseshoe Basin. Dan left before the heaviest snows came, leaving McKeever alone. When McKeever had not appeared by February, Dan went in for him. His cabin was empty.

He had kept a diary up to the twenty-fourth of December, when it stopped abruptly. There were a few marten skins in the cabin, and his outfit. That was all. On some cottonwoods, not far from the camp, they found his hatchet and his bag hanging to a tree.

It looked, for a time, as though the mystery of Hughie McKeever's disappearance would be one of the unsolved tragedies of the mountains. But a trapper, whose route took him along Thunder



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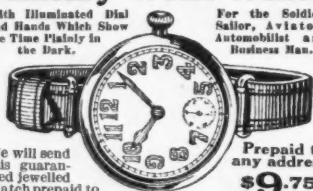
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Creek that spring, noticed that his dog made a side trip each time, away from the trail. At last he investigated, and found the body of Hughie McKeever. He had probably been caught in a snowslide, for his leg was broken below the knee. Unable to walk, he had put his snow-shoes on his hands and, dragging the broken leg, had crawled six miles through the snow and ice of the mountain winter. When he was found, he was only a mile and half from his cabin and safety.

There are many other tragedies of that valley. There was a man who went up Bridge Creek to see a claim he had located there. He was to be out four days. But in ten days he had not appeared, which was not surprising, for there was twenty-five feet of snow, and when the snow had frozen so that rescuers could travel over the crust, they went up after him. He was lying in one of the bunks of his cabin with a mattress over him, frozen to death.

So, Dan said, they covered him in the snow with a mattress, and went back in the spring to bury him.

Every winter, in those mountain valleys, men who cannot get their outfits out before the snow shoot their horses or cut their throats rather than let them freeze or starve to death. It is grim country, the Cascade country. One man shot nine in this very valley last winter.

Our Naturalist had been caught the winter before in the first snow-storm of the season. He was from daylight until eight o'clock at night making two miles of trail. He had to break it, foot by foot, for the horses.

As we rode up the gorge toward the pass, it was evident, from the amount of snow in the mountains, that stories had not been exaggerated. The packers looked dubious. Even if we could make the climb to Doubtful Lake, it seemed impossible that we could get further. But the monotony of the long ride was broken that afternoon by our first sight, as a party, of a bear.

It came out on a ledge of the mountain, perhaps three hundred yards away, and proceeded, with great deliberation, to walk across a rock slide. It paid no attention whatever to us and to the wild excitement which followed its discovery. Instantly, the three junior Rineharts were off their horses, and our artillery attack was being prepared. At the first shot, the pack-ponies went crazy. They lunged and jumped, and even Buddy showed signs of strain, leaping what I imagine to be some eleven feet in the air and coming back on four rigid knees. Followed such a peppering of that cliff as it had never had before. Little clouds of rock dust rose above the bear, in front of him, behind him, and below him. He stopped, mildly astonished, and looked around. More noise, more bucking on the trail, more dust. The bear walked on a trifle faster.

It had been arranged that the first bear was to be left for the juniors. So the packers and the rest of the party watched and advised.

But, as I have related elsewhere in this narrative, there were no casualties. The bear, as far as I know, is living to-day, an honored member of his community, and still telling how he survived the great war. At last he disappeared into a cave, and we went on without so much as a single skin to decorate a college room.

The conclusion of *A Pack-Train in the Cascades* will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

We went on.

What odds and ends of knowledge we picked up on those long days in the saddle! That if lightning strikes a pine even lightly, it kills, but that a fir will ordinarily survive; that mountain miles are measured air-line, so that twenty-five miles may really be forty, and that, even then, they are calculated on the level, so that one is credited with only the base of the triangle while he is laboriously climbing up its hypotenuse. I am personally acquainted with the hypotenuses of a good many mountains, and there is no use trying to pretend that they are bases.

They are not.

Then we learned that the purpose of the national forests is not to preserve timber but to conserve it. The idea is to sell and reseed. About twenty-five per cent. of the timber we saw was yellow pine. But most of the timber we saw on the east side of the Cascades will be safe for some time. I wouldn't undertake to carry out, from most of that region, enough pine-needles to make a sofa-cushion. It is quite enough to get oneself out.

Up to now, it had been hard going, but not impossible. Now we were to do the impossible.

It is a curious thing about mountains, but they have a hideous tendency to fall down. Whole cliff-faces, a mile or so high, are suddenly seized with a wandering disposition. Leaving the old folks at home and sliding down into the valleys, they come awful croppers and sustain about eleven million compound comminuted fractures.

These family breaks are known as rock slides.

Now to travel twenty feet over a rock slide is to twist an angle, bruise a shin-bone, utterly discourage a horse, and sour the most amiable disposition.

There is no flat side to these wandering rocks. With the diabolical ingenuity that nature can show when she goes wrong, they lie edge up. Do you remember the little mermaid who wished to lose her tail and gain legs so she could follow the prince? And how her penalty was that every step was like walking on the edges of swords? That is a mountain rock slide, but I do not recall that the little mermaid had to drag a frightened and slipping horse, which stepped on her now and then. Or wear riding-boots. Or stop every now and then to be photographed, and try to persuade her horse to stop also. Or keep looking up to see if another family jar threatened. Or look around to see if any of the party or the pack was rolling down over the spareribs of that ghastly skeleton. No; the little mermaid's problem was a simple and uncomplicated one.

We were climbing, too. Only one thing kept us going. The narrow valley twisted, and around each cliff-face we expected the end—either death or solid ground. But not so, or, at least, not for some hours. Riding-boots peeled like a sunburned face; stones dislodged and rolled down; the sun beat down in early September fury, and still we went on.

Only three miles it was, but it was as bad a three miles as I have ever covered. Then—the Naturalist turned and smiled.

"Now we are all right," he said. "We start to climb soon!"

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Blue Aloes

(Continued from page 56)

often, but always when she tried to lift hers to meet it, her lids seemed weighted by little heavy pebbles.

She meant to overcome this weakness, though, and look at him even as she had answered at noon; but, in the middle of dinner, while she yet strove against the physical inability, her resolution was disturbed by a strange occurrence. A wild scream of fear and horror came ringing from the nursery. Without a thought for anything but that it was Roddy's voice, Christine sprang from the table. Down the long passage and into the nursery she ran, and, almost bursting into the room, caught the boy in her arms. He was not screaming now, but white as death and staring with fearful eyes at the bed, on which the bedclothes were pulled back, with Meekie peering over it. The two little girls, round-eyed and frightened, were sitting up in their cots. For a moment, Roddy stayed rigid in her arms; then he hid his face against her arm and broke into convulsive sobs.

"It's a big spider—all red and black—like the one that bit Bernard!"

And, in fact, from where she stood, Christine could see the monstrous thing, with its black, furry claws, protruding eyes, and red-blotched body, still crouching there in a little hollow at the end of the bed. Only, the person leaning over examining it now was not Meekie but Saltire, who had reached the nursery almost on her heels.

"I put my foot against it and touched its beastly fur!" cried Roddy, and suddenly began to scream again.

"Roddy! How dare you make that abominable noise?"

Mrs. van Cannan's voice fell like a jet of ice-cold water into the room. Behind her in the doorway loomed the tall figure of Saxby, the manager, with McNeil and the others. Christine's warm heart would never have suggested such a method of quieting the boy, but it had its points. Roddy, though still shaking and ashen, stood up straight and looked at his mother.

"All about a silly spider!" continued the latter, with cutting scorn. "I am ashamed of you! I thought you were brave, like your father."

That flushed Roddy to his brows.

"It has fur—red fur," he stammered.

"You deserve a whipping for your cowardice," said Mrs. van Cannan curtly, and walked over to the bed. "The thing is half dead, and quite harmless," she said.

"Half dead or half drunk," McNeil jocosely suggested. "I never saw a tarantula so quiet as that before."

"The question is how long would it have stayed in that condition?" said Saltire significantly. "For you are mistaken about its harmlessness, Mrs. van Cannan. It is one of the most poisonous and ferocious of its tribe."

They had got the strangely sluggish beast off the bed by knocking it with a stick into an old shoe, and were removing it. Christine only vaguely heard the remarks, for Roddy hid his eyes while it was being carried out, and was trembling violently against her. It seemed amazing to her that Mrs. van Cannan did not realize that there was more than mere cowardice

in his behavior. The trouble was so plainly psychological—the memory of the loss of a loved little brother subtly interwoven with horror of that particular species of venomous insect. Christine herself had a greater hatred of spiders than of any creeping things, and well understood the child's panic of disgust and fear. It filled her with indignation to hear Mrs. van Cannan turn once more and lash the boy with a phrase before she swept from the room.

"Miserable little coward!"

In a moment, the girl was kneeling on the floor beside the unhappy child, holding him tight, whispering words of love and comfort.

"No, no, darling; it is only that she does not understand! We will explain to her—I will tell her later why you hated it so. Wait till your daddy comes back. I am sure he will understand."

So she strove to comfort him, while Meekie coaxed the little girls back to the horizontal attitude under their sheets.

"Don't make me go back into that bed," whispered Roddy fearfully.

"No; of course not. Don't worry; just trust me, darling!" She turned to Meekie. "I will stay with them now, Meekie. You may go."

"But has the missy had her dinner?" asked the Cape woman politely.

"I have had all I want, thank you, Meekie."

The thought of going back to the dinner-table—to eat and join in the talk and laughter while this small boy whom she loved stayed alone with his wretchedness revolted her. Perhaps later, when he slept, she might slip out into the garden for a while. In the mean time, she beguiled him over to her own bed, and having taken off the coverlet to show him that it held no lurking horrors, she made him get in and curl up, and she knelt beside him, whispering softly so as not to disturb the others, reassuring him of her belief in his courage whilst understanding his horror, confessing her own hatred of spiders but urging him to try and fight against his fear of them.

She told him stories of her own childhood, crooned little poems to him, and sang old songs softly, hoping and praying that he would presently fall asleep. But time slipped by, and he remained wide-eyed, gripping her hand tightly, and only by the slightest degrees relaxing the nervous rigor of his body under the coverlet. Suddenly, he startled her by a strange remark.

"If I could only get into the pink palace with Carol, I'd be all right."

The girl looked down into the distended pupils gazing so wistfully at her, and wondering what new psychological problem she had to deal with. She knew she must go very warily, or defeat her own longing to help him. At last, she said very tenderly,

"The world is full of pink palaces, Roddy, one for each person to live in, but we do not always find them until we are grown up."

He looked at her intently.

"Carol found one at the bottom of the dam," he whispered slowly. "He is there now; it's only his body that is buried in the graveyard."

She smoothed his hair gently with her hand.

"Carol is in a more beautiful palace than any we find here on earth, darling." The secret, elfin expression crossed his face, but he said nothing.

"And you must not believe that about the dam," she warned him gravely. "There is nothing at the bottom of it but black mud, and deep water that would drown you, too, if you went in."

"I know the palace is there," he repeated doggedly. "I have seen it. The best time to see it is in the early morning or in the evening. All the towers of it are pink then, and you can see the golden wings of the angels shining through the windows."

"That is the reflection of the pink-and-gold clouds in the sky at dawn and sunset that you see, dear silly one. Will you not believe me?"

He squeezed her hand lovingly.

"Mamma has seen it, too," he whispered. "You know she was with Carol when he fell in, and she saw him go into the door of the palace and be met by all the golden angels. She tried to get him back, but she cannot swim, and then she came running home for help. Afterward, they took Carol's body out and buried him, but, you know, he is really there still. Mamma has seen him looking through the windows—she told me—but you must not tell anyone. It is very secret, and once I thought I saw him, too, beckoning to me."

Christine was staggered. That so dangerous an illusion had been fostered by a mother was too bewildering, and she hardly knew how to meet and loyally fight it. It did not take her long to decide. With all the strength at her command, she set to work to clear away from his mind the whole fantastical construction. He clung to it firmly at first, and, in the end, almost pleaded to be left with the belief that he had but to step down the dam wall and join his brother in the fair pink palace. She realized now what tragedy had been lurking at her elbow all these days. Remembering the day when she had caught him up at the brink of the dam, she turned cold as ice in the heat-heavy room. A moment later, she returned to her theme, her explanations, her prayers for a promise from him that never, never would he go looking again for a vision that did not exist. At last he promised, and almost immediately fell asleep.

As for Christine Chaine, she stayed where she was on the floor, her head resting on the bed in sheer exhaustion, her limbs limp. All thought of going into the garden had left her. Sitting there, stiff-kneed and weary, she thought of Saltaire's eyes, and realized that there had come and gone an evening which she must count forever among the lost treasures of her life. Yet she did not regret it as she rose at last and looked down by the dim light on the pale, beautiful, but composed little face on the pillow.

She lay long awake. Roddy's bed was too short for her, and there was no ease in it, even had her mind and heart been at rest. All the fantasies she had beguiled from the boy's brain had come to roost in her own, with a hundred other vivid and painful impressions. The night, too, was fuller than usual of disquietude. The wind, which had been rising steadily, now tore at the shutters and rushed shrieking through the trees. There was a savage rumble of thunder among the hills, and,



"Don't tell me you never had a chance!"

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intermittently, lightning came through the shutter-slats.

When, above it all, she heard a gentle tapping, and sensed the whispering presence without, her cup of dreadful unease was full. But she was not afraid. She rose, as she had done one night before, and put on her dressing-gown. For a while, standing close to the shutters, she strained her ears to catch the message whose import she knew so well. The idea of speaking to some one or something as anxious as herself over Roddy had banished all horror. She longed for an interview with the strange being without. There was nothing to do but attempt, as before, to leave the house by the front door.

Down the long passage and through the dining-room she felt her way, moving noiselessly. When she came to the door, she found it once again with the bar hanging loose. More, it was ajar, and stirring (sluggishly, by reason of its great weight) to the wind. But her hand fell back when she would have opened it wide, for there were two people in the blackness of the porch, bidding each other good night with kisses and wild words. Clear on a gust of wind came Isabel van Cannan's voice, fiercely passionate.

"I hate the place. Oh, to be gone from it, Dick! To be gone with you, my darling! When—when?"

He crushed the question on her lips with kisses and whisperings.

Christine Chaine stole back from whence she came, with the strange and terrible sensation that her heart was being crushed between iron fingers and was bleeding slowly, drop by drop, to death. Once more, life had played her false. Love had mocked her and passed by on the other side.

Some of the men wondered, next day, how they could have had the illusion that Miss Chaine was a beautiful girl. The two Hollanders, who were great friends, discussed the matter after lunch while they were clipping feathers from the ostriches. One thing was quite clear to them both: she was just one of those cold Englishwomen without a drop in her veins of the warmth and sparkle that a man likes in a woman. Mrs. van Cannan now—she was the one! Still, it was a funny thing how they should have been taken in over Miss Chaine. Some one else had been taken in, too, however, and with a vengeance—that fellow Saltire, with his "sidey" manners. *He* had got a cold douche, if you like, at the hands of the proud one. They had all witnessed it. Thus and thus went the Dutchmen's remarks and speculations, and they chuckled with the malice of schoolboys over the discomfiture of Saltire. For it was well known to them and to the other men that the Englishman had ridden off, in the cool hours of the dawn, to Farnie Marais' place about ten miles away, to get her some flowers. He wanted to borrow an instrument, he said, but it was funny he should choose to go to Marais', who was more famous for the lovely roses he grew for the market than for any knowledge of scientific instruments. Funny, too, that all he had been seen to bring back was a bunch of yellow roses that must have cost him a stiff penny, for old Farnie did not grow roses for fun.

No one had seen Saltire present the

roses (that must have happened in the dining-room before the others came in); but all had marked the careless indifference with which they were scattered on the table and spilled on the floor beside the governess's chair. She looked on calmly, too, while the little girls, treating them like daisies, pulled several to pieces, petal by petal. Only the boy Roderick had appeared to attach any worth to them. He rescued some from under the table, and was overheard to ask ardently if he might have three for his own. The answer that he might have them all if he liked was not missed by anyone in the room, though spoken in Miss Chaine's usual quiet tones. It might have been an accident that she walked over some of the spilled roses as she left the room, but certainly she could not have shown her mind more plainly than by leaving every single one behind her. Roddy only, with a pleased and secret look upon his face, carried three of them away in a treasured manner.

Whatever Saltire's feelings were at the affront put upon him, he gave no sign. He was not one who wore his emotions where they could be read by all who ran, or even by those who sat and openly studied him with malice and amusement. His face was as serene as usual, and his envied gift of turning events of the monotonous every-day veld life into interesting topics of conversation remained unimpaired. He had even risen, as always, with his air of careless courtesy, to open the door for the woman who walked over his flowers.

The fact remained, as the manager said to the foreman after lunch, that he had certainly "caught it in the neck," and must have felt it somewhere. Perhaps he did. Perhaps he merely congratulated himself that the little scene when he had given the roses to Miss Chaine had been lost by everyone except the children, who were too young and self-engrossed to value its subtlety.

Either by accident or design, he had come to lunch a little earlier than usual, and as Miss Chaine and the children were always in their seats a good ten minutes before the rest of the party, it was quite simple for him, entering quietly and before she even knew of his presence, to lay the bunch of fragrant roses across her hands. A sweep of heavy delicious perfume rose to her face, and she gave a little rapturous "Oh!"

"I thought you might like them," said Saltire, with a sort of boyish diffidence that was odd in him. "They are just the color of the dress you wore last night."

In an instant, her face froze. She looked at him, with eyes from which every vestige of friendliness or liking had completely disappeared, and said politely but with the utmost disdain:

"Thank you, I do not care for them. Pray give them where they will be appreciated."

She pulled her hands from under the lovely blooms and pushed them away as if there were something contaminating in their touch. Some fell on the table, some on the floor. For a moment, Saltire seemed utterly taken aback, then he said carelessly:

"Throw them away if you like. They were meant for you and no one else."

She gave him a curiously cutting glance, but spoke nothing. As the sound of voices

told of the approach of the other men, he walked to his place without further remark, and had already taken his seat when Mrs. van Cannan, followed by Saxby, entered. They were talking about Saxby's wife, and Mrs. van Cannan looked infinitely distressed.

"I am so sorry. I will go and sit with her this afternoon and see if I can cheer her up," she said.

"It will be very kind of you," said Saxby gratefully. "I have never known her so low."

"It must be the weather. We are all feeling the heat terribly. If only the rains would break."

"They are not far off," said Andrew McNeil cheerfully. "I prophesy that to-night every kloof will be roaring full, and to-morrow will see the river in flood."

"In that case, the mail had better go off this evening at six," said Mrs. van Cannan. "It may be held up for days otherwise. I hope everyone has their letters ready? Have you, Miss Chaine?"

"I have one or two still to write, but I can get through them quickly this afternoon."

Christine avoided looking directly at her. She felt that the woman must see the contempt in her eyes. It was hard to say which she detested more of the two sitting there so serenely cheerful—the faithless wife and mother, or the man who ate another man's salt and betrayed him in his absence. It made her feel sick and soiled to be in such company, to come into contact with such creeping, soft-footed, whispering treachery. She ached to get away from it all and wipe the whole episode from her mind. Yet how could she leave the children, leave Roddy, desert the father's trust? She knew she could not. But very urgently she wrote after lunch to Mr. van Cannan, begging him to return to the farm as soon as his health permitted and release her from her engagement. She expressed it as diplomatically as she was able, making private affairs her reason for the change, but she could not and would not conceal the fervency of her request.

There was a brooding silence in the room where she sat writing and thinking. Roddy, for once, tired out from the night before, slept under his mosquito-net, side by side with the little girls, and Christine, looking at his beautiful, classical face and sensitive mouth, wondered how she would ever be able to carry out her plan to leave the farm. Who would understand him as she did, and protect him? Even the father who loved him had not known of the secret, fantastic danger of the dam. And the woman who should have destroyed the fantasy had encouraged it! But God knew what was in the heart of that strange woman; Christine Chaine did not—nor wished to: All she wished was that she might never see her again. As for Saltire, her proud resolve was to blot him from her memory, to forget that he had ever occupied her heart for a moment. But—O God, how it hurt, that empty, desecrated heart! How it haunted her, the face she had thought so beautiful, with its air of strength and chivalry, that now she knew to be a mockery and a lie!

She sat in the shuttered gloom, with her hands pressed to her temples, and bitter tears that could no longer be held back sped down her cheeks. In all the dark



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hours since she had stolen back to the nursery, overwhelmed by the discovery of a hateful secret, she had not wept. Her spirit had lain like a stricken thing in the ashes of humiliation, and her heart had stayed crushed and dead. "Cold as a stone in a valley lone." Now it was wakened to pain once more by the scent of three yellow roses carefully placed by Roddy in a jug on the table. The scent of those flowers told her that she must go wounded all her life. She could never again be friends with roses. He had even spoiled those for her. How dared he? Oh, how dared he come to her with gifts of flowers in his hands straight from a guilty intrigue with another man's wife?

The children stirred and began to chirrup drowsily, and she hastily collected herself, forcing back her tears and assuming the expressionless mask which life so often makes women wear. She was only just in time. A moment later, Isabel van Cannan came into the room with a packet of letters in her hand.

"Oh, Miss Chaine," she said, with her pretty, childlike air, "would it be too much to ask you to take down these letters to the store presently? The mail is to leave about four o'clock. I have to go out myself by and by, but the Saxbys' house is in the opposite direction, as you know, and I am really not able to knock about too much in this heat."

"Certainly I will take them," said Christine. "But the children?"

"They must not go, of course. Indeed, I would not ask you to go out in this blaze, but I don't like to trust letters with servants. There is no hurry, however. Finish your own letters first, then bring the children to my room. They will amuse themselves there, all right."

By the time Christine had donned a shade-hat and gloves, Mrs. van Cannan had made out a long list of articles she required at the store. The household things were to be sent in the ordinary way, but she begged Christine to choose some colored cottons that she required for new pinafores for the little girls and bring them along, also to look through the stock of note-paper for anything decently suitable, as her own stock had given out. It was a type of errand Christine was unaccustomed to perform and plainly foreign to her recognized duties; but it was difficult to be so unobliging as to refuse, so she took the letters and the list and departed.

The store was a good half-mile off, and the going (in hot weather) not very fast. Then, when she got there, the storekeeper was busy with his own mail, and she was kept waiting until various goods had been packed into the cart before the door and driven away with the mail behind four prancing mules. Looking out cottons and writing-paper occupied some further time. Stores on farms are poky places, and the things always hidden away in inaccessible spots. At any rate, the best part of an hour had passed before Christine was again on her way home, and she had an uneasy feeling that she had been too long away from the children, especially from Roddy. Suddenly, her haste was arrested by an unexpected sight. A tiny spot of color lay right in her pathway on the ground. It was only a yellow rose-leaf, but it brought a catch in Christine's breath and her feet to an abrupt halt. How had it come there? If it had fallen from one of

Roddy's roses, it meant that he had been out of doors since she left! That set her hurrying on again, but, as she walked, she reflected that of the many roses left in the dining-room, some might easily have been carried off by the servants and leaves dropped from them. Still, she was breathless and rather pale when she reached the house, wasting not a moment in finding her way to Mrs. van Cannan's room.

Rita and Coral were amusing themselves happily, winding up a tangle of bright-colored silks. But Roddy was gone! Neither was Mrs. van Cannan there.

Christine sat down rather suddenly, but her voice gave no sign of the alarm she felt.

"Where is Roddy?"

"He went out," answered Rita, perching herself upon Christine. "Mamma is going to give us each a new dolly if we get this silk untangled for her."

"How long ago did Roddy go?"

"Just after you went. But you mustn't be cross with him; Mamma gave him permission."

"Mamma is gone, too, to see poor Mrs. Saxby," prattled Coral.

Christine put them gently away from her.

"Well, hurry up and earn your new dollies," she counseled, smiling; "I'll be back very soon to help you."

In the dining-room, she looked for the discarded roses and found them gathered in a dying heap on a small side-table. In the nursery, she found two of Roddy's roses in the jug. The third was missing!

Of one thing she felt as certain as she could feel of anything in the shifting quicksands of that house, and that was that Roddy had not gone to the dam, for he had promised her earnestly, the night before, that never again would he go there without her. Could he, then, have gone to the cemetery? Even that seemed unlikely, for he loved her to go with him on his excursions thither. Where else, then? The rose-leaf she had passed on the road stuck obstinately in her memory, and now she suddenly remembered that the place she had seen it was near the barn from whence she had once found Roddy emerging. Perhaps he had gone there to amuse himself in his own mysterious fashion. He might even have been there when she passed. Oh, why had she not looked in? But the omission was easily rectified. In two minutes she was out of doors again, walking rapidly the way she had come.

Roddy was not in the barn, however, and it seemed at a glance as harmless a place as she had thought it before. An end of it was full of forage, and one side piled high with old farm-implements and empty cases. Rather to the fore of the pile stood one large packing-case, sacking and straw sticking from under its loose lid. Christine had just decided there was nothing here to warrant her scrutiny when, lying in front of this case, she saw something that drew her gaze like a magnet. It was another yellow rose-leaf.

"Roddy!" she cried, and was astonished at the sharp relief in her voice, for she had suddenly made up her mind that the boy was there hiding from her. There was no answer to her call. Very slowly then she went over and lifted the lid of the case. It was quite loose, and edged with a fringe of strong nails that had once fastened it to the box, but which now were red with

rust. A quantity of sacking, of the kind used for winding about fragile goods, lay heaped at the top and came away easily to her hand, exposing that which lay firmly wedged at the bottom. What she had expected to find she did not know. What she did find astonished her beyond all things. It was a beautifully chiseled white-marble tombstone in the shape of a cross. The whole of the inscription was clear of dust or any covering save one fading yellow rose. Awed, deeply touched, and feeling herself upon the verge of a mysterious revelation, Christine lifted Roddy's yellow rose and read the simple gold-lettered inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED WIFE,
CLARICE VAN CANNAN
(BORN QUENTIN),
WHO DIED AT EAST LONDON, JUNE 7, 19—,
AND WAS BROUGHT BACK TO REST NEAR HER
SORROWING HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.
(AGED 27)

The date of death was two years old.

Much that had been dark became clear to Christine. She understood at last. The woman whose sad fate was here recorded, cut off at twenty-seven—that fairest period in a happy woman's life—was Roddy's mother, the mother of all the little van Cannan children, living and dead. The woman who had ousted her memory from all hearts save loving, loyal Roddy's was the second wife and stepmother.

Much in the attitude of the big, blond, laughing woman who reigned now at Blue Aloes, false to her husband, careless of the fate of his children, was accounted for, too. The sorrows of the van Cannans had never touched her. How should they? Had not Christine heard from her own lips, the night before, the confession of her love for another, and her hatred of Bernard van Cannan's home. How, then, should she love Bernard van Cannan's children?

The cruel taunt of cowardice she had flung at Roddy was explained. The boy's sensitive, loyal nature was a book too deep for her reading, the memory of his loved ones too sweet and tenacious for her to tamper with. Nevertheless, she had understood him well enough to set a bond on his honor never to speak of the dead woman who slept in the unmarked grave while her tombstone lay in the rubble of an outhouse. The spell by which she had won the man to forgetfulness and neglect was not the same as that by which she had induced silence in the boy. A promise had been wrung from him—perhaps even under duress! Suddenly, terror swept over Christine Chaine. It was revealed to her, as in a vision, that the pink-and-white woman who laughed with such childlike innocence by day and whispered so passionately to her lover by night could be capable of many things not good for those who stood in the way of her wishes.

Why had two of the van Cannan sons died sudden deaths? Why was the lure of a pink palace at the bottom of the dam fostered in the third? How had the tarantula come into his bed, and why had some one said that it acted like a thing drugged or intoxicated, and that, when it woke up, it would have been a bad lookout for Roddy?

"God forgive me!" cried the distracted girl to herself. "Perhaps I am more wicked than she, to harbor such thoughts!"



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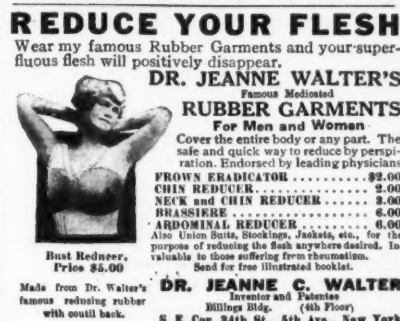


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Then, as if at a call that her heart heard rather than her ears, she found herself running out of the barn and across the veld in the hot, stormy sunshine, in the direction of the Saxbys' bungalow.

She had never been there before, though often, in their walks, she and the children had passed within a stone's throw of the little wood-and-iron building. The door was always shut, and the windows hidden by the heavy creeper that covered in the stoep. She had often thought what a drab and dreary life it must be for a woman to live hidden away there, and even the children never passed without a compassionate allusion to "poor Mrs. Saxby, always shut up there alone."

A dread of seeing the sad, disfigured creature seized her now, as she reached the darkened stoep, and held her back for a moment. She stood wondering why she had come and how she could expect to find Roddy there where the children had never been allowed to penetrate. But, in the very act of hesitation, she heard the boy's voice ring out.

"No, mamma; please don't make me do it!"

In a couple of swift steps she was in the stoep and her hand on the knob of the door. But the door would not open. There were two narrow windows that gave onto the stoep, and, without pause, she flew to the one that she judged to be in the direction of the child's voice and laid hands upon it. It was closed and curtained with thick blue muslin, but there were no shutters, and to her forceful push the lower part jerked up and the curtains divided. She found herself standing there, the silent spectator of a scene in which all the actors were silent, too, amazed, or paralyzed by her unexpected appearance.

The room was a common little sitting-room with a table in the center, at either end of which sat Mrs. van Cannan and Mr. Saxby. Roddy was between the table and the wall, and Christine's first sight of him showed him white-faced and staring with fascinated, fearful eyes at a large cardboard box, with a flatiron on its lid, which stood on the table. The two elder people were each holding small knobkerries, that is, stout sticks with wired handles and heavy heads made by the natives. A revolver lay at Saxby's elbow.

The little tableau remained stationary just long enough for Christine to observe all details; then everyone acted at once. Roddy flew round the table and reached her at the window, sobbing.

"Oh, Miss Chaine! Miss Chaine!"

Saxby laid his knobkerrie on the table and lit a cigarette, and Mrs. van Cannan, rising from her seat with an air of dignity outraged beyond all bounds, addressed Christine.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion, Miss Chaine? How dare you come bursting into Mr. Saxby's house like this?"

"I heard Roddy call out," was the firm answer, "and I consider it my duty to protect him." She had the boy well within her reach now, and could easily have lifted him out of the low window, but it seemed an undignified thing to do unless it became absolutely necessary.

"Protect him! From what, may I ask?"

The woman's voice was like a knife.

"I don't know from what. I only know that he was in grave fear of something you were about to do."

The conclusion of *Blue Aloes* will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

Saxby interposed with a soft laugh.

"You surely cannot suppose Roddy was in any danger from his mother, Miss Chaine—or that I would harm him?"

He certainly did not look very harmful with his full, handsome features and melancholy smile.

"Your action is both ridiculous and impertinent," continued Mrs. van Cannan furiously. "And I can tell you that I will not stand that sort of thing from anyone in my house," she added, with the air of one dismissing a servant. "You may go. Roddy, come here!"

Roddy gave a wild cry.

"Don't leave me, Miss Chaine. They've got a snake in that box, and they want me to let it out."

There was blank silence for a moment; then Christine spoke with deliberation.

"If this is true, it is the most infamous thing I have ever heard of."

Even Isabel van Cannan was silenced, and Saxby's deprecating smile passed. He said gravely,

"Mrs. van Cannan has a right to use what methods she thinks best to cure her boy of cowardice."

"Cowardice!" Christine answered him scornfully. "The word would be better applied to those who deliberately terrify a child. I am astonished at a man taking part in such a vile business."

She was pale with indignation and pity for the boy who trembled in her arms, and in no mood to choose her words.

Saxby shrugged his shoulders with a sort of helpless gesture toward his companion, as if to say he had only done as he was told. Mrs. van Cannan gave him a furious glance before returning to Christine.

"Can't you see," she said violently, "that we have sticks here ready to kill the thing, and a revolver if necessary? Not that it is poisonous—if it had bitten that miserable little worm!" She cast a withering glance at Roddy, who shrank closer to Christine. She judged it time to pull him safely from the room to her side onto the veranda.

"There is nothing miserable about Roddy," she said fiercely, "except his misfortune in having a stepmother who neither loves nor understands him."

That blenched the woman at the table. She turned a curious yellow color, and her golden-brown eyes appeared to perform an evolution in her head that, for a moment, showed nothing of them but the eyeball.

"That will do," she hissed, advancing menacingly upon Christine. "I always felt you were a spy. But you shall not stay prying here another day. Pack your things and go at once."

"Come, come, Mrs. van Cannan," interposed Saxby soothingly; "I am sure you are unjust to Miss Chaine. Besides, how can she go at once? There is nothing for her to travel by until the cart returns from Cradock."

But the woman he addressed had lost all control of herself.

"She goes to-morrow, cart or no cart!" she shouted, and struck one clenched fist on the other. "We will see who is mistress at Blue Aloes!"

Christine cast at her the look of a well-bred woman insulted by a brawling fishwife, and, with Roddy's hand tightly in hers, walked out of the veranda without deigning to answer.

The Purple Flask

(Continued from page 30)

break a solemn oath? Well, you see me on my way to the appointed place. And don't bump into me like that, or it may be that we'll neither of us ever get anywhere."

"I shouldn't care," said Rodovitch, with sudden bitterness.

"You look seedy," said Anton. "You haven't been drinking, I hope."

"I haven't slept all night," said Rodovitch.

"That's too bad."

"You know very well why I haven't slept. And you call it 'too bad.' You choose weak words, Anton."

"What do you want me to say?"

"Nothing. But it is terrible to love—and to lose. You are not superior to me in any way. All men are equal. But you are taken, and I am left."

"You are very young, Rodovitch, and, like all very young persons, overinclined to moodiness and tragic thoughts. Minna is not the only beautiful woman in the world."

"But she is the most beautiful and the most wonderful."

Webber made no comment, though he had his own reasons for agreeing with what Rodovitch had said.

"If you don't come back," said Rodovitch, "what will she do?"

"You hope I won't come back, eh?"

"I know what I hope."

"If you had been chosen," said Webber, "I should have been forced into the same pinching boots in which you find yourself."

"Do you mean that, if I had cut the low card, she would have married me?"

"If that is any comfort to you."

"It is! It is!" cried Rodovitch. "For if it means that she doesn't love me, it means that she doesn't love you, either. Where courage might be needed, there she stood, ready to give herself."

"You had better not come any further. It is just as well that we shouldn't be seen together. If all goes well with me, I will come to the meeting-place as soon thereafter as may be. If I have bad luck, Rodovitch, you'll none of you abandon Minna? You'll see her through? You'll be comrades and brothers? Good-by."

He went on and entered the servants' door of the fish-house in which, for the past two months, he had been employed as a waiter.

IV

ANTON WEBBER'S nervous system held together until half-past twelve o'clock. Then it began to play tricks. He kept pulling at his collar to give his throat more room, and his back and sides were clammy with cold sweat. In an hour he would either be dead, in the hands of the law, or free to live a new life.

Already the purple flask lay on the seat of the chair opposite that in which the man who had lived too long would sit. Anton had only to reach under the skirt of the table-cloth, give the copper-and-aluminum stopper one half-turn to the left, and wait. But suppose the man who had lived too long should change his habit? Suppose he should not come to eat fish on this particular Friday. Well, in that case, Anton would have to recover his flask and wait till the next Friday. He had a swift



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Wife (thoughtfully): "I guess you're right at that, James."



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intuition of what that long wait would mean. Already he had borne almost as much as he could bear. Each slow-ticked minute was an eternity. A quarter to one!

Suppose, departing from custom, the man who had lived too long should bring a guest with him? Anton pictured the scene when the guest's chair should be pulled out from under the table-cloth, revealing the purple flask. How soon would curiosity be succeeded by suspicion, by fear? Many times already that day, that particular chair had been occupied. How could Anton explain the presence of the purple flask? Ten minutes to one!

"I shall wait till he comes," said Anton, "before I start the mechanism. Even his habits are not so certain as fate. A thousand things might prevent him from coming at all on this day of all days."

A young man, who may have been a clerk, and a young woman, who may have been a stenographer, entered the restaurant and were shown to a table for two, next to that which, every Friday for many years now, had always been reserved for the man who had lived too long.

The young man's attentions hovered over the young woman as butterflies over a rose-bush. He pulled out her chair for her, brushing their waiter aside; he snatched her wrap from the waiter's hands and himself hung it on a hook. Then, when he, too, was seated, he took from the middle of the table, and placed at the side, a vase of carnations which interfered with his view of her. A copy of the menu was furnished to each of them. Over these menus they bent their heads, but every instant they looked up from the work of selecting dishes, and looked into each other's eyes and smiled.

The conclusion of *The Purple Flask* will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

Beyond

(Continued from page 75)

lady or something in a long, dark coat with white on her head, against the hedge."

"Right! Drive down again sharp, and use your eyes."

At such moments, thought is impossible, and a feverish use of every sense takes its place. But of thought there was no need, for the gardens of villas and the inn blocked the river at all but one spot. Winton stopped the car where the narrow lane branched down to the bank, and jumping out, ran. By instinct, he ran silently on the grass-edge, and Markey, imitating, ran behind. When he came in sight of a black shape lying on the bank, he suffered a moment of intense agony, for he thought it was just a dark garment thrown away. Then he saw it move, and, holding up his hand for Markey to stand still, walked on alone, tiptoeing in the grass, his heart swelling with a sort of rapture. Stealthily moving round between that prostrate figure and the water, he knelt down and said as best he could, for the hush in his throat.

"My darling!"

Gyp raised her head and stared at him. Her white face, with eyes unnaturally dark and large, and hair falling all over it, was strange to him—the face of grief itself, stripped of the wrappings of form. And he knew not what to do, how to help or comfort, how to save. He could see so

Anton Webber looked at the girl's left hand. She wore one ring, gold, with a very small diamond set in it.

"Engaged," thought Anton, "but not yet married."

A great feeling of pity for those young people rose in his heart. And he rebelled against fate. Why in the name of goodness had they been placed at that particular table? How young they were, how innocent, and how happy! Yet, in a little while—

He pictured the wrecked dining-room, the smashed crockery, and the overturned and broken chairs and tables mixed with other fragments indescribable. He could hear the screams and the groans.

"Better for me," he thought, "to break my oath and be hunted to death."

He was in a state of horrible irresolution.

"Oh," he thought, "if only I could be sure that they would both be killed outright in the very heyday of their happiness! But suppose, by some malignant freak of the explosion, one of them is blown to pieces and the other spared to live and to remember?"

It was three minutes to one.

The young couple had given their order. They sat now, arms on the table, gazing with naive rapture into each other's eyes. Under the table, the young man had taken one of the young woman's high-heeled feet between both of his. He imagined that the table-cloth concealed his maneuvers, and so it would from eyes at an ordinary elevation. But Anton Webber, bending over and feeling for the stopper of the purple flask, had seen, in a swift flash of vision, just, as a moment before, he had seen entering the restaurant the ponderous, commanding figure of the man who had lived too long.

clearly in her eyes the look of a wild animal at the moment of its capture, and instinct made him say,

"I lost her just as cruelly, Gyp."

He saw the words reach her brain, and that wild look waver. Stretching out his arm, he drew her close to him till her cheek was against his, her shaking body against him, and kept murmuring,

"For my sake, Gyp; for my sake!"

When, with Markey's aid, he had got her to the cab, they took her, not back to the house but to the inn. She was in high fever, and soon delirious. By noon, aunt Rosamund and Mrs. Markey, summoned by telegram, had arrived; and the whole inn was taken lest there should be any noise to disturb her.

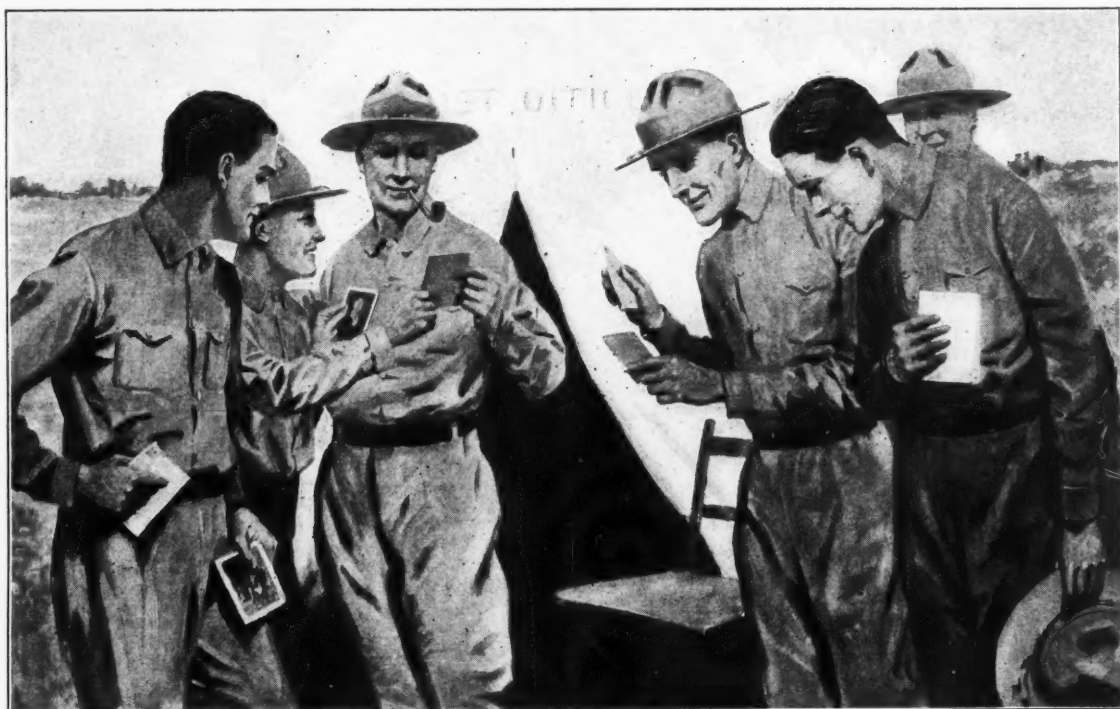
At five o'clock, Winton was summoned down-stairs to the little so-called reading-room. A tall woman was standing at the window, shading her eyes with the back of a gloved hand. Though they had lived so long within ten miles of each other, he only knew Lady Summerhay by sight, and he waited for the poor woman to speak first. She said, in a low voice:

"There is nothing to say; only, I thought I must see you. How is she?"

"Delirious."

They stood in silence a full minute before she whispered:

"My poor boy! Did you see him—his



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forehead?" Her lips quivered. "I will take him back home." And tears rolled, one after the other, slowly down her flushed face under her veil. Poor woman! Poor woman! She had turned to the window, passing her handkerchief up under the veil, staring out at the little strip of darkening lawn, and Winton, too, stared out into that mournful daylight. At last, he said,

"I will send you all his things, except—except anything that might help my poor girl."

She turned quickly.

"And so it's ended like this! Major Winton, is there anything behind—were they really happy?"

Winton looked straight at her and answered,

"Ah, too happy!"

Without a quiver, he met those tear-darkened, dilated eyes straining at his; with a heavy sigh, she once more turned away, and, brushing her handkerchief across her face, drew down her veil.

It was not true—he knew from the mutterings of Gyp's fever—but no one, not even Summerhay's mother, should hear a whisper if he could help it. At the door, he murmured:

"I don't know whether my girl will get through, or what she will do after? When Fate hits, she hits too hard. And you! Good-by."

Lady Summerhay pressed his outstretched hand.

"Good-by," she said, in a strangled voice. "I wish you—good-by." Then, turning abruptly, she hastened away.

In the days that followed, when Gyp, robbed of memory, hung between life and death, Winton hardly left her room, that low room with crepe windows whence the river could be seen, gliding down under the pale November sunshine or black beneath the stars. He would watch it, fascinated, as one sometimes watches the relentless sea. He had snatched her as by a miracle from that snaky river.

He had refused to have a nurse. Aunt Rosamund and Mrs. Markey were skilled in sickness, and he could not bear that a strange person should listen to those delirious mutterings. His own part of the nursing was just to sit there and keep her secrets from the others—if he could. And he grudged every minute away from his post. He would stay for hours, with eyes fixed on her face. No one could supply so well as he just that coherent thread of the familiar by which the fevered, without knowing it, perhaps find their way a little in the dark mazes where they wander. And he would think of her as she used to be—well and happy—adopting unconsciously the methods of those mental and other scientists whom he looked upon as quacks.

He was astonished by the number of inquirers; even people whom he had considered enemies left cards or sent their servants, forcing him to the conclusion that people of position are obliged to reserve their human kindness for those as good as dead. But the small folk touched him daily by their genuine concern for her whose grace and softness had won their hearts. One morning, he received a letter forwarded from Bury Street.

DEAR MAJOR WINTON:

I have read a paragraph in the paper about poor Mr. Summerhay's death. And, oh, I

feel so sorry for her! She was so good to me; I do feel it most dreadfully. If you think she would like to know how we all feel for her, you would tell her, wouldn't you? I do think it's cruel.

Very faithfully yours,
DAPHNE WING.

So they knew Summerhay's name—he had not, somehow, expected that. He did not answer, not knowing what to say.

During those days of fever, the hardest thing to bear was the sound of her rapid whisperings and mutterings—incoherent phrases that said so little and told so much. Of the actual tragedy, her wandering spirit did not seem conscious; her lips were always telling the depth of her love, always repeating the dread of losing his—except when they would give a whispering laugh, uncanny and enchanting, as at some gleam of perfect happiness. Those little laughs were worst of all to hear; they never failed to bring tears into his eyes. But he drew a certain gruesome comfort from the conclusion, slowly forced on him, that Summerhay's tragic death had cut short a situation which might have had an even more tragic issue. One night, in the big chair at the side of her bed, he woke from a doze to see her eyes fixed on him. They were different; they saw, were her own eyes again. Her lips moved.

"Dad."

"Yes, my pet."

"I remember everything."

At that dreadful little saying, Winton leaned forward and put his lips to her hand that lay outside the clothes.

"Where is he buried?"

"At Widdington."

"Yes."

It was rather a sigh than a word, and, raising his head, Winton saw her eyes closed again. Now that the fever had gone, the white transparency of her cheeks and forehead against the dark lashes and hair was too startling. Was it a living face, or was its beauty that of death?

He bent over. She was breathing—asleep.

XII

THE return to Mildenhay was made by easy stages nearly two months after Summerhay's death, on New Year's day—Mildenhay, dark, smelling the same, full of ghosts of the days before love began. For little Gyp, more than five years old now, and beginning to understand life, this was the pleasantest home yet. In watching her becoming the spirit of the place, as she herself had been when a child, Gyp found rest at times, a little rest. She had not picked up much strength, was shadowy as yet, and if her face was taken unawares, it was the saddest face one could see. Her chief preoccupation was not being taken unawares. Alas! To Winton, her smile was even sadder. He was at his wits' end about her that winter and spring. She obviously made the utmost effort to keep up, and there was nothing to do but watch and wait. No use to force the pace. Time alone could heal—perhaps.

Spring came and passed. Physically, Gyp grew strong again, but since their return to Mildenhay, she had never once gone outside the garden, never once spoken of the Red House, never once of Summerhay. Winton had hoped that warmth and



How two men built up a great bank

The directors of a big New York trust company were hunting for two unusually able men to make vice-presidents. The bank was being reorganized. Strong leaders were needed.

Before making their choice, the directors considered many men in the banking world. The future of the bank depended largely upon the experience and judgment of the men they selected.

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In the end the directors chose two men without any previous banking experience. One was a successful real estate agent. The other a big life insurance man. These men were selected because their business knowledge was broad and sound.

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Why they succeeded

These two men succeeded in a totally new business because they had mastered the principles underlying *all* business. They were able to build up a great bank because of their unusual grasp of business fundamentals.

This same knowledge lies behind every big success. Once acquired, it needs only the personal qualities of determination and energy to make success sure for any one.

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Based upon the actual experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It gives you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business.

In our national crisis today the need for this broad executive training is rapidly increasing. Men in all branches of business are

being called upon to assume the work of others and to fill more responsible positions. This demand for trained executives will be even greater in the coming struggle for world-markets. For men who are prepared there will be more opportunities than ever before to succeed in a big way.

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Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for this Course and Service along with ambitious young men in their employ. Among the 60,000 subscribers are such men as E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammermill Paper Co.; William C. D'Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; N. A. Hawkins, Manager of Sales, Ford Motor Co., and scores of others equally prominent.

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HERE are samples of the letters of appreciation that come back to Canada, England and France from the lads who have been comforted. Our contributors receive similar notes.

"The packets were distributed tonight to the members of this company, and it gives me great pleasure to convey to you the sincere thanks which they expressed on receipt of same. I may say that such tokens of remembrance are very cheering to the boys, being an earnest of the fact that while they are 'doing their bit' here the friends at home have not forgotten them." H. DOMISHORPE (Capt.), Commanding No. — Co., Canadian Forestry Corps.

The Mud on Vimy Ridge

"Many thanks for tobacco. It arrived O. K. It made us forget the mud on Vimy Ridge." W. C. SMITH, Capt. and Adj., Canadian Cyclists' Batt., A. E. F.

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NEW YORK

sunlight would bring some life to her spirit, but it did not seem to. Not that she cherished her grief—appeared, rather, to do all in her power to forget and mask it. She only had what used to be called a "broken heart." Nothing to be done. Little Gyp, who had been told that "Baryn" had gone away forever, and that she must "never speak of him for fear of making mum sad," would sometimes stand and watch her mother with puzzled gravity. She once remarked uncannily to Winton:

"Mum doesn't live with us, grandy; she lives away somewhere, I think. Is it with Baryn?"

Winton stared, and answered:

"Perhaps it is, sweetheart; but don't say that to anybody but me. Don't ever talk of Baryn to anyone else."

"Yes, I know; but where is he, grandy?" What could Winton answer? Some imbecility with the words "very far" in it; for he had not courage to broach the question of death, that mystery so hopelessly beyond the grasp of children, and of himself—and others.

He rode a great deal with the child, who, like her mother before her, was never so happy as in the saddle; but to Gyp he did not dare suggest it. She never spoke of horses, never went to the stables, passed all the days doing little things about the house, gardening, and sitting at her piano, sometimes playing a little, sometimes merely looking at the keys, her hands clasped in her lap. Winton often thought, "If she only had something to take her out of herself!" In June, he took his courage in both hands and proposed a visit to London. To his surprise, she acquiesced without hesitation. They went up in Whit-week. While they were passing Widrington, he forced himself to an unnatural spurt of talk; and it was not till fully quarter of an hour later that, glancing stealthily round his paper, he saw her sitting motionless, her face turned to the fields and tears rolling down it. And he dared not speak, dared not try to comfort her. She made no sound, the muscles of her face no movement; only, those tears kept rolling down. And, behind his paper, Winton's eyes narrowed and retreated; his face hardened till the skin seemed tight-drawn over the bones, and every inch of him quivered.

The usual route from the station to Bury Street was "up," and the cab went by narrow by-streets, town lanes where the misery of the world is on show, where ill-looking men, draggled and overdriven women, and the jaunty ghosts of little children in gutters and on doorsteps proclaim, by every feature of their clay-colored faces and every movement of their uncolored bodies, the post-datement of the millennium. Gyp, leaning forward, looked out, as one does after a long sea voyage; Winton felt her hand slip into his and squeeze it hard.

That evening, after dinner—in the room he had furnished for her mother, where the satinwood chairs, the little Jacobean bureau, the old brass candelabra were still much as they had been just on thirty years ago—she said:

"Dad, I've been thinking. Would you mind if I could make a sort of home at Mildenhams where poor children could come

to stay and get good air and food. There are such thousands of them."

Strangely moved by this, the first wish he had heard her express since the tragedy, Winton took her hand, and, looking at it as if for answer to his question, said,

"My dear, are you strong enough?"

"Quite. There's nothing wrong with me now except here." She drew his hand to her and pressed it against her heart. "What's given, one can't get back. I can't help it; I would if I could. It's been so dreadful for you. I'm so sorry." Winton made an unintelligible sound, and she went on. "If I had them to see after, I shouldn't be able to think so much; the more I had to do the better. Good for our Gypsy bird, too, to have them there. I should like to begin it at once."

Winton nodded. Anything that she felt could do her good—anything!

"Yes, yes," he said; "I quite see—you could use the two old cottages to start with, and we can easily run up anything you want."

"Only let me do it all, won't you?"

At that touch of her old self, Winton smiled. She should do everything, pay for everything, bring a whole street of children down, if it would give her any comfort.

"Rosamund'll help you find 'em," he muttered. "She's first-rate at all that sort of thing." Then, looking at her fixedly, he added, "Courage, my soul; it'll all come back some day."

Gyp forced herself to smile. Watching her, he understood only too well the child's saying: "Mum lives away somewhere, I think." Suddenly, she said, very low,

"And yet I wouldn't have been without it."

She was sitting, her hands clasped in her lap, two red spots high in her cheeks, her eyes shining strangely, the faint smile still on her lips. And Winton, staring with narrowed eyes, thought: "No! Love! Beyond measure—beyond death—it nearly kills. But one wouldn't have been without it. Why?"

Three days later, leaving Gyp with his sister, he went back to Mildenhams to start the necessary alterations in the cottages. He had told no one he was coming, and walked up from the station on a perfect June day, bright and hot. When he turned through the drive gate, into the beech-tree avenue, the leaf-shadows were thick on the ground, with golden gleams of the invincible sunlight thrusting their way through. The gray boles, the vivid green leaves, those glistening sun-shafts through the shade entranced him, coming from the dusty road. Down in the very middle of the avenue, a small white figure was standing, as if looking out for him. He heard a shrill shout.

"Oh, grandy, you've come back—you've come back! What fun!"

Winton took her curls in his hand, and, looking into her face, said,

"Well, my Gypsy bird, will you give me one of these?"

Little Gyp gazed up at him with flying eyes, and, hugging his legs, answered furiously:

"Yes; because I love you. Pull!"

THE END

Cosmopolitan for September, 1917

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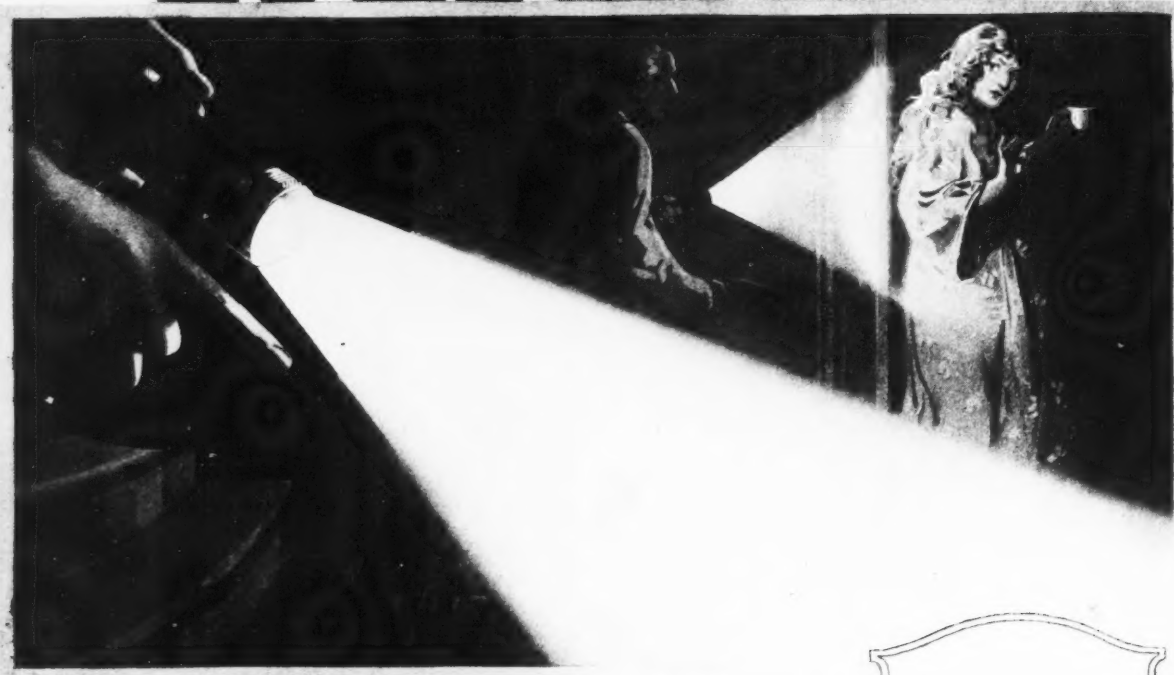
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The Morgans

(Continued from page 77)

plotted his reduction, but from the moment he assumed the prerogatives of autocracy, the big chair in the little room in the old white-marble bank at Wall and Broad Streets was a dictator's throne.

His belief in the future of these United States was dauntless. We would ever go on to bolder emprise. The undeveloped assets of the continent were incalculable; the farthest advanced industry had yet to sight a fixed mean. Conservation, salvage, and exactness would replace casual exploitation. A new order of *entrepreneurs* was marching out of the dawn to reduce waste-piles, abolish slipshod craftsmanship, and technicalize mine and shop.

His brain was an audacious spider, spinning such webs of optimism as to strain the credulity even of his own confrères, but J. P. Morgan was thinking in decades, not days—estimating potentialities by stretches of years, not immediacies.

One by one, he built and launched argosies so apparently overtaxed with capitalization that expert opinion did not hesitate to predict their foundering under the strain. But, one by one, his ships have ridden their storms and rest safe in harbor.

He was not a gambler. No man who believes that To-morrow will be greater than Yesterday is fated to disaster.

Hope served his confidence, and that confidence served the nation for a break-water.

His bold hand choked the crazy panic of 1907. The depositories of New York, under his peremptory orders, submissively contributed the amounts designated for each, to bulwark credit and shore the tottering walls of business.

When one reluctant and fearful vassal protested that the sum to be exacted from his hoard meant the utilization of reserves, Morgan turned upon him in fury and thundered, "Why do we hold reserves, except for just such emergencies as this?"

He cared nothing for money itself and spent it as freely as it poured into him. Art, charity, and church were silent partners of his ventures.

It was the strategy of finance—the massing and moving of great bodies of wealth, the thrill of the game that keened his faculties. His own term for money was "ammunition," and he used it as such.

Popular fancy establishes him as a human calculating-machine—a compendium of statistics, with the facts and figures relating to railroading, shipping, and industry charted in his brain.

In reality, he was a dreamer, a generalizer, a creature of visions, with the instincts of a clairvoyant and the temperament of an artist.

An expert mathematician, he none the less followed impulse oftener than digests.

A graduate of Göttingen, then strongly under the influence of and advocating the ideals of new Prussia, he imbibed and brought to America the conviction that intelligent combination, with its resultant reductions of operating costs and focusing of energy, was the indubitable policy for our industries.

He had no patience with inefficiency, and yet his sense of its presence sprang from deduction rather than investigation.

He indulged in terrific detestations and



**"He had a dream
and it shot him!"**

FRIGHTENED—ragged—dirty—the boy stood. It was midnight and the doctor, waked up from sleep, demanded—"But how did they shoot him?" The boy trembled—stuttered. "He had a dream and it shot him."

Don't you remember it—how that boy was Huck Finn—and how Tom Sawyer was shot—and Huck's preposterous, terrified explanation?

How it rolls back the years! How it carries you back to the day, when as a youngster you read and read Huckleberry Finn until you nearly died laughing. Have you read Huck Finn this year and realized its bigness—its philosophy—its sadness—all those things, which now to you, become so mixed with the laughter of youth? For Mark Twain was the most serious of all our writers—he was a great fighter for freedom, for liberty, for ideals.

MARK TWAIN

25 VOLUMES

"He traveled always such a broad and brilliant highway with plumes flying and crowds following after"—and his death left nations weeping. But in a larger sense he is not dead. He lives forever in work more truly American than that of any other man.

HISTORY

Read "Joan of Arc" if you would know Mark Twain in all his greatness—the most amazing story in the world—accurate as history, spiritual in idea, beautiful in execution.

ROMANCE

Everything he wrote was touched with the golden freshness of youth and romance whether in such books as "The Prince and The Pauper"—"A Connecticut Yankee" or "Roughing It."

SHORT STORIES

They are so many and so good.

ESSAYS

He could not see injustice without fighting it. The flame of his anger seared and burst forth in essays that will live forever.

TRAVEL

You have not seen the world until you see it through Mark Twain's wise and humorous eyes. His books of wanderings—will be revelations to you now who read them only in your youth.

RUDYARD KIPLING, writing to the most important officials in India, said: "I have seen Mark Twain this golden morning, have shaken his hand, and smoked a cigar—no, two cigars with him, and talked with him for more than two hours! Understand clearly that I do not despise you; indeed I don't. I am only very sorry for you, from the Viceroy downward."

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? All the short stories? All the brilliant fighting essays—all the history?

WHY THE PRICE MUST BE RAISED

To Mark Twain two things were precious above all others—one was a love for his wife—the other was a love of the people. At every side he was surrounded by tributes of honor, by joyous affection. In every corner of the world he was known and loved. And because of this it was his desire that his books be so made and sold at such a low price that every family could own a set.

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supported them in magnificent style. He would not deal with men whom he disliked, despite any pecuniary advantage of participating in their ventures.

He was content with his own code and permitted no other to conflict with it.

The foremost conciliator of his epoch, he was himself arbitrary, irascible, and brutally plain-spoken.

Once committed to a decision, he was blind to opposition.

His determination was a sledging force. He pounded circumstances to a chosen pattern upon the very anvil of will.

But above all, he kept faith with his associates. Men who could not trust themselves gave him their implicit faith.

His verbal pledge was a negotiable bond. After delivery, it was irrevocable.

He was a strange mixture of sentimentalist and bulldog. A round-robin from the employees of the house at Christmas brought tears to his eyes. Yet the decision to retain an incompetent friend in charge of a vandalized property was not to be shaken by the prospect of a consequent loss to shareholders dependent upon its earnings.

His gruffness was partly assumption—a protecting device to repel the discovery of a shy and diffident man who could not put himself at ease with strangers.

He was very proud of his citizenship and held it higher than an English peerage, which might have been his for the taking.

Morgans was founded by George Peabody, who removed to London to start a bank there with the profits of American undertakings.

Junius Spencer Morgan, beginning with a little retail shop in New England, piled up enough millions to purchase an interest in the Peabody bank and, after Peabody's death, continued the concern under his own name.

Since it has become the fashion to indict Morgans of promoting the British cause with our resources, in all justice let us remember that, in 1905, when we had a sixty-two-million-dollar Treasury deficit, it was Morgans that brought from abroad

the funds which absorbed a hundred-million-dollar loan.

So, after all, Morgans is simply liquidating an old debt both for itself and the republic in its recent fiscal support of the Allies.

As Morgans is a partnership and not a corporation, any estimate of the degree to which it has advantaged from its services must be purely speculative. Together with enormous underwriting and purchasing commissions, J. P. Morgan & Company, as directing spirits in and large holders of the stocks of steel-plants, steamship lines, railways, and munition-mills, is certainly a heavy beneficiary of the present world-situation.

For a hundred years, the Rothschilds

were high lords of the Bourse, but the puissance which began with the eighteenth century was ended by conditions practically identical to those which gave it birth.

Then, it was Napoleon against whom all Europe stood united in arms, and Roths-

childs was the pursuer of the Allies.

To-day, the concert of powers is battling the menace of Prussia, and Morgans is the fiscal agent.

It was a Rothschild who first taught the English public to invest in foreign securities. It was Morgans who engineered the popularization of European loans in the United States.

Thus, a great private firm has developed into a greater international institution.

The son, whose long residence abroad often caused his father to wonder if protracted British environment might possibly unfit him for the essentially American specialities with which the bank was sharply identified, by virtue of his foreign contracts has, within a four-year stewardship, magnified the name and immeasurably multiplied the resources of the Morgans.

But how many Morgans to follow will sit in the seats of the Mighty? How long will this John Pierpont remain a world-force or retain the amazing position wrested from a clan of such unique shrewdness and accreted riches that their supremacy, too, seemed invincible?

Herbert Kaufman

will devote the next of his trenchant articles on the men whose inventive genius and organizing abilities are big contributing factors to the power and fame of our nation to

Charles P. Steinmetz.

The Adventure of Jose

(Continued from page 81)

wonder if she has explosives tucked up her sleeve or up Freddy's? In my mood to-night, however, I don't care. I feel exhilarated and brave. It's been a splendid day—my first glimpse of New England.

Think of the historic thrills for the Woodsman and me, sitting side by side, exchanging impressions along the Old Post Road from New York to Boston—the Old Post Road which used, in dim days, to be a still older Indian trail and a famous one! I wasn't so glib as I had been, for my hypocrisy has come home to roost. I'm not trying tricks to please, for I really do care for history. When I was small, I loved Fenimore Cooper. I hap-

pened to remember that the hero of "The Spy" hid in the chimney of a house near Mamaroneck. I had, as a matter of fact, "fagged up" something about General Putnam at Greenwich—the British pouncing on him while he shaved, and his escape on horseback down the steps along the cliff. I told it, therefore, as well as I could, while we crossed the Byram River into Greenwich—Putnam's Greenwich, where flags fly to this day over his stone cottage. Then we were in Connecticut, and after that there was a succession of one lovely town or village after another, with stretches of the most exquisite lost-looking country between

woods, and ponds sending out bright, mysterious glints from between low-hanging branches of great trees along the roadside. Oh, and wild flowers *everywhere*—carpets of them!

New Haven and New London were supposed to be the great sensations of our day, and so, of course, they were in their different ways. But I loved the *little* towns like Darien, under a dome of its own elms; Norwalk, with its English common; Westport, green and glimmering on its own inlet of the salt-scented Sound; Fairfield, where the romance of Dorothy Quincy and John Hancock came to its climax, and—but the list is too long!

We had been rather rushing till we slowed down into New Haven, but there we really had the grace to stop and see things. They couldn't have given the town a more appropriate pet name than "the City of Elms." But speaking of elms, one really doesn't *know* them till one comes to New England. The aristocrats—yes, the kings and queens of the elm-world—have settled there. If they love a town, they make a bower for it by stretching out their noble arms draped in long sleeves of green lace in blessing over the housetops. As for the houses, I conceitedly fancied that we down South could boast that "stately homes" were *our* specialty. But for a couple of centuries New England has no doubt been under the same impression concerning herself. They're different—the old houses I've seen to-day—some of the best built of wood, great shingles painted white or yellow, or faded a glossy gray; but they're just as beautiful, and modestly historic-looking.

The Yale buildings at New Haven aren't of this kind. They're not so very old, and they're brown and red, stone and brick, but marvelously mellow and worthy of the love I've heard Yale boys express for them.

The road between New Haven and New London was—well, it was *uplifting* in its beauty. I don't believe even Adèle Trent could be a cat with all that loveliness passing in panorama before her eyes. I couldn't begin to describe the white towns with their tall church steeples, charming houses, and soaring green geysers of elms; it would take me till to-morrow morning, and "then some."

Yet, adorable as the towns are, they are not the best things the road has to give. No; the wayside woods are the best, and the rainbow-colored marshes, where millions of jewels—rubies and amethysts and topazes—seem to have rolled over the silver surface of shallow water. Glimpses of the Sound, too—and then the big blue stretch of it at New London! That made me draw in a long breath of joy. Once it was a rich old whaling-place, and to this day John Winthrop's mill is grinding. It has never stopped—except at night—for all the years since his wisdom set it going. Washington and Lafayette stayed in New London, which really *was* new, or newish, then; and you can see the house, the Perkins mansion.

There's a wild joy in being torn from a place before you're ready to go. It makes you remember it and long to get back. That's one of the irritating fascinations of motoring. It's like being constantly waked up from a nice dream before you know the end. My dream of New London soon broke. We sailed away on the Eagle's



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wings by way of ferry across to old Fort Griswold—or Groton, as you say, if you don't mind being modern and commonplace. It's a noble crossing, with a road of sweet peacefulness on the other side, gardens boiling over with the most wonderful hydrangeas. There were marshes again, too, blazing with color you wouldn't believe in a picture; meadows rocky and flowery, and a blue ribbon of river escaped from the Sound—running away to play like an adventurous child. It's delicious name is the Mystic.

It was at Westerley, proud of its granite quarries, used by all the world, that we came to Rhode Island. There we plumped suddenly into the region of fashionable "resorts" (I don't love the word!), Watch Hill and Narragansett. The effect on the fancy of a traveling church mouse is quite startling, because, after the mildest, gentlest country, you come upon a town of sophisticated hotels—hotels for every taste and purse. That sort of variety adds immensely to the human interest, don't you think?

To-morrow we (those of us who aren't above sightseeing in the inner fastnesses of the great) are to see old Newport, or "Old Port," where real things really happened years and years ago. I was going to say, "before Fashion found the place;" but, to tell the truth, Fashion found it while history was still being strenuously made. Of course, the Old Stone Mill, which the Woodsman and I persistently call the Viking Tower, made one of the first bright bits in the woven historic tapestry of our New World. (I'm so glad Longfellow wrote of it.) But Fashion came as long ago as the middle of the eighteenth century—grand people, with ships of their own, crude ancestors of modern yachts; people from the rich, aristocratic South, with retinues of slaves and carriages and horses. Before those brave days, there was the fun of chasing Captain Kidd along the shore, and there was the fear of the British fleet—no, not "fear," for Rhode Island never knew fear. It only "took precautions." Altogether, there's a lot for us to see or picture in our minds and talk of, and I'm hoping against hope that Adèle and Freddy will have smart friends to call on, that they'll spend their day at the Casino or the yacht club, or that they'll prefer dawdling on Bellevue Avenue to staring at adorable old-fashioned houses and shops in the society of Jen, the Woodsman, and yours affectionately—if sleepily,

JOSE.

Yes; I prefer that, even if they spend part of the day in plotting!

P. S. It's morning now. I've waked up at six, though I couldn't sleep till after one, and I feel as fresh as the salt breeze blowing into my face. I believe this house is even nicer than I thought last night—and what a view! Who is going to win the place through winning of philopena?

Jose to the Engagement Club

Boston, and a beautiful hotel. August 10th.

DEAR PATIENT ONES:

I've another confession to make. I might have had a proposal at Newport I think. But—I just couldn't let it come, although to the best of my belief I had two chances: one on the Forty Steps, when Jen was sitting down to rest at a distance;

again, at the divinest dance on board the flag-ship. Mrs. Trent was responsible for the invitations as usual, and she had most of the fun where the nice sailormen were concerned. But I didn't feel neglected. She had the youngest youths introduced to me, and managed to send them in relays whenever the Woodsman and I were alone together, too conspicuously outlined against some gay flag-decoration. Still, I could have snatched that proposal from her and fate if I'd chosen. Before I loved him, I should have snapped. But—well, you see how it is with me now. I should feel such a cad to accept him while he regards me as a little white angel from God's own country. A cad is an even less pleasant creature than a beast. Yet if I tell him the whole unvarnished truth, he can't possibly want me. Besides, I always thought the women who confessed ALL to men and made everybody miserable were sillies. So there you are!

Anyhow, I put him off by changing the conversation; and now we are in Boston, and he hasn't tried again. Yet I don't feel—so far—that he's "off." I have still time to decide, unless Adèle plays some card, so high a trump that my "game" is definitely lost.

It was a magnificent run from Newport. I can't fancy that Europe has anything lovelier than the Ocean Drive. On the way, there were a few sophisticated bits, like desperately busy Fall River (yet that is interesting because of its history, fierce financial success, and all the foreign workers in its humming hive); but the approach to Boston through a network of perfect parks is a revelation in what the entrance to great cities ought to be—ought to be and almost never is!

Not only have we seen all the things that "intelligent tourists" are supposed to see in Boston—Bunker Hill Monument, Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," the gold-domed State-house, and the splendid Public Library, with its Sargent and Abbey and Puvis de Chavannes marvels of decoration, but we've seen lots of other things that even the most intelligent tourists seldom bother to seek, I fancy: Hawthorne landmarks in Tremont Street and the Back Bay; dear Louisa Alcott's house, and William D. Howells', in that fascinating Louisburg Square which Fashion seems to have found again now, and the home Oliver Wendell Holmes was happy in, on Beacon Street. I begin to believe that Mrs. Trent has given up hope. Otherwise, would she, even at the price of deadly boredom, excuse herself from our literary and artistic potterings? She came on the trip because she wouldn't be "done out of it," and—for some other deeper motive, I don't doubt, though I haven't spotted it yet. But maybe she finds that it "won't work." I wish I knew!

One of the best days we've had was in Cambridge; yes, a whole day, and I wish it had been a week of days! I should like to have been invited to stay in the Longfellow house and the James Russell Lowell house. Anyhow, I shall often send my astral body into both without waiting to be asked. And I loved the Harvard buildings; they are so poetic in their beautiful old age, most of them, and their façades have a look as if centuries of sunsets had been reflected upon them.

Mrs. Trent did deign to go to Cambridge, and kept saying, "How English!"

I wanted to echo, "And, thank goodness, how American!"

Keeping Boston for a center, we've "run out" to Plymouth, and also to Salem. Going to Salem seemed to me like opening an ancestral trunk in a hidden corner of an ancient attic, and finding the most wonderful things perfectly preserved. Plymouth ought to be more thrilling, but it isn't—at least to me. Your imagination has to do reconstructive work there; but in the Witch City, the old houses and the landmarks you've always read of are visible to the naked eye. I don't care whether the house of the Seven Gables is the House of the Seven Gables or not. It is so for me. And it's a living thrill in gray shingles. The Witch House is a thrill, too. We had to look a long time before we found it, but we were in no hurry, for there's a story about every house you pass, many of them connected with dear Hawthorne.

To-morrow we're off—heavenly thought!—for the White Mountains, and then we are to be taken back to Southold by way of the Green Mountains and the Berkshire Hills. I do pray that Adèle won't drop the sword she's borrowed from Damocles (and is perhaps slowly sharpening) onto my head till I've seen the best things. But once in a while I catch a brooding, calculating gleam in her eye. How I wish I were clairvoyant!

In haste and in love, your

JOSE.

Jose to the Engagement Club

Great Barrington, Mass. August 16th.

DEAR FAIRY GODMOTHERS:

It has all been perfect, and the sword hasn't fallen. Surely it would by this time, if Damocles hadn't refused to lend it to the lady? Damocles is my friend! The only foxy thing Mrs. T. has done apparently is to leave Freddy lying around when he isn't wanted, in case there should be a proposal hovering in the air. She wouldn't give me credit for twinges of conscience in that direction. I'm sure her conscience has been extracted or has atrophied. As for Freddy's, he could wear his little bit in his buttonhole, like a queer flower he'd never had time to study.

I've seen some of the great beauty-spots of our country since I wrote you last, and I've been in the heart of Poet-land. We motored to Bretton Woods by way of green-bowered Wenham, whose lake name-sake used to send England all her best ice; Ipswich, whose elms form a noble church aisle; Newburyport, where the heart of New England history is enshrined; out of the velvet-smooth roads of Massachusetts onto the less velvet-smooth but equally beautiful roads of New Hampshire; to seafaring Portsmouth, where Thomas Bailey Aldrich lived in a charming house; then across the Piscataqua River into Maine, to Kittery; so to York, which would have been famous for a hundred things even if Captain John Smith hadn't landed there, and if Ye Olde Gaol couldn't boast itself the most ancient building in the commonwealth; on to Ogunquit, the sweetest seaside place you could imagine, in a dream of blue water. Always an exquisite road, each hour better than the last, and never ten minutes of scenery the same as the last ten! If one paid for

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variety, one would pay high in that part of the world. Kennebunk tells you as you come into it, "This is the town you read about." That might seem conceited, if it weren't such a darling of a typical New England town, which Lafayette is said to have complimented. As it is, nothing it could say about itself or about Kennebunkport (which it leads to) could be too good. We stayed a night at Kennebunk in a large pink hotel; and the next morning early we came upon our first sign of the White Mountains.

Not that it was a sign, literally. It was only some logs which had been trees in the White Mountains, and had had their noble heads cut off in a sawmill. But later, after pretty little Biddeford and big Portland (where Longfellow was born within sight and sound of the sea), we actually did find a sign. It was in a great grove or park, not far from the boy Hawthorne's beloved Raymond. Pointing along a road—the road we would take—the sign said "White Mts." It did seem irreverent to abbreviate them like that! But it didn't matter much, for everything all round us was saying, in its own language: "You're on the way to the White Mountains. They're not far off, now."

The first thing we knew, just as we'd begun to feel thoroughly at home in Maine, we were back in New Hampshire at North Conway, in a mountain-walled valley that is like some hidden royal estate. Such a lovely place! The road to Bretton Woods (where we stayed at a sort of palace that called itself a hotel) was—well, it was fairy-land. Summon up all your old dreams of what fairy-land ought to be, and you will know what it's like. If I hadn't a weight in my breast—a sore conscience—I should have been almost too happy sitting beside the Woodsman, with Mrs. Trent and Freddy and the other outside troubles of life well behind my back.

Are you thinking me unappreciative of the great chance you've given me because I haven't said more about the White Mountains themselves, though my letter is dated far, far beyond, at Great Barrington, Massachusetts? No; I don't believe you're thinking that. You know your Jose too well. My little words aren't big enough for Mount Washington and the Presidential Range and their noble company of kindred spirits. But of course I did realize that the Great Profile is a stone mask through which the Fairy King of the Mountains looks out. Nature seems to have cut the forms of the White Mountains with loving pains, to make them beautiful as any in the world, though there wasn't room to make them as big. The glories of Crawford Notch and Franconia Notch give as thrilling effects as if half the Eastern states had been annexed for their "great act."

There was never one anticlimax in interest or charm all the way through the White Mountains to the Green Mountains, and on into Massachusetts again, and the famous Berkshire Hills so dearly loved by many of the poets and writers of our country whom we most dearly love. I think I should be as proud, if I were a man and had got my education at Williamstown, as though I'd been to Harvard or Yale or any of the big universities. It's a uniquely perfect little gem of architecture, that white college town ringed with green

downlike hills, each building planned for harmony with every other. I should love to look down on the place from Greylock, as Hawthorne did. They call Williamstown the "gate of the Berkshires;" and we sailed through that gate to adorable Pittsfield, where the "old clock on the stairs" was no doubt ticking away behind the walls of a dear old house we passed. We saw South Mountain, and remembered "Elsie Venner" with a delicious creeping in the veins. We lingered in lovely Lenox (forgive the alliteration. I'm tempted to it!) and we loved Stockbridge, which would have been a darling place even if Hawthorne hadn't lived there, close by, on the edge of the "Bowl." So we came on, along the fair, white road, which for thousands of miles has hardly ever failed us in surface and never in beauty, to Great Barrington. Here we mean to stop for two nights and a day, to rest, according to the Woodsman's plan. He has arranged a picnic, and— Just here came a knock at the door, and Mary Belle's telegram, forwarded from Southold. I can't understand it. I'm frightened, but I shall start at once, of course, catching the first train. I'll post this, as I could never put into words again the joys and emotions of this trip; but I shall see you before you see the letter, no doubt. I've sent for a time-table; it will be here in a minute. Oh, what can be the "something" that has happened that you've telegraphed for me like this? All I do understand is the thing you say I mustn't "settle." For some reason, you have changed your minds. You don't want me to marry Mr. Woods!

Your faithful but bewildered

JOSE.

Telegram received by Jose Gates, sent to Mrs. Jimmy Teesdale's at Southold, and forwarded by her servant to Great Barrington.

Something has happened. Please start at once for Gatesville without settling anything for the future. This very important for all concerned. You will understand. It is the order of the club.

MARY BELLE DOUGLAS.

Jose to Herself

Home, August 19th.

Poor Jose! After all, Fate and Adèle Trent had their way with you, and perhaps it's for the best! You know—you do know, don't you?—that you'd resolved to refuse him anyway, rather than confess? Because you loved him too well to take him by storm—and by deceit—as you meant to do at first when it was only his money you wanted. Isn't it better for you to be rushed away without giving him time at the last to open his heart, if he really did have in it the treasure for you that you thought was there? It seemed awful then, to go—cruel, just when he had been called to New York by telegram, too, and you couldn't even say good-by. You were bound to obey the club. Even Jen saw that. You were a soldier under orders. And so you flashed off, leaving Jen to explain that your dearest friend had summoned you home without delay for some unknown reason.

Then—you arrived here, tired in body and spirit, to find the club astonished to see you! Tableau! It was clear enough that Mrs. Trent must have done the trick.

She was determined that, if she couldn't have the millionaire, *you* shouldn't have the lover. You remembered how worried and queer she'd been, like a person expecting something to happen that never did happen. It was easy to put two and two together when too late. Of course she's had some paid agent acting for her here in Gatesville. She knew already nearly all she needed to know from the stolen letter, but she had to have some one on the spot, to write a telegram dated Gatesville, so that you should suspect nothing. The negotiations took a little time, longer than she expected, or the blow would have fallen sooner. Mary Belle and the rest of us will try to trace the person who sent off the message, but it's not likely we ever shall. And if not, I can't *prove* that Mrs. Trent had anything to do with the affair—no; not even if I should choose to accuse her. It will pass as a practical joke by "some person or persons unknown," like a verdict on a murderer who tricks the intelligence of a coroner's jury.

Did she send the *other* telegram, too—the one that called the Woodsman away in such a hurry? Freddy maybe managed that. Anyhow, the result for you is the same. You can't write to the Woodsman and elaborately explain. You can't say, "Mrs. Trent and I were both trying to catch you, and she got rid of me by sending me down home on a false scent." It would be a little *too* crude, put no matter how tactfully. Adèle must have realized, and counted on that. Perhaps he didn't really care very desperately when you disappeared. Perhaps it was just the glamour of the moment and the motor. Perhaps—

Oh, he's *come!* He's here, at the gate!

Night, later than late.

It wasn't a dream that I looked out of the window as I wrote and saw him walking up the path, stopping to stare at the sign of the gift shop. It was true. And he *does* care! He cares enough to go on caring without a hitch or a stumble, though I've told him *everything*. He says he likes me all the better. And we've laughed about Adèle. He has laughed at me—the darling! He's gone now—gone only as far as the old Gates Arms Hotel to sleep a few hours and—I hope—dream of me as I shall dream of him, till he can come back to me for breakfast and—plan for our wedding. We dined together, he and I. I cooked lobster à la Newburg, as on that first evening, before I knew I was going to love him. He asked me to have almonds and raisins for dessert. Dear old black mammy, sympathetic as ever, trotted out and bought almonds in a glass jar, the best she could do in August. The Woodsman found a pair of separated twin nuts, and made me eat a philopena. At that moment, I happened to be thinking only of him, and didn't guess what was in his mind—didn't guess till I caught him on a "Yes," and cried out "Philopena!"

"You know what I said about that house of mine in Newport?" he reminded me quietly. "It's yours now. Would it be a good place for a honeymoon, should you say?"

Oh, how happy I am—how happy!

But I forgot to 'phone Mary Belle. I must, the first thing to-morrow. I owe it to the Engagement Club.

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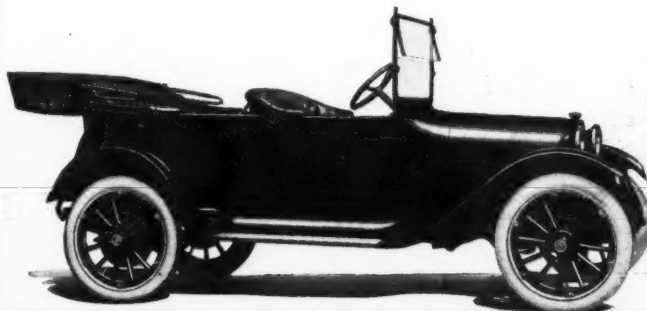
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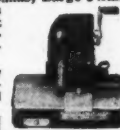
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Myself and Others

(Continued from page 87)

The former was the most delightful host of the time in all London. I was always so pleased when he invited us—and he did very often—to lunch, to dine, and to receptions. A widower, with two charming daughters who did the honors of the establishment, his mode of entertaining seemed so easy and so comprehending and, although dignified, far removed from the stiffness which is often dignity's component part.

Literary himself, and the author—as Monckton Milnes—of books of excellent poetry, he was quick to perceive merit in others, and loved to give budding genius a lift along the road to fame. His acquaintance with the literature and men of the New World was also probably vaster than that of most of his countrymen, for no American celebrity or Colonial cousin passed through our city without being welcomed and feted in that large yet cosy Arlington Street house.

One evening during my first London season, I was dining there, and chanced to pick up a volume of Lord Houghton's poems, in which I found a great many sonnets. I laughingly asked my host if I couldn't inspire him sufficiently to write me one. He looked at me very whimsically, a wee bit pathetically, and said, "My dear, I am too old." After dinner, there was the usual reception, and presently he led up to me a very tall, lean man, with a pale face, yellow hair so long that it lay in curls about his shoulders, a closely cropped beard, and a dreamy expression in his light eyes. I don't remember what he wore, except that it was unconventional. He was so new and strange that his apparel, whatever it was, seemed to fit his unique personality. After a while he disappeared from the group surrounding me, and at the end of the evening he returned and read me from a torn sheet of paper the following verse:

TO THE JERSEY LILY

If all God's world a garden were,
And women were but flowers,
If men were bees that busied there
Through endless summer hours,
O! I would hum God's garden through
For honey till I came to you.

When he had finished reading it, he said dramatically,

"Let this verse stand; it's the only one I ever wrote to a living woman."

And it is the only verse, I believe. Two or three evenings later, I went to a concert at Lady Brassey's, and at the foot of the broad staircase stood Joaquin Miller. He seemed to be waiting for me, and as I walked up-stairs to greet my hostess, he backed before me, scattering rose-leaves (which he had concealed in his sombrero) upon the white-marble steps and saying with fervor,

"This be your path in life."

Often after this we met. He became a lion of the literary world; his poems were on every table. Rossetti, Swinburne, Tennyson were among his admirers. He had lived a life of adventure, too, beginning by running away from school to mine for gold. He had been adopted by Indians, been imprisoned for some imaginary offense, had escaped from jail through the aid of an Indian girl, swam a river with her to freedom, and married her, all before he

was twenty! At least, that was the story which was circulated in London and which added piquancy to the interest created by his virile personality.

Four years ago, and within a week of his death, I was so anxious to see him again that I motored over with some mutual friends to his home in the Piedmont Hills at the back of Oakland, California, where I was playing at the time. After a lovely drive, we gradually ascended the foot-hills until we reached a simple gate and entered his property, The Heights. Winding up the beautifully wooded slopes—every tree planted by his own hand, he told me—we came suddenly upon his home, a wooden bungalow overgrown with vines. Although he knew I was coming, my visit was conditional on his being well enough to receive visitors, and I felt suddenly reluctant to intrude on the sick man and afraid I might be unwelcome.

However, as the machine stopped at the foot of an impossibly steep incline some yards below the hut, the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Miller and her daughter came to welcome us. I was at once shown into the living-room, and there lay the great nature-poet. His gaunt, thin form reposed in a tentlike bed covered with a patchwork quilt and with buffalo-ropes thrown over that. His white hair flowed onto the pillow, and his beard, grown very long, gave him a truly patriarchal appearance. A small, uncurtained window on the further side of the bed allowed the strong sunlight to outline Miller's fine features. He clasped my hand, looked in my face for what seemed an age before he spoke, and, at last, said:

"The same eyes, the same blue eyes! Where did you get those big blue eyes?" Then he motioned me to sit near him.

I told him how glad I was to be allowed to see him, and he answered:

"Who would refuse to see Lillie Langtry? When you reach heaven, Saint Peter will open the gates wide." (I hope he will.)

The walls of the room were literally papered with photographs and woodcuts of famous people he had known, many of which he requested Mrs. Miller to take down to show me at close quarters. Among these was a little faded picture of his friend Tennyson.

After a while, his wife arranged a tea-table in the room of the dying man. The daughter, Juanita, soft-footed in moccasins, presided, and tempted us with epicurean and original dishes. There were pickled peaches, hot cakes, ham, fresh goose livers, salted fish, and many other excellent things. The poet sipped a little honey. The afternoon meal over, we went out and strolled through the property until, further up the mountainside, we came upon a lane embowered in vines, consecrated by a bishop, and through which Joaquin Miller desired his body to be carried to the funeral pyre built with his own hands on a rocky promontory and intended for his own cremation. It is gruesome to describe, but, in reality, it was a beautiful idea to wish to sink into nothingness in view of the mighty Pacific and to have his ashes float on the winds that blow over the Golden Gate.

It was at Lord Houghton's also that I met General Grant and his wife during

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their tour in Europe. That night, they had dined in Arlington Street with him, and Mr. Langtry and I came to the reception. General Grant was, of course, as it is called in the States, the guest of honor. We arrived rather late, just before supper, and Lord Houghton, making a gallant remark on "Mars and Venus" introduced the former president, and we went in together. I am annoyed that I cannot remember details of our conversation. The only recollection I have is of a rather abrupt, soldierlike man, who had seen great happenings, done great things, and to whom social functions must, perforce,

The next instalment of *Myself and Others* will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

Michael

(Continued from page 94)

"Never mind," said Collins finally. "She'll go into the next monkey band we make up."

This was the last and most horrible fate that could befall a monkey on the stage, to be a helpless marionette, compelled by unseen sticks and wires poked and jerked by concealed men, to move and act throughout an entire turn.

But it was before this doom was passed upon her that Michael made her acquaintance. Their first meeting, she sprang suddenly at him, a screaming, chattering little demon, threatening him with nails and teeth. And Michael, already deep-sunk in habitual moroseness, merely looked at her calmly. The next moment, her fuss and fury quite ignored, she saw him turn his head away. This gave her pause. Had he sprung at her, or snarled, or shown any anger or resentment such as did the other dogs when so treated by her, she would have screamed and screamed and raised a hubbub or expostulation.

As it was, Michael's unusual behavior seemed to fascinate her. She approached him tentatively without further racket, and the boy who had her in charge slackened the thin chain that held her.

"Hope he breaks her back for her," was his unholy wish; for he hated Sara intensely, desiring to be with the lions or elephants rather than dancing attendance on a cantankerous female monkey there was no reasoning with.

And because Michael took no notice of her, she made up to him. It was not long before she had her hands on him, and, quickly after that, an arm round his neck and her head snuggled against his. Then began her interminable tale. Day after day, catching him at odd times in the ring, she would cling closely to him and, in a low voice, running on and on, never pausing for breath, tell him, for all he knew, the story of her life. At any rate, it sounded like the story of her woes and of all the indignities which had been wreaked upon her.

Hers was the only hand of affection that was laid on him at Cedarwild, and she was ever gentle, never pinching him, never pulling his ears. By the same token, he was the only friend she had, and he came to look forward to meeting her in the course of the morning's work—and this despite that every meeting always concluded in a scene, when she fought with her keeper against being taken away. Her cries and protests would give way to

seem small. A man, I thought, young as I was, whose authority was great and whose word could be trusted—a man to give one a sense of security. Like many others in England at that time, I knew little of the history of the United States, and I am not sure that I even remembered he had been its president. A great general he was—that I knew—and he looked it.

I naturally met Mrs. Grant also—in fact, he introduced me to his wife across the supper-table—but as I had little or no conversation with her, I retain her in my memory only as a rather stout figure in a black gown with very short sleeves.

But Harris Collins tolerated, even encouraged, their friendship.

"The two sour-balls get along best together," he said. "And it does them good. Gives them something to live for, and that way lies health. But some day, mark my words, she'll turn on him and give him 'what for,' and their friendship will get a terrible smash."

And half of it he spoke with the voice of prophecy, and, though she never turned on Michael, the day in the world was written when their friendship would truly receive a terrible smash.

"Now, seals are too wise," Collins explained one day, in a sort of extempore lecture to several of his apprentice trainers. "You've got just to toss fish to them when they perform. If you don't, they won't, and there's an end of it. But you can't depend on feeding dainties to dogs, for instance, though you can make a young, untrained pig perform creditably by means of a nursing-bottle hidden up your sleeve."

"All you have to do is think it over. Do you think you can make those greyhounds extend themselves with the promise of a bite of meat? It's the whip that makes them extend. Look over there at Billy Green. There ain't another way to teach that dog that trick. You can't love her into doing it. There's only one way, and that's make her."

Billy Green, at the moment, was training a tiny, nondescript, frizzly-haired dog. Always, on the stage, he made a hit by drawing from his pocket a tiny dog that would do this particular trick. The last one had died from a wrenched back, and he was now breaking in a new one. He was catching the little mite by the hind legs and tossing her up in the air, where, making a half-flip and descending head first, she was supposed to alight with her forefeet on his hand and there balance herself, her hind feet and body above it in the air. Time after time, and every time, she failed to make the balance. Sometimes she fell, crumpled; several times she all but struck the ground, and once she did strike, on her side and so hard as to knock the breath out of her. Her master, taking advantage of the moment to wipe the sweat from his streaming face, nudged her about with his toe till she staggered weakly to her feet.

"The dog was never born that'd learn that trick for the promise of a bit of meat,"

Collins went on, "any more than was the dog ever born that'd walk on its fore legs without having its hind legs rapped up in the air with the stick a thousand times. Yet you take that trick there: It's always a winner, especially with the women—so cunning, you know, so adorably cute, to be yanked out of her beloved master's pocket and to have such trust and confidence in him as to allow herself to be tossed around that way. Trust and confidence nothing—he's put the fear of God into her."

"Just the same, to dig a dainty out of your pocket once in a while and give an animal a nibble always makes a hit. Audiences like to believe that the animals enjoy doing their tricks, and that they are treated like pampered darlings, and that they just love their masters to death. But God help all of us and our meal-tickets if the audiences could see behind the scenes. Every trained-animal turn would be taken off the stage instant, and we'd be all hunting for a job."

"Yes; and there's rough stuff no end pulled off on the stage right before the audience's eyes. The best fooler I ever saw was Lottie's. She had a bunch of trained cats. She loved them to death right before everybody, especially if a trick wasn't going good. What'd she do? She'd take that cat right up in her arms and kiss it. And when she put it down, it'd perform the trick all right all right, while the audience applauded its silly head off for the kindness she'd shown. Kiss it? Did she? I'll tell you what she did. She bit its nose."

It was on that day that Harris Collins sold a valuable bit of information to a lion-man who needed it. It was off time for him, and his three lions were boarding at Cedarwild. Their turn was an exciting and even terrifying one when viewed from the audience, for, jumping about and roaring, they were made to appear as if about to destroy the slender little lady who performed with them and seemed to hold them in subjection only by her indomitable courage and a small riding-switch in her hand.

"The trouble is they're getting too used to it," the man complained. "Isadora can't prod them up any more. They just won't make a showing."

"I know them," Collins nodded. "They're pretty old now, and they're spirit-broken besides."

"Well, all three of them ain't worth much to me now," said their owner. "They won't play up to Isadora in that roaring and rampaging at the end. It really made the turn. It was our finale, and we always got a great hand for it. Say, what am I going to do about it, anyway? Ditch it? Or get some young lions?"

"They'll live for years yet, seeing how captivity has agreed with them," Collins assured him. "If you invest in young lions, you run the risk of having them pass out on you. And you can go right on pulling the trick off with what you've got. All you've got to do is take my advice—"

The master trainer paused, and the lion-man opened his mouth to speak.

"Which will cost you," Collins went on deliberately, "say three hundred dollars."

"Just for some advice?"

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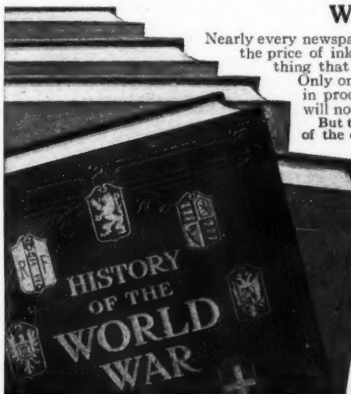
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"Too steep for me," the other objected.

"And if it don't work?"

"If it don't work, you don't pay."

"Well, shoot it along."

"Wire the cage," said Collins.

At first, the man could not comprehend; then the light began to break on him.

"You mean—"

"Just that," Collins nodded. "And nobody need be the wiser. Dry batteries will do it beautifully. You can install them nicely under the cage floor. All Isadora has to do when she's ready is to step on the button; and when the electricity shoots through their feet, if they don't go up in the air and rampage and roar round to beat the band, not only can you keep the three hundred but I'll give you three hundred more. I know. I've seen it done, and it never misses fire. It's just as though they were dancing on a red-hot stove."

"But you'll have to put the juice into them slowly," Collins warned. "I'll show you how to do the wiring. Just a weak battery first, so as they can work up to it, and then stronger and stronger to the curtain. And they never get used to it. As long as they live, they'll dance just as lively as the first time. What do you think of it?"

"It's worth three hundred, all right," the man admitted. "I wish I could make my money that easy."

XXIX

"GUESS I'll have to wash my hands of him," Collins told Johnny. "I know Del Mar must have been right when he said he was the limit, but I can't get a clue to it."

This followed upon a fight between Michael and Collins. Michael, more morose than ever, had become even crusty-tempered, and, scarcely with provocation at all, had attacked the man he hated, failing, as ever, to put his teeth into him, and receiving, in turn, a couple of smashing kicks under his jaw.

"He's like a gold mine, all right, all right," Collins meditated, "but I'm hanged if I can crack it, and he's getting grouchy every day. Look at him! What'd he want to jump me for? I wasn't rough with him."

A few minutes later, one of his patrons, a tow-headed young man who was boarding and rehearsing three performing leopards at Cedarwild, was asking Collins for the loan of an Airedale.

"I've only got one left now," he explained, "and I ain't safe without two."

"What's happened to the other one?" the master trainer queried.

"Alphonso—that's the big buck leopard—got nasty this morning and settled his hash. I had to put him out of his misery. That's the second dog he's killed for me."

"Haven't got an Airedale," Collins said, and just then his eyes chanced to fall on Michael. "Try out the Irish terrier," he suggested. "They're like the Airedale in disposition."

"I pin my faith on the Airedale when it comes to lion-dogs," the leopard-man demurred.

"So's an Irish terrier a lion-dog. Take that one there. Look at the size and weight of him. Also, take it from me, he's all spunk. He'll stand up to anything. Try him out. I'll lend him to you. If he makes good, I'll sell him to you cheap."

"If he gets fresh with them cats, he'll

find his finish," Johnny told Collins, as Michael was led away by the leopard-man.

"Then, maybe, the stage will lose a star," Collins answered, with a shrug of shoulders. "But I'll have him off my chest, anyway. When a dog gets a perpetual sour-ball like that, he's finished."

And Michael went to make the acquaintance of Jack, the surviving Airedale, and to do his daily turn with the leopards. It was a nervous moment for all concerned, the introduction of a new dog into the cage. The tow-headed leopard-man, who was billed on the boards as Raoul Castlemont and was called Ralph by his intimates, was already in the cage. The Airedale was with him, while outside stood several men armed with iron bars and long steel forks. These weapons, ready for immediate use, were thrust between the bars as a menace to the leopards, who were, very much against their wills, to be made to perform.

They resented Michael's intrusion on the instant, spitting, lashing their long tails, and crouching to spring. At the same moment, the trainer spoke with sharp imperativeness and raised his whip, while the men on the outside lifted their irons and advanced them intimidatingly into the cage. And the leopards, bitter-wise of the taste of the iron, remained crouched, although they still spat and whipped their tails angrily.

Michael was no coward. He did not slink behind the man for protection. On the other hand, he was too sensible to rush to attack such formidable creatures. What he did do, with bristling neck-hair, was to stalk stiff-leggedly across the cage, turn about with his face toward the danger, and stalk stiffly back, coming to a pause alongside of Jack, who gave him a good-natured sniff of greeting.

"He's the stuff!" the trainer muttered. "They don't get his goat."

The situation was deservedly tense, and Ralph developed it with cautious care. He made the savage cats come out of their crouch and separate from one another. At his word of command, Jack walked about among them. Michael, on his own initiative, followed. And, like Jack, he walked very stiffly on his guard and very circumspectly.


One of them, Alphonso, spat suddenly at him. He did not startle, though his hair rippled erect and he bared his fangs in a silent snarl. At the same moment, the nearest iron bar was shoved in threateningly close to Alphonso, who shifted his yellow eyes from Michael to the bar and back again and did not strike out.

The first day was the hardest; after that, the leopards accepted Michael as they accepted Jack. No love was lost on either side, nor were friendly overtures ever offered. Michael was quick to realize that it was the men and dogs against the cats, and that the men and dogs must stand together. Each day he spent from an hour to two hours in the cage, watching the rehearsing, with nothing for him and Jack to do save stand vigilantly on guard.

For the rest of the time, Michael shared his large pen with Jack. They were well cared for, as were all animals at Cedar-wild, receiving frequent scrubblings and being kept clean of vermin. For a dog only three years old, Jack was very sedate. Either he had never learned to play or had already forgotten how. On the other hand, he was equable and (Continued on page 152)

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We are dividing with our stockholders \$1,000,000.00 made on their investments last year. Wouldn't you like to be one of those for this year? Opportunities now greater than ever before. Write for particulars. Houston Bank & Trust Co., Dept. 1092 Houston, Texas.

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\$1000 per man per county. Strange invention starts world—agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first 12 hours. \$1,200 cold cash made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; \$12,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today.
Allen Mfg. Co., 312 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

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Agents and State Managers Get Free Sample "Spik & Span" wonderful new washing tablet. Tremendous sales, big profit. Free samples to boost your sales. E. M. Newberry Co., 200 Peoria, Chicago.

Exclusive Sales Agent wanted in every county. Position worth \$750 to \$2000 yearly. We specially train our agents. Have us show you. Novelty Cutlery Co., 7 Bar St., Canton, O.

Agents make big money; fast office seller; particulars and samples free.
One Dip Pen Company,
Dept. 3, Baltimore, Md.

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sweet-tempered, and he did not resent the early shows of crustiness which Michael made. And Michael quickly ceased from being crusty and took pleasure in their quiet companionship.

Occasionally, Michael could hear Sara making a distant scene or sending out calls which he knew were for him. Once she got away from her keeper and located Michael coming out of the leopard-cage. With a shrill squeal of joy, she was upon him, clinging to him and chattering the hysterical tale of all her woes since they had been parted. The leopard-men looked on tolerantly and let her have her few minutes. It was her keeper who tore her away in the end, cling as she would to Michael, screaming all the while like a haridan. When her hold was broken, she sprang at the man in a fury, and, before he could throttle her to subjection, sank her teeth into his thumb and wrist. All of which was provocative of great hilarity to the onlookers, while her squalls and cries excited the leopards to spitting and leaping against their bars.

Although Michael proved a success with the leopards, Raoul Castlemon never bought him from Collins. One morning, several days later, the arena was vexed by uproar and commotion from the animal-cages. The excitement, starting with revolver-shots, was communicated everywhere. All tricks in the arena stopped, the animals temporarily unstrung and unable to continue. Several men, among them Collins, ran in the direction of the cages. Sara's keeper dropped her chain in order to follow.

"It's Alphonso—shillings to pence it is!" Collins called to one of his assistants, who was running beside him. "He'll get Ralph yet!"

The affair was all-but over and leaping to its culmination when Collins arrived. Castlemon was just being dragged out, and as Collins ran, he could see the two men drop him to the ground so that they might slam the cage door shut. Inside, in so wildly struggling a tangle on the floor that it was difficult to discern what animals composed it, were Alphonso, Jack, and Michael, locked together. Men danced about outside, thrusting in with iron bars and trying to separate them. In the far end of the cage were the other two leopards, nursing their wounds and snarling and striking at the iron rods that kept them out of the combat.

Sara's arrival and what followed was a matter of seconds. Trailing her chain behind her, the little green monkey, the tailed female who knew love and hysteria and was remote cousin to human woman, flashed up to the cage bars and squeezed through. Simultaneously the tangle underwent a violent upheaval. Flung out with such force as to be smashed against the near edge of the cage, Michael fell to the floor, tried to spring up, but crumpled and sank down, his right shoulder streaming blood from a terrible mauling and crushing. To him, Sara leaped, throwing her arms round him and mothering him up to her flat little hairy breast. She uttered solicitous cries, and, as Michael strove to rise on his ruined fore leg, scolded him with sharp gentleness, and with her arms tried to hold him away from the battle. Also, in an interval, her eyes malevolent in her rage, she chattered piercing curses at Alphonso.

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Michael had managed to get up on his three legs and was striving to stumble forward against the restraining arms of Sara. The mad leopard was on the verge of springing upon them when deflected by another prod of the iron. This time, he went straight at the man, fetching up against the cage bars with such fierceness as to shake the structure.

More men began thrusting with more rods, but Alphonso was not to be balked. Sara saw him coming, and screamed her shrillest and savagest at him. Collins snatched a revolver from one of the men.

"Don't kill him!" Castlemon cried, seizing Collins' arm.

The leopard-man was in a bad way himself. One arm dangled helplessly at his side, while his eyes, filling with blood from a scalp-wound, he wiped on the master trainer's shoulder so that he might see.

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Michael, dragging her with him, growling and bristling, staggered forward a couple of three-legged steps, gave at the ruined shoulder, and collapsed. And then Sara did the great deed. With one last scream of utmost fury, she sprang full into the face of the monstrous cat, tearing and scratching with hands and feet, her mouth buried into the roots of one of its stubby ears. The astounded leopard upreared, with his fore paws striking and ripping at the little demon that would not let go.

The fight and the life in the little green monkey lasted a short ten seconds. But this was sufficient for Collins to get the door ajar and, with a quick clutch on Michael's hind leg, jerk him out and to the ground.

XXX

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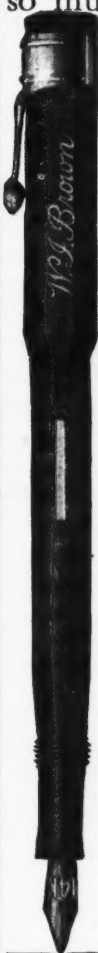
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Paris. "If his temperature shoots up, we'll have to put him out of his misery. What's he worth?"

"He has no tricks," Collins answered. "Possibly fifty dollars, and certainly not that now."

Time was to prove both men wrong. Michael was not destined to permanent lameness; on the other hand, he was destined to appreciate to a great price and to become the star performer Harry Del Mar had predicted of him. In the mean time, he lay for many weary days in the plaster.

Harris Collins bothered him no more with trying to teach him tricks, and, one day, loaned him as a filler-in to a man and woman who had lost three of their dog troupe by pneumonia.

"If he makes out, you can have him for twenty dollars," Collins told the man, Wilton Davis.

"And if he croaks?" Davis queried.

Collins shrugged his shoulders.

"I won't sit up nights worrying about him. He's unteachable."

And when Michael departed from Cedar-wild in a crate on an express-wagon, he might well have never returned, for Wilton Davis was notorious among trained-animal men for his cruelty to dogs. Some care he might take of a particular dog with a particular valuable trick, but mere fillers-in came too cheaply. They cost from three to five dollars apiece. Worse than that, so far as he was concerned, Michael had cost nothing. And if he died, it meant nothing to Davis except the trouble of finding another dog.

The first stage of Michael's new adventure involved no unusual hardship. The journey was only to Brooklyn, where he was duly delivered to a second-rate theater, Wilton Davis being so indifferent a second-rate animal-man that he could never succeed in getting time with the big circuits.

The hardships of the cramped crate began after Michael had been carried into a big room above the stage and deposited with nearly a score of similarly crated dogs. A sorry lot they were, all of them scrubs and most of them spirit-broken and miserable. Several had bad sores on their heads from being knocked about by Davis. No care was taken of these sores, and they were not improved by the whitening that was put on them for concealment whenever they performed. Some of them howled lamentably at times, and every little while, as if it were all that remained for them to do in their narrow cells, all of them would break out into barking.

The rehearsing took place on the stage, and for Michael trouble came at the very start. The drop-curtain was supposed to go up and reveal the twenty dogs seated on chairs in a semicircle. Because, while they were being thus arranged, the preceding turn was taking place in front of the drop-curtain, it was imperative that rigid silence should be kept. Next, when the curtain rose on full-stage, the dogs were trained to make a great barking.

As a filler-in, Michael had nothing to do but sit on a chair. But he had to get upon the chair first, and when Davis so ordered him he accompanied the order with a clout on the side of the head. Michael growled warningly.

Of the beating that followed, the least said the better. Michael put up a fight that was hopeless, and was thoroughly

beaten in return. Bruised and bleeding, he sat on the chair, taking no part in the performance, and only sullenly engendering a deeper and bitterer sourness. To keep silent before the curtain went up was no hardship for him. But when the curtain did go up, he declined to join the rest of the dogs in their frantic barking and yelping.

The dogs, sometimes alone and sometimes in couples and tries and groups, left their chairs at command and performed the conventional dog-tricks such as walking on hind legs, hopping, limping, waltzing, and throwing somersaults. Wilton Davis's temper was short and his hand heavy throughout the rehearsal, as the shrill yelps of pain from the lagging and stupid attested.

In all, during that day and the forenoon of the next, three long rehearsals took place. Michael's troubles ceased for the time being. At command, he silently got on the chair and silently sat there. "Which shows, dearest, what a bit of the stick will do," Davis bragged to his wife. Nor did the pair of them dream of the scandalizing part Michael was going to play in their first performance.

Behind the curtain, ail was ready on the full stage. The dogs sat on their chairs in abject silence, with Davis and his wife menacing them to remain silent, while, in front of the curtain, Dick and Daisy Bell delighted the matinee audience with their singing and dancing. And all went well, and no one in the audience would have suspected the full stage of dogs behind the curtain had not Dick and Daisy, accompanied by the orchestra, begun to sing "Roll Me Down to Rio."

Michael could not help it. Even as Kwaque had long before mastered him by the jew's-harp, and Steward by love, and Harry Del Mar by the harmonica, so now was he mastered by the strains of the orchestra and the voices of the man and woman lilting the old familiar rhythm, taught him by Steward, of "Roll Me Down to Rio." Despite himself, despite his sullenness, the forces compulsive opened his jaws and set all his throat vibrating in accompaniment.

From beyond the curtain came a titter of children and women that grew into a roar and drowned out the voices of Dick and Daisy. Wilton Davis cursed unbelievably as he sprang down the stage to Michael. But Michael howled on, and the audience laughed on. Michael was still howling when the short club smote him. The shock and hurt of it made him break off and yelp an involuntary cry of pain.

"Knock his block off, dearest," Mrs. Davis counseled.

And then ensued battle royal. Davis struck shrewd blows that could be heard, as were heard the snarls and growls of Michael. The audience, under the sway of the comic, ignored Dick and Daisy Bell. Their turn was spoiled. The Davis turn was "queered," as Wilton expressed it. The audience wanted what was behind the curtain, not in front of it. Michael was taken off-stage, thoroughly throttled, by one of the stage-hands, and the curtain arose on the full set—full, save for the one empty chair. The boys in the audience first realized the connection between the empty chair and the previous uproar, and began clamoring for the absent dog. The audience took up the cry; the dogs barked more excitedly,

and five minutes of hilarity delayed the turn which, when at last started, was marked by rustiness and erraticness on the part of the dogs and by great peevishness on the part of Wilton Davis.

Several minutes later, still on the stage and handling his animals, the husband managed a chance to mutter to his wife:

"It's the dog. It's him I'm after. I'm going to lay him out."

"Yes, dearest," she agreed.

The curtain down, with a gleeful audience in front and with the dogs back in the room over the stage, Wilton Davis descended to look for Michael, who, instead of covering in some corner, stood between the legs of the stage-hand, quivering yet from his mishandling and threatening to fight as hard as ever if attacked. On his way, Davis encountered the song-and-dance couple. The woman was in a tearful rage, the man in a dry one.

"You're a peach of a dog-man, you are!" he announced belligerently. "Here's where you get yours."

"You keep away from me, or I'll lay you out," Wilton Davis responded desperately, brandishing a short iron bar in his right hand. "Besides, you just wait if you want to, and I'll lay you out afterward. But, first of all, I'm going to lay out that dog. Come on along and see. How was I to know? He was a new one. He never peeped in rehearsal. I'm going to beat the life out of him. You just watch."

Michael snarled acknowledgment of the threat, crouched to spring, and kept his eyes on the iron weapon.

"I just guess you ain't goin' to do anything of the sort," the stage-hand assured Davis.

"He's my property," the latter asserted.

"And against it I'm goin' to stack up my common sense," was the stage-hand's reply. "You tap him once, and see what you'll get. Dogs is dogs, and men is men, but I'm darned if I know what you are. You can't pull off rough stuff on that dog."

"If you kill the dog, it'll cost you a dollar to the garbage-man to get rid of the carcass," the manager took up.

"I'll pay it gladly," Davis said, again lifting the iron bar. "I've got some come-back, ain't I?"

"You animal-guys make me sick," the stage-hand muttered. "You just make me draw the line somewhere. And here it is: You tap him once with that baby crowbar, and I'll tap you hard enough to lose me my job and to send you to hospital."

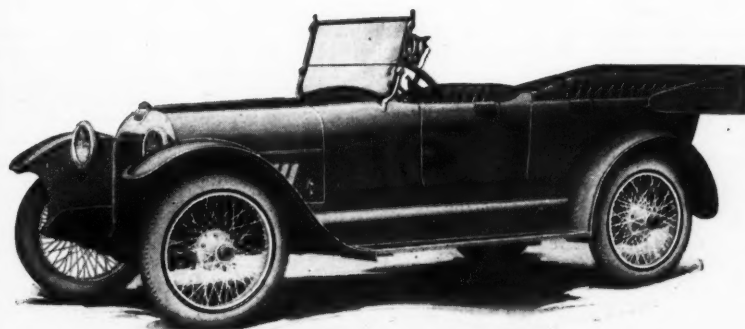
"Now, look here, Jackson—" the manager began threateningly.

"You can't say nothin' to me," was the retort. "My mind's made up. If that cheap guy lays a finger on that dog, I'm just sure goin' to lose my job. I'm gettin' tired, anyway, of seein' these skates beatin' up their animals. They've made me sick clean through."

The manager looked to Davis and shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"There's no use pulling off a rough-house," he counseled. "I don't want to lose Jackson, and he'll put you into hospital if he ever gets started. Send the dog back where you got him. Your wife's told me about him. Stick him into a box and send him back collect. Collins won't mind. He'll take the singing out of him and work him into something."

Davis, with another glance at the truculent Jackson, wavered.



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"I'll tell you what," the manager went on persuasively. "Jackson will attend to the whole thing, box him up, ship him, everything—won't you, Jackson?"

The stage-hand nodded curtly, then reached down and gently caressed Michael's bruised head.

"Well," Davis gave in, turning on his heel, "they can make fools of themselves over dogs, them that wants to; but when they've been in the business as long as I have—"

XXXI

A POSTAL CARD from Davis to Collins explained the reason for Michael's return. "He sings too much to suit my fancy," was Davis's way of putting it, thereby unwittingly giving the clue to what Collins had vainly sought, and which Collins, as unwittingly, failed to grasp. As he told Johnny:

"From the looks of the beatings he's got, no wonder he's been singing. That's the trouble with these animal-people. They don't know how to take care of their property. Put him away, Johnny. Wash him clean, and put on the regular dressing wherever the skin's broken. I give him up myself, but I'll find some place for him in the next bunch of dogs."

Two weeks later, by sheerest accident, Harris Collins made the discovery for himself of what Michael was good for. In a spare moment in the arena, he had sent for him to be tried out by a dog-man who needed several fillers-in. Beyond what he knew, such as at command to stand up, to lie down, to come here and go there, Michael had done nothing. He had refused to learn the most elementary things a show-dog should know, and Collins had left him to go over to another part of the arena, where a monkey band, on a sort of mimic stage, was being arranged and broken in. Frightened and mutinous, nevertheless the monkeys were compelled to perform by being tied to their seats and instruments, and by being pulled and jerked from off stage by wires fastened to their bodies. The leader of the orchestra, an irascible elderly monkey, sat on a revolving stool to which he was securely attached. When poked from off stage by means of long poles, he flew into ecstasies of rage. At the same time, by a rope arrangement, his chair was whirled around and around. To an audience, the effect would be that he was angered by the blunders of his fellow musicians. And, to an audience, such anger would be highly ludicrous. As Collins said:

"A monkey band is always a winner. It fetches the laugh, and the money's in the laugh. Humans just have to laugh at monkeys because they're so similar, and because the human has the advantage and feels himself superior. We don't see ourselves so foolish. That's why we pay to see the monkeys behave foolish."

It was scarcely a matter of training the monkeys. Rather was it the training of the men who operated the concealed mechanism that made the monkeys perform. To this, Collins was devoting his effort.

"There isn't any reason why you fellows can't make them play a real tune. It's up to you, just according to how you pull the wires. Come on. It's worth going in for. Let's try something you all know. And

remember, the regular orchestra will always help you out. Now, what do you all know? Something simple and something the audience'll know, too?"

He became absorbed in trying out the idea, and even borrowed a circus rider whose act was to play the violin while standing on the back of a galloping horse and to throw somersaults on such precarious platform while still playing the violin. This man he got merely to play simple airs in slow time, so that the assistants could keep the time and the air and pull the wires accordingly.

"Of course, if you make a howling mistake," Collins told them, "that's when you all pull the wires like mad and poke the leader and whirl him around. That always brings down the house. They think he's got a real musical ear, and is mad at his orchestra for the discord."

In the midst of the work, Johnny and Michael came along.

"That guy says he wouldn't take him for a gift," Johnny reported.

"All right, all right; put him back in the kennels," Collins ordered hurriedly. "Now you fellows, all ready! 'Home Sweet Home.' Go to it, Fisher! Now keep the time, the rest of you! That's it! With a full orchestra, you're making motions like the tune. Faster, you, Simmons. You drag behind all the time."

And the accident happened. Johnny, instead of immediately obeying the order and taking Michael back to the kennels, lingered in the hope of seeing the orchestra leader whirled chattering around on his stool. The violinist, within a yard of where Michael sat squatted on his haunches, played the notes of "Home Sweet Home" with loud slow exactitude and emphasis.

And Michael could not help it. No more could he help it than could he help responding with a snarl when threatened by a club; no more could he help it than when he had spoiled the turn of Dick and Daisy Bell when swept by the strains of "Roll Me Down to Rio." Music was a drug of dream. Michael remembered the lost pack and sought it, seeing the bare hills of snow and the stars glimmering overhead through the frosty darkness of night, hearing the faint answering howls from other hills as the pack assembled. His jaw dropped down; his throat vibrated; his forefeet made restless little movements as if in the body he were running, as truly he was running in the mind back to Steward, back through all the ages to the lost pack, and, with the shadowy lost pack itself, across the snowy wastes and through the forest aisles in the hunt of the meat.

The spectral forms of the lost pack were all about him as he sang and ran in open-eyed dream; the violinist paused in surprise; the men poked the monkey leader of the monkey orchestra and whirled him about, wildly raging, on his revolving stool, and Johnny laughed. But Harris Collins took note. He has heard Michael accurately follow the air. He had heard him sing, not merely howl, but sing.

Silence fell. The monkey leader ceased revolving and chattering. The men who had poked him held poles and wires suspended in their hands. The rest of the monkey orchestra merely shivered in apprehension of what next atrocity would be perpetrated. The violinist stared. Johnny still heaved from his laughter. But Harris

Collins pondered, scratched his head, and continued to ponder.

"You can't tell me," he began vaguely. "I know it. I heard it. That dog carried the tune. Didn't he now? I leave it to all of you. Didn't he? The dog sang. I'll stake my life on it. Hold on, you fellows! Rest the monkeys off. This is worth following up. Mr. Violinist, play that over again now. 'Home Sweet Home'—let her go! Press her strong and loud and slow. Now watch, all of you, and listen, and tell me if I'm crazy or if that dog ain't carrying the tune. There! What d'ye call it? Ain't it?"

There was no discussion. Michael's jaw dropped, and his forefeet began their restless lifting after several measures had been played. And Harris Collins stepped close to him and sang with him and in accord.

"Harry Del Mar was right when he said that dog was the limit and sold his troupe. He knew. The dog's a dog Caruso. No howling chorus of mutts such as Kingman used to carry round with him, but a real singer, a soloist. No wonder he wouldn't learn tricks. He had his specialty all the time. And just to think of it! I as good as gave him away to that dog-killing Wilton Davis. Only he came back. Johnny, take extra care of him after this. Bring him up to the house this afternoon, and I'll give him a real tryout. My daughter plays the violin. We'll see what music he'll sing with her. There's a mint of money in him, take it from me."

Thus was Michael discovered. The afternoon's tryout was partially successful. After vainly attempting strange music on him, Collins found that he could sing, and would sing, "God Save the King" and "Sweet By and By." Many hours of many days were spent in the quest. Vainly he tried to teach Michael new airs. Michael put no heart of love in the effort and sullenly abstained. But whenever one of the songs he had learned from Steward was played, he responded. He could not help responding. The magic was stronger than he. In the end, Collins discovered five of the six songs he knew: "God Save the King," "Sweet By and Bye," "Lead Kindly Light," "Home Sweet Home," and "Roll Me Down to Rio." Michael never sang "Shenandoah," because Collins and Collins' daughter did not know the old sea-chanty and therefore were unable to suggest it to him.

"Five songs are enough, if he won't never learn another note," Collins concluded. "They'll make him a bill-topper anywhere. There's a mint in him. Hang me if I wouldn't take him out on the road myself if only I was young and foot-loose."

And so Michael was ultimately sold to one Jacob Henderson for two thousand dollars.

"And I'm giving him away to you at that," said Collins. "If you don't refuse five thousand for him before six months, I don't know anything about the show-game. He'll skin that last arithmetic-dog of yours to a finish, and you won't have to show yourself and work every minute of the turn. And if you don't insure him for fifty thousand as soon as he's made good, you'll be a fool. Why, I wouldn't ask anything better, if I was young and foot-loose, than to take him out on the road myself."

The conclusion of *Michael* will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

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